

# BYRON'S BULLDOG

The Letters of John Cam Hobhouse  
to Lord Byron

Edited by Peter W. Graham



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John Cam Hobhouse (1786–1869), later Baron Broughton de Gyfford, was a man of many talents who distinguished himself as a writer, Radical reformer, and Whig statesman. In his youth, however, Hobhouse's energies and emotions centered on his friendship with Lord Byron, the fascinating poet Lady Caroline Lamb so dramatically characterized as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." Byron and Hobhouse endured and enjoyed Cambridge together, traveled as companions through Greece, Albania, and Turkey, and together made their way in the rackets London world of publishers, pugilists, politicians, dandies, duchesses, and debutantes. Hobhouse served as best man at Byron's ill-fated marriage, stood staunchly as Byron's partisan when that alliance dissolved, and, as the poet's man in London, tirelessly expedited literary, financial, and personal affairs for his self-exiled friend.

Byron once termed the tenaciously loyal Hobhouse "my best and dearest friend," and their candid, witty, not always cordial letters to one another constitute the longest sustained and one of the liveliest of Byron's correspondences. Professor Graham's edition of Hobhouse's more than one hundred letters to his friend—many of which have not previously appeared and most of which have never before been published in full—gives a voice to the hitherto silent half of one of Byron's most colorful and engaging epistolary conversations.

One of the commonplaces of Byron scholarship has been to reduce the friendship of Byron and Hobhouse to a conjunction of opposites: libertine and moralist, poet and pedant, Hamlet and Polonius, or damned archangel and ordinary mortal. As Graham points out, however, the outsider who endeavors to see Byron and Hobhouse as they were is struck more by resemblances than by polarities. For all their disagreements, Byron and Hobhouse were drawn together and held together by affinities. Even the major differences between them seem to be matters of degree rather than of kind.

*(Continued on back flap)*







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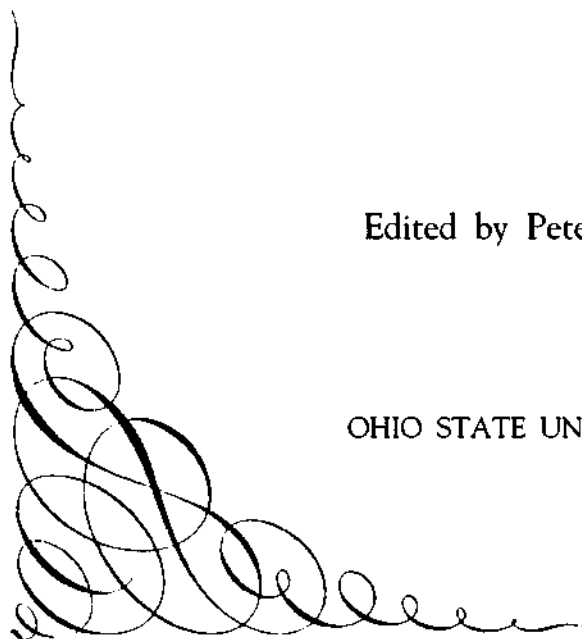
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For K—



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## BYRON'S BULLDOG

"The Bulldogs will be very agreeable—I have only those of this country who though good—and ready to fly at any thing—yet have not the tenacity of tooth and Stoicism in endurance of my canine fellow citizens. . . ."—Lord Byron to John Murray. Ravenna, 21 February 1820



## INTRODUCTION

Among Lord Byron's many charms and talents is the offhand eloquence that makes him one of the greatest letter-writers of all time and certainly the liveliest correspondent a nineteenth-century Englishman or woman could wish for. What Byron calls mobility, that emotional and intellectual versatility which is the principal genius and chief limitation of his friendship, is the distinctive quality of his letters. Whereas most of his peers in the epistolary empyrean—Lord Chesterfield, for instance, or Madame de Sévigné—were at their best writing to one or two particular correspondents, Byron played to a wide audience. His catholic tastes and mutable temperament decreed that few people stood utterly outside the circle of his sympathy; but because of his complex mind and character, no one resided entirely within it. Needing and welcoming variety, he wrote comfortably and well to all sorts—beaux and bankers, liberators and literati, publishers and paramours. He even (and especially) was at ease writing to the urbane and tolerant lady whose son he cuckolded and whose heiress niece he married. Byron's very richest letters are those directed to the people who could savor his broad mind and miscellaneous interests, who thought, felt, read, and went out in society. One such kindred spirit was John Cam Hobhouse, the ever-loyal companion, partisan, critic, and expeditor whose correspondence with Byron from 1808 until 1824 is the longest sustained and one of the most interesting of the poet's letter-borne conversations.

Hobhouse (1786–1869), son of a Whig M.P. later made a baronet and himself a Radical politician who became, as Baron Broughton de Gyfford, an eminent Victorian, met Byron at Trinity College Cambridge, where common interests in satirical verse and Whig politics brought the two young men together. He accompanied Byron on his famous journey to Greece, Albania, and Asia Minor (1809–11), saw him often during the years of fame when Byron was the literary lion of the West End, stood by him as groomsman at his ill-fated marriage to Anne Isabella Milbanke and as ally during the painful and scandalous

breakup of the marriage, and helped him off to exile on the Continent. Hobhouse kept in close touch with the expatriate. He spent the latter part of the summer of 1816 with Byron at Geneva and accompanied him south to Italy, where the poet collected impressions for the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* while Hobhouse compiled historical notes for the canto. Returning home in January 1818, Hobhouse continued to promote Byron's literary and personal interests in England. He relayed messages, read galleys, wrangled with lawyers, negotiated with publishers, and gauged the public pulse for his absent friend. Hobhouse visited Byron for the last time at Pisa in September 1822. Back in England, he busied himself with various liberal causes, among them the campaigns for Spanish and Greek independence. As a member of the London Greek Committee, he encouraged Byron to return to the East, where the poet's charisma and clear-eyed realism permitted him to aid the revolution almost as effectively as his dying for the cause would ultimately do.

Byron described Hobhouse to Thomas Medwin as "my best and dearest friend" (though at other times and to other people he valued the relation less highly); and while the poet lived, he was the person whom Hobhouse loved most dearly. But the course of their friendship was seldom smooth. The ever variable Byron enjoyed chaffing Hobhouse, who in his turn tended to speak his mind with a sincerity that the much-flattered poet respected but found hard to like. Envy and jealousy must have clouded the waters as well. When they became friends at Cambridge, the two young men were pure potential; after the acclaim of *Childe Harold*, it must have been irksome as well as gratifying for Hobhouse, toiling industriously and intelligently to cultivate the garden of his mind, to watch his friend reap with such seeming nonchalance the fruits of genius and accept so casually the laurels. If Byron's literary productions were more widely appreciated, so were his social endowments. A fervent friend and in his youth a man more or less at loose ends, Hobhouse sometimes resented Byron's other attachments. He could not bring himself to rejoice in what others—most notably Annabella, Shelley, and Thomas Moore—could offer Byron. The separate lives that the Byron-Hobhouse letters chronicle were likewise often complicated by misunderstandings. For instance, when Hobhouse stood as a Radical candidate for Parliament in the elections of 1819 and 1820, Byron, at long distance, mis-

interpreted his political alliance and twitted Hobhouse—who after brief imprisonment for Reform agitation won a parliamentary seat in the election of March 1820—as a mobocrat. Similarly, Hobhouse offended the absent Byron by his candid appraisals of *Don Juan* and *Cain*.

The critical eye welcomes contrasts, of course, and reducing the friendship of Byron and Hobhouse to a simple conjunction of opposites—whether poet and pedant, libertine and moralist, Hamlet and Polonius, or damned archangel and mediocre mortal—is understandable but nonetheless erroneous. For all their differences and disagreements, Byron and Hobhouse were drawn together and held together by affinities, not polarities. However antithetical each one of them might have felt the other to be at various times, an outsider who endeavors to see things as they really were is struck by resemblances: even the significant differences tend to be matters of degree, not kind. As heir to an ill-preserved barony and eldest son of a rich and influential but heterodox Wiltshire gentleman, the two friends began life in privileged if not preeminent social circumstances. Byron's and Hobhouse's young minds, tempered and polished (or left unburnished, depending on how one views the late-eighteenth-century curriculum) at Harrow and Westminster respectively and then at Cambridge, and first pitted against the world in their joint pilgrimage to the East, were of much the same steel. A stream of shared favorite tags and allusions drawn from the classics, the Bible, Shakespeare, the eighteenth-century poets and dramatists, and above all *The Vicar of Wakefield* flows through their letters to one another. From Cambridge days on, they inclined toward liberal politics and the cult of Napoleon. Though they often disagreed over particular issues or positions, the long view shows that both could be politically shrewd, both naïve. Byron, viewing Hobhouse's Westminster activities from Italy, could for all his theoretical devotion to Reform display prejudice against Reformers. On the other hand, when Hobhouse at home in England could wax idealistic about the Greek cause, Byron could see that the modern Greeks needed liberation not merely from the Turks but from their own baseness, engendered by centuries of enslavement, and seeing this still could fight with and for them. In the province of love, Byron's and Hobhouse's thoughts and deeds were more similar than might be imagined. Conquering hero though he may have been in



many a salon and many a boudoir, Byron retained more than a dram of his Scottish Calvinism; in his own eyes at least, the pale, slender *homme fatal* never completely supplanted the plump, lame, gauche boy he once had been. The young Hobhouse could be prim and awkward, prevented by deficiencies of gallantry or income from winning Lady Jane Harley or Susannah Burdett. Yet his amusement at the romantic adventures of regency society is evident in his letters; and in his unpublished diaries, we find evidence showing that he, like Byron, could give free rein to dalliance. Although he warned Byron to beware of nymphs, Hobhouse himself was beguiled by the siren charms of the ladies of the town, as his journal entries reveal; indeed, "Corinnae Concubitus," his unpublished metrical account of the favors won from his own Maid of Athens in 1809, reads with its arch biblical echoes very much like a Byronic *jeu d'esprit*. Even the contrast of dispositions, the stereotype of the flippant lord and his sober confidant, is essentially a false one. The tone of Byron and Hobhouse's friendship was set during their Cambridge days when, like their colleagues Scrope Davies, C. S. Matthews, and William Banks, they became proficient in the roles of cynic, skeptic, wit, and gadfly. Once established, the emotional boundaries of their relations were seldom transgressed. Both could lapse from habitual levity—Hobhouse into mawkishness, martyrdom, or pomposity, Byron into morbid introspection or romantic posturing; but the expression of such moods was the exception rather than the rule in a friendship that both parties tended to keep on the "man of the world" level.

In essence, Hobhouse's letters, like his tastes and attitudes, are much like Byron's. Though less brilliant than his titled correspondent's, Hobhouse's missives are entertaining and sensible, packed with concrete information and commentary. Like Byron, Hobhouse is an apt and chronic quoter (and intentional misquoter) in English standard and dialectal, Latin, Greek, Italian, and French. An amused and amusing observer of the social biped called man, Hobhouse fills his letters with society gossip, literary intelligence, political analysis, and on more than one occasion firsthand description of history in the making. Above all, Hobhouse's letters engage posterity as they must have done Byron by frankly mirroring their writer's character and preoccupations. Hobhouse's letters to Byron are charming, boorish, bawdy, didactic, tiresome, indignant, generous, acute, outrageous,

and affectionate. They present the qualities Byron loved, and the ones he endured, in his friend.

## II

Although Hobhouse's letters have been quoted, cited, and extracted at various times, most have not previously been published in full. The manuscripts of the letters here collected now repose in the archives of John Murray Publishers Ltd., at 50 Albemarle Street, London. I have used microfilms of the letters in preparing a text that I subsequently checked against the originals at John Murray. Letters for which proofs exist were also compared with the partial set of galleys for an edition of the correspondence planned but not completed by Hobhouse's daughter, Lady Dorchester. These galleys, shelf-marked C.131.k.2, are in the collection of the British Library's Department of Printed Books.

Evidence from Hobhouse's and Byron's surviving letters, Hobhouse's published extracts from his journals (*Recollections of a Long Life*), and his unpublished diaries and correspondence indicates that the John Murray archives contain approximately eighty percent of the letters Hobhouse actually wrote to Byron; I have not succeeded in locating additional letters. Few letters seem to be missing from the sequence written prior to Byron's departure from England in April 1816. After Hobhouse, having visited Byron at Diodati and traveled with him to Venice, embarked on his own Italian tour, a gap in the correspondence appears. Between August 1816, when Hobhouse and Scrope Davies were progressing toward Byron's headquarters on Lake Geneva, and June 1818, by which time Hobhouse had returned to England, none of his letters to Byron at Venice and La Mira seem to have survived, though Byron's existing letters of that period indicate the receipt of at least nine. A number of letters written between 1819 and Byron's death are likewise missing. In this last period, perhaps the most regrettable absence is that of Hobhouse's "strong criticism" of *Cain*, written on 6 November 1821 and received by Byron seventeen days later. Byron's mild reply survives, but the fact that his complaint against Hobhouse to Douglas Kinnaird (a letter both Hobhouse and Byron mention) is also missing raises the possibility that Hobhouse or someone else may have destroyed the less temperate missive. As his role in the burning of Byron's memoir tends to suggest, Hobhouse was

no great believer in preserving for posterity over-candid documents that he may have felt reflected badly on his friend—or himself. Lady Dorchester, whose edition of extracts from her father's journals presents Hobhouse in his mostly stately postures, would also have been capable of culling the *Cain* criticism.

The first of Hobhouse's extant letters, written in 1808, are full for the most part of the ironical banter that Cambridge friends might be expected to exchange. Even this early, though, Hobhouse's solicitous concern for Byron's welfare peeps out from the facetious inquiries about Byron's London diversions: gambling, boxing, his "Misses two."

By the next phase of the correspondence (July 1810–August 1811), many months of shared travels under the Eastern sun have ripened the casual friendship into a deep and lasting bond. Hobhouse, having parted from Byron in Greece and turned homeward, writes from Malta with news of their acquaintances there, literary intelligence, a word portrait of Lucien Bonaparte (then fleeing his brother's wrath), and sentimental regrets at parting: "I kept the half of your little nosegay till it withered entirely and even then I could not bear to throw it away." He writes again from Spain with news of the Cortes; from Bath, where, on arriving in England, he has the good fortune to see Robert Coates, that incomparable ass of an amateur actor, play *Romeo*; and from Dover, whence Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, ill pleased with his expensive and apparently aimless son, has sent him "prancing into the militia." In all these letters, Hobhouse's eagerness for a reunion with his friend equals his delight in reporting the news in the witty, worldly style both he and Byron prefer.

With the coming of August 1811, a darker tone is added to the emotional spectrum of the correspondence. Hobhouse, on the point of embarking with his regiment for Ireland, shares with Byron the first of many sorrows: the death of Mrs. Byron only days before she would have seen her wandering son again is followed directly by the drowning of their wry and brilliant comrade C. S. Matthews, who perished in the waterweeds of the Cam. Hobhouse's propensity for moping and moralizing is evident in the letters written during the months following the tragic accident. So are his great gift for friendship—shaken by the loss of Matthews he turns for mutual consolation to his fellow survivor and sufferer Byron—and his ambition. Even as Byron was about to bring forth *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Hobhouse was hard at

work on his own travel book *A Journey through Albania*. Deprecating his "scribbling labors," he writes from Ireland: "What I do is done under every disadvantage, without the assistance of books or of men—an occasional letter from you is all I have to cheer me through many a dreary page. In the mornings I write; I go to dinner, meet a set of unelastic dogs, go home, drink tea, write again, 'sleepless myself, that all the world may sleep.'" As eager for his book's success as he is fearful of its failure, Hobhouse besieges Byron and his Greek servant Demetrius with questions on Balkan geography, politics, religion, language, and spellings. Mixed with anxiety for his literary progeny is Hobhouse's competitive desire to gain some ground on his friend, a goal shortly to become impossible. With the publication of *Childe Harold*, Byron was to "wake up famous"; and while he lived, his glamour would obscure Hobhouse's more modest, but real, achievements.

Hobhouse returned from his isle of exile in February 1812, just in time to applaud and envy the sunburst of Byron's success and to witness his first speeches at the House of Lords, where he joined the ranks of the opposition, and his entry at those other lordly houses—Holland, Devonshire, Mortimer, and the like—where he mingled with his Whig associates and their ladies. During this phase of their correspondence, from spring 1812 through autumn 1814, Hobhouse's letters to Byron contain all the ingredients of a "silver fork" novel. Contemporary sayings and doings jostle with apt quotations from his reading. There are serious and jocular remarks on Byron's Eastern tales and their public reception, at home and abroad. Of *Lara*, for instance, he writes: ". . . All are scandalised at the possibility that such a fine fellow as Conrad could be thought to terminate in such a devil's tail as your present hero. Sic itur. I do believe that the women are angry, that a man with a black eye and curly hair who is faithful to one of their sex whom he keeps in a tower until he finds another whom he likes better than she should be supposed capable of any one crime under heaven." There is love. Hobhouse congratulates Byron on his escape from Lady Caroline, "one who certainly was not the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," and pays rather more deference to the poet's next amour, the fascinating if autumnal Lady Oxford, who played Armida to Byron's Rinaldo and whose eldest daughter, clever, lovely, but *un peu libre*, made the bachelor Hob-

house sincerely regret that he had not £5,000 a year. There is travel: narratives from the "rag covered plains of Saxony," which Hobhouse traversed on an itinerary that took him over the battlefields of continental Europe between June 1813 and February 1814, and two months later bulletins from Paris. Curious at seeing the French capital for the first time and saddened by the fall of Napoleon, Hobhouse nonetheless labors to cultivate a philosopher's detachment and in his reportage shows a sharp eye for significant details: "Marbles & stuccoes, temples and chambers, insides and outsides, ceilings & floors, domes and chair bottoms all bear the redoubtable *N* or did bear them, for I can assure you that the enemies of tyranny have made a very laudable progress in eradicating these signs of subjection—. . . The workmen at their task were as seriously occupied and as perfectly indifferent as if they had been erasing on some tomb the prolix titles of a defunct in order to make way for the name of his wife." With autumn come plans for yet another tour, an "unsentimental journey" to Italy proposed by Byron, but travels and mistresses give way as in novels: there is an engagement. Hobhouse, hearing that Byron is "to marry and to be given in marriage," sends cordial, somewhat ponderous congratulations to his friend and the worthy Miss Milbanke, agrees to accompany Byron north to the ceremony at year's end, and plays an affable, conscientious role in the nuptial business and pleasantries.

Hobhouse's instincts may have warned him that Byron's marriage was not one made in heaven—"Never was lover less in haste," he wrote rather ominously of the journey to Seaham in his diary—but he did all he could to see that the worldly details of the alliance were properly arranged. Throughout the winter and spring of 1815, his frequent messages to Byron report his grappling with the muddled finances of Byron's estates, Newstead Abbey and Rochdale, and the increasing evidence that these properties were being mismanaged by the family solicitor, John Hanson, whose probity Hobhouse had begun to doubt. Hobhouse's meticulous examination of accounts, zealous searches for good legal help, and officious insistences that Byron dispatch "peremptory orders" to the shuffling Hanson clearly demonstrate his attachment—and heartily bored his friend, we may suspect. But by the end of March, events in France had Hobhouse again on his way across the Channel, and mundane business letters subside as one of the most dramatic phases of the correspondence opens.



Hobhouse's account of the historic Hundred Days comes first from Dover, at that time a "dirty port de mer" swarming with French and English alike, then from Ostend, where he hears his first news from the Continent of the advance of Napoleon and also of the wanderings of another notorious exile, Caroline Princess of Wales. In Brussels, Hobhouse collects anecdotes of the *Emigrés* from his brother Captain Benjamin Hobhouse, soon to die at Quatre Bras. Against Wellington's advice, he pushes on to Paris, where in the company of his friends Lord and Lady Kinnaird he witnesses the triumphant return of Napoleon, as he had observed the emperor's unseemly departure a year before. Later revised and published as *The substance of some Letters written by an Englishman resident in Paris during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon*, Hobhouse's bulletins join descriptions of Napoleon, his entourage, and the public ceremonies in which they took part with perceptive analysis of the political situation. Although Tory reviewers were to label Hobhouse's thoughts on British policy and French response as downright seditious, his position is one that Byron and many of his fellow Whigs would applaud: the broad-minded objectivity of a friend of liberty. Early in the Hundred Days, Hobhouse recognizes, and convincingly argues to Byron, that the English government's hostility to Napoleon, far from thwarting his advance, will impel the French to renew his despotic powers: "As long as there remained any hopes of England retaining her friendly demonstrations in favour of France, no one dared to oppose the cry of liberty, or to advance any other demand as a requisite preliminary, but since the majority of 273 in support of war or rather against peace, increasing alarm has suggested the necessity of confiding supreme power in the hands in which it has been, by the fortune & predominance of a great man, already placed."

Deeply saddened by the widespread destruction and his own personal bereavement brought about by "the most wicked cause for which brave men have ever died," Hobhouse returned to England in the summer of 1815. Back in London, he reentered the world of Whig society, where he saw a great deal of Byron during the winter of 1815-16. Indeed, for some months Hobhouse's principal occupation was the poet's affairs, as *Byroniana*, his memoir of the Byron marriage and separation, reveals. There are no surviving letters from this period, however, and when Hobhouse next writes to Byron, in the spring and summer of 1816, it is in a new role, the one that will

dominate the duration of their friendship and correspondence. As the expatriate's man in London, Hobhouse executes commissions, relays literary intelligence, and passes on the news of the day, particularly when it relates to Byron, about whom there was, thanks to Caroline Lamb's novel *Glenarvon* and the tales brought back from Switzerland by English tourists, a good deal of sensational and inaccurate talk. ". . . For God's sake," writes Hobhouse on the verge of joining Byron at the Villa Diodati, "do not think of cooling yourself in the Genfer See of which report says there is considerable danger during the course of your Argonautics upon the lake—Nothing of that or any other curious kind is to be done until we come up with you to see fair play and a proper record thereof—for be assured that whatever you do now comes so distorted through the prism of prattling ignorance & the fogs of the Jura that it will require some efforts of credible eye witnesses to put it into the straight line of truth & reason."

On setting out for Switzerland in the company of Scrope Davies, Hobhouse embarked upon his longest period of residence abroad. Having enjoyed the lake, the mountains, and Madame de Staël's salon at Coppet until October, Byron and Hobhouse went to Milan and then to Venice, where the "Italian de Staël," Madame Albrizzi, welcomed them to her *conversazione*. With the New Year, Hobhouse continued his journey south. The unflagging sightseer thoroughly explored Rome (where Byron joined him), Naples, and their environs before returning through Tuscany and Piedmont to Venice at the end of July. There he remained with Byron until 8 January. The fruits of this period in Byron and Hobhouse's friendship are the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, dedicated to Hobhouse, and *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, originally planned to be notes appended to the poem but inflated by Hobhouse's industry and scholarship to a bulky independent volume.

When Hobhouse's correspondence resumes, in the summer of 1818, his life and letters have taken a turn toward politics. Hobhouse had realized that he would be no Byron—"plain prose is to be my fate," he had put it—and with the completion of the *Historical Illustrations* and the announcement of a general election, his considerable energies found vent in the tumult of Radical politics in Westminster, one of the few places where a young man without the influence or money to secure a pocket borough stood a fair chance of getting into Parliament.

At first Hobhouse helped the campaign of his friend Douglas Kinnaird. When Kinnaird withdrew, Hobhouse worked for the Radical baronet Sir Francis Burdett. Hobhouse's letters of this period to Byron give the twentieth-century reader a vivid picture of the raree-show that was a pre-Reform election. For instance, speaking of the Tory candidate for Westminster, Hobhouse reports, "Captain [Sir Murray] Maxwell's face is daily covered with saliva from the patriot mob—Scrope says it reminds him of *Spit-Head!*!"

Hobhouse's political activities, engrossing though they may have been, did not preclude his finding time for Byron's concerns. He continued to act in the Hanson affair and, at the poet's request, canvassed opinions of *Don Juan*'s first canto. Hobhouse's long and important letter of 5 January 1819, which presents the collective verdict arrived at by Hobhouse, Davies, Kinnaird, and John Hookham Frere, is the first critique of Byron's satirical masterpiece and a remarkably accurate prediction of the outrage the poem was to provoke in some quarters. Granted, Hobhouse tells Byron, *Don Juan* has proved "that you were as superior in the burlesque as in the heroic to all competitors and even perhaps had found your real forte in this singular style." But, he goes on to say, expedience demands that the poem should not be published, "particularly as the objectionable parts are in point of wit humour & poetry the very best beyond all doubt of the whole poem." The *domestica facta*, notably the thinly veiled portrait of Annabella in the priggish hypocrite Donna Inez, will repulse public opinion, which had begun to shift in Byron's favor. The half-real rake of a hero will confirm, in the eyes of the credulous masses, the exaggerated rumors of Byron's dissipations at Venice. The earthy and irreverent passages will harm Byron's position as a liberal satirist, a certain strictness as to appearances being necessary for friends of liberty lest they be taken for advocates of license. The attacks on Southey and the "Lakers" will seem wanton and pointless—for why should the first poet of the age descend to do battle with antagonists so infinitely below him?

Having given his opinion honestly but tactfully, Hobhouse refuses to quarrel with the offended Byron and lends a hand in the business of publication, imprudent though he deems it: "The lord's will be done— You are resolved that the pomes shall be printed; and printed the pomes shall be; aye, and published too." But the rejection of his

literary advice does not keep him from offering counsel in love to Byron, who had recently commenced his affair with the Contessa Guiccioli: "But then, to be sure, if you are making love to a Romagnuola and she only nineteen you will have some jobs on your hands which will leave you few spare moments. Dont you go after that terra firma lady: they are very vixens, in those parts especially, . . . take a fool's advice for once and be content with your Naiads—your amphibious fry—you make a very pretty splashing with them in the Lagune and I recommend constancy to the neighbourhood."

Meanwhile Hobhouse had offered himself as a Radical candidate for the Westminster seat made vacant by the suicide of Sir Samuel Romilly. By opposing Lady Melbourne's younger son, George Lamb, in the election, he completed the alienation of most of his former Whig friends and allies begun earlier by his work for Burdett: ". . . We are at open warfare which is the only safe intercourse with such treacherous rascals as the modern Whigs," he informs Byron. The form this "open warfare" took after Hobhouse lost the election to Lamb was an exchange of paper bullets with Lord Erskine. Although it spilled ink instead of blood, pamphleteering could be a dangerous and culpable business; and in December 1819, Hobhouse found that his wit or patriotism had brought him into a filthy puddle. Without benefit of a trial, Parliament had committed him to Newgate Prison for breach of privilege. His "jail eclogue" of 18 January 1820 describes the complicated affair to Byron, who from Italy had tended to deplore Hobhouse's Radical activities, misconstruing them as an unsuitable association with such rabble-rousers as Cobbett and Orator Hunt. Hobhouse's explanatory letter was not enough to stave off a metrical jab from the mischief-loving Byron, who enclosed "My boy Hobbie O," a doggerel ballad to the political prisoner, in a letter to John Murray, whose sympathies were with the Tories. Hobhouse's correspondence registers both his indignation and his ability to rise above it. Having gained his first knowledge of the "filthy ballad" from an inaccurate copy printed in the *Morning Post*, Hobhouse begins a fiery remonstrance to Byron: "Oh you shabby fellow—so you strike a man when he is down do you?" The letter closes more calmly: "I wish you would write oftener (in prose) to me—say once a week if you will, and do let me hint that this would be better than writing letters to be

hawked about all the public offices amongst fellows who would perspire with delight if they could have an apocalypse of you in Hell or on a Holborn stall." Hobhouse's magnanimity was, at least in part, due to the fact that public sympathy generated by his imprisonment had secured him a parliamentary seat in the election of March 1820. Indeed, an epigram of Byron's devising represents more accurately than his ballad had done the politician's progress in Westminster of those days:

Would you go to the House by the true gate—  
Much faster than ever Whig Charlie went.  
Let the Parliament send you to Newgate,  
And Newgate will send you to Parliament.

There would be one more major quarrel in Byron and Hobhouse's friendship, the misunderstanding over Cain, alluded to in Hobhouse's angry letter of 3 January 1822, and one more reunion, at Pisa in September 1822. But Hobhouse's letters to Byron during 1823 and 1824 combine the serenity of a long-standing and much-tested comradeship with the fervency of alliance in a common cause. Despite their differences over Westminster, Hobhouse and Byron were now united in support of the Greek struggle against the Ottoman Empire. Hobhouse, a founding member of the London Greek Committee, was delighted to hear Byron's thought of traveling to Greece to aid the revolutionaries: "It will be a very grand & glorious exploit," he writes, "and under care and discretion, will, I doubt not, be of the highest utility to the cause." Enthusiastic and less intimately acquainted with the Greek character than was Byron, Hobhouse nonetheless avoided the blind idealism of some British Philhellenes. His last letters, relaying intelligence from the committee, show his awareness that, noble though the cause might be, the individuals involved were too seldom free from the venality that chronic oppression had fostered. He sends, for example, an amused account of a charlatan trying to profit from English generosity by "pretending his whole family have been massacred first & then sent him to negotiate a loan of a million of scudi, to bury them I suppose." Hobhouse cherished the highest opinion of Byron's motives and actions, though, and the valediction of his final letter is for posterity doubly touching because of its heartfelt sincerity and because the friend it would have so gratified

died without having read it: "All friends make many enquiries after you & hope you will take care of yourself in Greece & return here after the good fight has been foughten. I have not heard of your daughter lately, but hope hearing nothing is a good sign. Your monied matters, Kinnaird will tell you, are going on swimmingly. You will have, indeed, you have, a very handsome fortune—and if you have health, I do not see what earthly advantage you can wish for that you have not got. Your present endeavour is certainly the most glorious ever undertaken by man. . . ."

Friendship with Byron was the chief event of Hobhouse's youth, and when the poet's life ended at marshy Missolonghi, a phase of Hobhouse's existence ended also. The impact of the loss on Hobhouse—on all who knew Byron as something more than a phenomenon—is evident in the epilogue to their correspondence, Hobhouse's valediction "To Lord Byron from His Friends":<sup>1</sup>

I.

What was the charm that bound us all?  
What was the magic of thy spell?  
What pleasing traits does time recall  
To make and mourn our fond farewell?

II.

Was it that power of wondrous force  
That all the nerves of thought could bare—  
That traced the passions to their source  
And showed vile man his image there?

III.

Was it the whirl of fashion's pool  
That drew us in and dragg'd us down  
Companions of each airy fool  
That swims the bubble of the town?

IV.

Not so—to us who know thy soul  
In all the turns of fortune tried,  
Still pointing towards the only pole,  
Unvaried by distress or pride.

1. The manuscript of Hobhouse's poem is housed in the John Murray archives. In preparing this text, I have corrected the grieving author's slips of the pen.

## V.

To us—who more have felt & seen  
 Than hate or admiration can—  
 Who long have stood within the screen  
 That veils the poet from the man

## VI.

To us—whom not one feverish year  
 Of fondness clos'd, alas! in strife—  
 But all the scenes of youth endear  
 With hopes of friendship fixed for life

## VII.

To us each feature nobly bold  
 Thy pencil drew—each speaking line,  
 Served but [to] show our hearts foretold  
 That fame which surely would be thine

## VIII.

Serv'd but to show thy generous breast  
 With each familiar feeling warm  
 Where kindness finds her genial rest  
 And confidence her mutual charm

## IX.

That breast its glowing rays could pour  
 Beyond affection's narrow round  
 And tones that charm'd our social hour  
 Enchant a nation with their sound

## X.

Each noble or each tender thought  
 Was but a brilliant of that mine  
 Explored and prized whilst yet unwrought  
 And precious ere it learnt to shine

## XI.

And hence though all who love the Muse  
 To thee their lingering looks shall bend  
 'Tis we lament—tis we that lose  
 The gay companion & the friend

## XII.

We lose that voice of candid praise  
 That feeling sympathy of tone  
 And all the courteous winning ways  
 That made each heart at once thy own

### XIII.

We lose that converse keen yet kind  
That polish'd playfulness and ease  
That speaks to every liberal mind  
And pleases all whom wit can please

### XIV.

To us thy parting steps announce  
That misery worse than all relief  
Which bids us break the chain at once  
And find our fondness by our grief

## III

Although it would be a mistake for anyone to reduce Hobhouse, so complex and influential a person in his own right, to a mere Byronic appendage, most readers will be principally interested in the recipient rather than the writer of these letters. Hence I have designed this edition in such a way that those who wish to do so can use it as a complement to the collected letters of Byron. But even though the Byron-Hobhouse letters are best read as a continuing long-distance dialogue, it still seems desirable to offer in this volume a coherent overview of the whole correspondence; so I have supplied footnotes directing readers of the Hobhouse letters to pertinent passages in Byron's correspondence and where necessary have quoted, paraphrased, or summarized crucial points from Byron's letters.

Byron's and Hobhouse's comments to one another range far beyond the personal sphere, though. To guide the twentieth-century reader through the various *milieux* vividly evoked in Hobhouse's accounts—colonial Malta, Whig society, Napoleonic Paris, electioneering Westminster—I have provided brief identifications of people and places, short explanations of situations and events, citations for literary allusions, and translations of foreign phrases. When these annotations are conjectural, I say so. A certain amount of dust settles with the passage of centuries, and my best efforts at excavation have failed to locate certain facts that need retrieving. For instance, some of Hobhouse's quotations have proved especially elusive: an omnivorous and retentive reader, he employs obscure tags as well as obviously quotable ones, misremembers, intentionally alters, parodies, and invents. Where a matter that most particularly seems to



need annotation has baffled me, I mention the fact and hope that learned readers will share their erudition.

In determining a format for the Hobhouse letters, I am indebted to the many editors, particularly Professor Marchand, from whose work I have learned. The principles employed in editing the Hobhouse letters appear below.

*Date.* For readers' convenience I have positioned the date of each letter (along with day and place, when supplied) in the upper right-hand corner. A date derived from a postmark, internal evidence, Hobhouse's journals, or Byron's correspondence appears in brackets. When conjectural, such a supplied date is followed by a question mark.

*Salutation.* The salutation appears on a separate line. Hobhouse interchangeably employs the dash and the comma after his "Dear Byron": when the punctuation is ambiguous, I have chosen the former, which is somewhat more habitual with Hobhouse.

*Paragraphing.* Hobhouse's letters sometimes run on continuously. I let them do so. Similarly, when Hobhouse ends a paragraph and begins a new line without indenting, his spacing is preserved.

*Closing.* Following the fashion of his day, Hobhouse often spaces his complimentary close in a series of leisurely stairsteps down the end of the letter. I have consolidated such sprawling phrases on one or more continuous lines. When this change in spacing has required changes in punctuation, I have made additions or deletions without noting them.

*Signature.* Hobhouse's signature, whether name or initials, appears in italics. Where no signature exists, I neither supply one nor comment on the absence.

*Postscripts.* Hobhouse's postscripts were added where space best permitted—at the ends of letters, in margins, on outside covers. I have placed all appended comments, whatever their original positions, after the signature.

*Punctuation.* Hobhouse, like Byron and many other of his contemporaries, is by our standards both unorthodox and unsystematic in punctuating. My basic principle has been to preserve his punctuation, however eccentric, except when to do so would obscure the sense of a passage. Specific decisions as to punctuation are enumerated below.

1. In some of Hobhouse's letters, the mark we think of as a period usually (but not always) appears where a comma would be

expected; a dash may stand in a period's place, and a somewhat longer horizontal mark represent a dash. I have punctuated such letters in what twentieth-century readers would see as the customary way.

2. Relative length has been my criterion in distinguishing between Hobhouse's periods and his dashes. Thus —, a punctuation mark of a certain magnitude, is interpreted as a period in a letter where it is the shorter of two similar sorts of horizontal lines and as a dash in a letter where it is the longer.
3. If a dash closes a clause no space precedes the first letter of the following word. If, on the other hand, Hobhouse closes a sentence with a dash, I have left space between the dash and the first letter of the next word.
4. Hobhouse characteristically uses a colon after an abbreviation. This habit is preserved.
5. Apostrophes used to form possessives or plurals are retained when present in the original letters but never supplied.
6. Hobhouse is arbitrary in scattering quotation marks, which he often fails to use in pairs. I have modified his use of quotation marks with an eye toward clarity, especially in punctuating passages of reported dialogue. Inserted punctuation marks appear in brackets; subtracted ones are excised without remark.

*Capitalization.* I have preserved Hobhouse's capitalization except in the rare cases where clarity demanded a change; for instance, in sentences Hobhouse begins with lower-case letters. In such situations I have made changes without using brackets, which would seem to indicate the addition of a letter rather than the change of case.

*Abbreviations.* I have lowered the superior letters ending Hobhouse's abbreviations and have supplied periods. Thus "L<sup>d</sup>" becomes "Ld.". Hobhouse's "&" and "&c" have been retained.

In the annotations I have for brevity employed the following abbreviations:

B	Byron
H	Hobhouse
LJ	Byron's <i>Letters and Journals</i> , ed. Leslie A. Marchand

LJ, Prothero	<i>Letters and Journals</i> , ed. Rowland E. Prothero
RLL	<i>Recollections of a Long Life</i> , by J. C. Hobhouse
DNB	<i>Dictionary of National Biography</i>

*Spellings.* Hobhouse's spellings appear as they stand in the manuscript. I have added sic sparingly, and only when an unnoted misspelling would lead to ambiguity.

*Doubtful readings and conjectures.* The text of Hobhouse's letters is generally legible, but there are a few tears, holes, faded spots, and scrawled words. Missing passages that are obvious from context appear bracketed, as do completions of abbreviated names and additions of words necessary to sense or grammar that Hobhouse may have inadvertently left out. When such words are conjectural, a question mark appears within the brackets. I have also had to guess at some words and phrases that are present in the text but hard to decipher. In such cases a bracketed question mark follows the dubious reading.

*Cross-outs.* Slips of the pen made and eradicated by Hobhouse are omitted without comment, even when they remain legible: it seems uncharitable to perpetuate blunders the writer himself caught and corrected. When Hobhouse's alterations add significance or emphasis—for example, when he crosses out "lady" to write "actress" or when in the letter of 3 January 1822 he carefully revises the intricate rhetoric of a rebuttal to charges made by Byron—I have placed the excised variant in angle brackets before the phrase that replaced it, in this fashion: "I told you how sorry I should be if that advice <annoyed you> gave you any pain." When long passages or whole paragraphs are crossed out, the fact is noted.

*Revisions.* Hobhouse revised some of his letters to Byron, notably the ones written from Paris when history was brewing, for publication. Such letters are presented as Byron would have received them, with Hobhouse's later editorial improvements omitted.

*Consistency.* My first goal in preparing this edition has been to offer the reader a lucid but faithful text. In the few cases when the pursuit of this objective has conflicted with one of the principles announced above, I have broken the rule without regret or comment.

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## THE LETTERS





[January–February 1808?]

[I] bring with me a few lines, an imitation of the 19th epistle of Horace 1st 2nd book.<sup>1</sup> I have taken the liberty to address them to you in some verses to this effect.

"Desert thy much lov'd Heliconian streams,  
 "Thy flowery Ida, & Arcadian themes,  
 "Thy lyre forget—neglect thy power to please—  
 "Lawful sometimes—but not in times like these  
 "And arm'd with all a poet's vengeance come  
 "Crush every vice & strike each blockhead  
 dumb.['']

But of this we may talk, when we have a meeting in the great city. Pray, however, be not quite decisive with Messrs. Crosbie, till I have had the pleasure of seeing you. . . .<sup>2</sup> Mr Waller's verses, which I quoted to you imperfectly, have this for a title,  
 "To a lady playing on her lute a song of my own composition."<sup>3</sup>

"That eagle's fate & mine are one,  
 "Who, on the shaft that made him die,  
 "Espied, a feather of his own,  
 "Wherewith he wont to soar so high.['']

I cannot but direct your attention to the first verse of this pretty song, it is this—& savours a good deal of that kind of poetry which Dr. Sam. Johnson calls metaphysical<sup>4</sup>

"Chloris yourself you so excell;  
 "When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,  
 "That like a spirit, with this spell  
 "Of my own teaching, I am caught.['']

Since you left Cambridge I have quitted my rooms only once, & that was to dine in King's College Hall, with Davies;<sup>5</sup> to whom I have directed a letter at Dorant's,<sup>6</sup> which I must beg the favour of you to mention to him when you see that gentleman— He expects me in London to morrow—but it is impossible that I should be so early by a

day, & I must untill Wednesday next, delay, the opportunity of assuring you how truly I am your sincere friend & affectionate servant

John C. Hobhouse

1. In *Epistulae*, l. 19, Horace addresses Maecenas to argue that his poetry is original, not imitative. Hobhouse's lines, "To . . . . . A Water Drinker," appear in his *Imitations and Translations* (London: Longman, 1809), pp. 66–79.

2. Ben Crosby, a London bookseller, was handling and promoting Byron's *Hours of Idleness* for the publisher, John Ridge.

3. The Edmund Waller lyric whose first two stanzas Hobhouse quotes is "To a Lady Singing a Song of His Composing."

4. "The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily resolving to shew it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry, they only wrote verses . . ." (Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets*, vol. 1, "Cowley").

5. Scrope Berdmore Davies (1783–1852), a country parson's son, was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, when he met Hobhouse and Byron. Distinguished for wit, elegance, and skillful gaming, Davies moved in the most fashionable circles of Whig society until 1820, when debts forced him into Continental exile.

6. A fashionable hotel in Albemarle Street, Dorant's was Byron's London residence during the winter and spring of 1808.

Cambridge. March 12, 1808

Dear Byron,

I was extremely concerned to hear of the ill state of your health<sup>1</sup>—the bad account which you gave me of it was more than confirmed by Scrope Davies, from whom however, I hope to hear better news when I have the pleasure of seeing him. The story of your engagement with Miss (I forget her name)—is all over Cambridge.<sup>2</sup> I did not much wonder at it considering your very long & painful continence, which might induce a more severe saint than yourself to be too frequent in the caresses of the first pretty girl which you chanced to light upon. This I understand to have been one cause of your illness, but surely even without this excess you could not hope for tolerable health when you pursue such an independent course of living as that which you have for some time adopted. Those nightly vigils & daily slumbers, that habit of agitating your mind & body in the pernicious exercise of midnight gambling, were they not enough, together with that total want of air & healthy exertion which you experienced, to weaken & exhaust your frame to the very last extremity? I, who do not *pretend* to feel a regard for you, have frequently been anxious to see you have done with such deleterious practices so imprudent when pursued by any one but especially by a person of your advantages. I learn with delight from Scrope Davies that you have totally given up dice—to be sure you must give it up, for you to be seen every night in the very vilest company in town could anything be more shocking? anything more unfit? I speak feelingly on this occasion “non ignara mali miseris” &c.<sup>3</sup> I know of nothing that should bribe me to be present once more at such horrible scenes, perhaps 'tis as well that we are both acquainted with the extent of the evil that we may be the more earnest in abstaining from it. You shall henceforth be “*Diis animosus hostes[.]*”<sup>4</sup> I suppose that as it is not your intention to return to

Cambridge I shall never again have the pleasure of seeing you<sup>5</sup>—believe me that my absence from you has only rendered my desire of again enjoying your company more ardent— I have a melancholy presentiment that I have experienced this gratification for the last time—nothing could be more unexpected by me than one or two untoward circumstances<sup>6</sup> which have hitherto seperated us, may nothing of the kind occur again— I hear from my friend and familiar Πειτ<sup>7</sup> that Davies is arrived. I am going to Eaton in Bedfordshire with Tavistock<sup>8</sup> this evening so that I do not expect to see him untill Sunday by which time I expect to be gratified by one line from you. William Bankes<sup>9</sup> is here at the Masters lodge Trinity Hall, living in state so he tells me—he told us yesterday that he wanted to buy a horse for hunting—we asked him, why? “Oh,[”] said he, [“]you know in Dorsetshire I must hunt for popularity’s sake”!!! Is not this complete Corfe Castle<sup>10</sup> all over? There is a rumour that our brutal fellows have return’d a rough savage laconic answer to some question of yours,<sup>11</sup> is it true—pray laugh heartily at it, & give me some account of it that I may laugh too—

Farewell for the present, believe me your’s most sincerely

John C. Hobhouse

1. See LJ, B to H, 27 February 1808.

2. One of Byron’s mistresses, possibly the “blue eyed Caroline.” Rumor had apparently reached Cambridge that Byron intended to marry a pregnant demi-mondaine. See Marchand, *Byron: A Biography*, 1:151–53; LJ, B to H, 14 March 1808; H to B, [1–14] April 1808.

3. “Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco”—“No stranger to evil, I learn to succour the afflicted” (Virgil *Aeneid*, 1. 630: Dido to Aeneas).

4. “A fierce foe of the dice.” Hobhouse makes a bilingual play on “dice” and the Latin for “gods.” Cf. “dis animosus infans”—“a spirited child favored by the gods” (Horace *Odes* 3. 4. 20).

5. Byron had mentioned that he would not be likely to return to Cambridge until his degree was granted, if then (see B to H, 29 February 1808).

6. In a misunderstanding with the Cambridge Whig Club, Byron had talked of resigning (see B to H, 27 February 1808). Hobhouse, in turn, had been offended when Byron had spoken of seeing him in a “very extraordinary state of Intoxication.” Hobhouse’s letter on the subject is missing; see Byron’s reply, 29 February 1808.

7. Possibly James Perry (1756–1821), editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* and acquaintance of many of the leading Whigs.

8. Francis Russell (1788–1861), marquis of Tavistock and later seventh duke of Bedford, was another member of the Cambridge Whig Club.

9. William John Bankes (1787–1855), of Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire, was part of the Trinity College set that included Byron, Hobhouse, and C. S. Matthews.

10. Hobhouse alludes ironically to the seat of Bankes's family, and home of his intractable ancestress Lady Mary Bankes, who was the heroine of two parliamentary sieges before Corfe Castle was "slighted" by the Roundheads in 1645.

11. Trinity College balked at granting Byron his degree because he had not fulfilled the residence requirements (see Marchand, 1:152). Byron received the degree on 4 July 1808.

Cambridge. [1-14] April 1808

My dear Byron,

I am happy that the last news which I heard of you convinced me that the state of your health must have been amended since the very deplorable account that your valet Fletcher<sup>1</sup> gave me of your indisposition— You have it seems been seen at boxing matches and have engaged freely on the side of Docharty against poor Tom Belcher.<sup>2</sup> You must have been somewhat disappointed at the event of the matches as I suspect that it was not only the concern of the magistrates to keep the peace that stopp'd the fighting but a certain shyness in the parties themselves. You however must know the truth of all this being so deeply admitted into the penetralia Jacksoniana.<sup>3</sup> How go you on with your misses two? has there been no Statirising and Roxana-ising<sup>4</sup> between them? do you agree—all three? Own that it is but a sad state that of yours, a very miserable way of going on for you— However even your double concubinage is preferable in my mind to the rashness of my acquaintance Henry Shepherd with his lady Mary<sup>5</sup>—[']Twill never do to be sure for the lively fellow to have a wife and an earl's daughter too, perpetually at his a—e. We shall have him wearing the married man's willow<sup>6</sup> and dolefully humming "ah me, why did I marry me[.]"<sup>7</sup> I believe we are both pretty well agreed as to the matter of matrimony. You will never after all you have said be a Benedict,<sup>8</sup> and as for myself I find my hatred and disgust of that sex which Burns calls "*l'adorable moitié du genre humain*"<sup>9</sup> every day increasing. You must for certain either have a whore or a termagant and as you cannot wish to have an addition to your forehead or a subtraction from your face as you neither want a pair of horns more nor a pair of eyes less it is certain that the best way to preserve your self in statu quo is to live "as free as nature first made man," as says Mr. Dryden—<sup>10</sup> When do you think of returning to College? or do you

think of returning at all? The fellows here want some one, as I understand, to take your rooms & pay an immense sum for the furniture—be careful that they do not keep back any of the purchase money for it is well known that they would take in the Holy Ghost if he were a stranger— You have perhaps heard that C S Matthews<sup>11</sup> is at Cambridge sitting for the vacant Downing fellowship—his friends are very eager tho' not very sanguine, as it is believ'd that the thing will be dispos'd of by favour & not by the event of the examination. He gave in yesterday a delightful piece of latin which must I trust go far to determine the contest in his favour.

Have you lately seen the Baronet Webster?<sup>12</sup> it appears to be doubtful whether or no he will return to this place—the last visit he paid was celebrated by his getting into some scrape which made it necessary for him & some unknown gentleman to exchange long shots at each other—no mischief was done to Sir God if I may judge [torn page] him walking at his ease a short time after the affair took place. Lowther<sup>13</sup> writes me that Scrope Davies & he are paying a visit to Portsmouth & Berdmore<sup>14</sup> is to go disguised as a female, for fear, from his brawny shoulders & hard hands that he might be pressed to serve in his Majesty's navy; which would be a great loss to the Pun-ic Commonwealth.<sup>15</sup>

It will give me much satisfaction to hear from you but to see you would be much more agreeable. "Nil mihi rescribas attamen; ipse veni"<sup>16</sup>—believe me to be your's very sincerely

*John C. Hobhouse*

Aquilo moris esse fertur prolem nuper pastorem meridiano[.] Soli objicere, et statim.<sup>17</sup>

1. William Fletcher, son of a tenant at Newstead, entered Byron's service in 1808 and remained until his master's death in 1824.

2. Byron had arranged the match between the Irish champion Dan Dogherty and Tom Belcher and had backed the former, who lost.

3. John "Gentleman" Jackson, retired boxing champion of England, had become a fashionable arranger of matches and instructor in pugilistics. Byron took lessons from him.

4. Roxana and Statira respectively are the first and second wives of Alexander the Great in Nathaniel Lee's *The Rival Queens* (1677).

5. Henry John Shepherd (d. 1855), of Lincoln's Inn, was the son of Sir Samuel Shepherd, lord chief baron of the Exchequer in Scotland. His wedding to Lady Mary Primrose (d. 1847), daughter of the earl of Rosebery, took place on 11 April 1808.

6. "The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours" (Spenser, *The Faerie Queen*, 1. 1. 9) is the tree traditionally associated with unhappy lovers.

7. Hobhouse slightly but significantly alters the opening lines of a song written by Goldsmith for *She Stoops to Conquer* but omitted because Mrs. Bulkley, who originated the role of Miss Hardcastle, could not sing: "Ah me! when shall I marry me? / Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me." Goldsmith gave the song to James Boswell, who had it published in the *London Magazine* of June 1774.

8. Benedick changes from self-professed misogynist to married man in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

9. "The adorable half of human kind."

10. John Dryden, *The Conquest of Granada*, pt. 1, act 1, scene 1.

11. Charles Skinner Matthews (1785–1811), a brilliant and high-spirited friend of Byron and Hobhouse, had received his High Wrangler's degree from Trinity in 1805. He did in fact win a fellowship at Downing College.

12. Sir Godfrey Vassall Webster (1789–1836), fifth baronet, was the son of Sir Godfrey and Elizabeth Vassall Webster, who, divorced by her husband for adultery, married Lord Holland in 1797.

13. William Lowther (1787–1872), later second earl of Lonsdale, was at Trinity College with Byron and Hobhouse.

14. Scrope Davies.

15. Hobhouse, making rather a clumsy pun himself, alludes to Davies's fondness for such word play.

16. "But write me no reply; come yourself" (Ovid *Heroides* 1. 2: Penelope).

17. It is a matter of custom for the eagle to expose newborn offspring to the noonday sun, and that right away." I have not been able to locate the quotation, but the story appears in Pliny's *Natural History*, vol. 10, chap. 3. Hobhouse appears to be alluding to his literary bantling *Imitations and Translations*, which was ultimately to be published in 1809.



Malta. July 31. Tuesday. 1810

Dear Byron,

This letter will be forwarded to you thro' Mr. Bruce<sup>1</sup> who is travelling with Lady Hester Stanhope,<sup>2</sup> a granddaughter, you know, of the first Lord Chatham, and, what you do not know, the most superior woman, as B. says, of all the world. I think you will like Bruce as he is like yourself much upon the "nil admirari"<sup>3</sup> plan; he is not quite the "Nissus"<sup>4</sup> he was formerly but still, in my mind, very handsome. The moment you left us we had light and contrary winds and did not arrive at Malta untill last Saturday. The Capt:<sup>5</sup> contrary to expectation and the wishes of Mr. Adair<sup>6</sup> would go to this place in preference to Syracuse that he might procure some letters which he expected from his moitie four days sooner than he would upon the other plan. I fancy poor Mr. A: would have expired "lord preserve him" had not Gen: Oakes<sup>7</sup> got us out of Quarantine in 24 hours, which he did, and gave Mr. A:, the Capt: & myself a breakfast & dinner on Sunday. I have no Malta news for you except that every one makes particular enquiries after you, especially the Frasers<sup>8</sup> to whom I have given your letters. Your pistols wanted cleaning sadly and are now in the requisite hands to put them in order. Every thing is very undecided with respect to Mr. Adair. No answer is arrived from the Fleet, so that Capt: Bathurst and his Excell'y: have resolved between them to sail off the latter end of this week to the Medd'n: Fleet, and there see what Sir Charles Cotton<sup>9</sup> intends to do in forwarding the Ex-ambassador. The Capt: has offer'd me again this opportunity, which I shall accept if Mr. A says nothing to the contrary and does not think that the circumstance of there being another cabin passenger besides himself might embarrass his change into another ship. I fear I shall not know my destiny untill this letter is gone, as the "Belle Poule" sails early tomorrow. I have read a great many English papers tho' some much later than

those you have seen; they inform me that Mr. Windham is dead, chiefly in consequence of a blow received in rescuing some of Mr. North's musty Mss. from the flames<sup>10</sup>—that Mr Peele and Mr. Golbourne are appointed "Under-secs: of State" and have kissed hands on the occasion.<sup>11</sup> The Marquis Sligo<sup>12</sup> has the ribbon of the order of St. Patrick which perhaps you know. Miss Beckford has married the Marquis Douglass<sup>13</sup> and has together with her sister and father the Measles rather violently. The Mobility were preparing a triumphal car for Sir Francis Burdett upon his exit from the Tower and all the tailors in London were at work in making up green cloathes for his partizans.<sup>14</sup> Launder<sup>15</sup> says that the blackguards will be in baize sooner than be out of uniform. The said L is as good humour'd as ever and has given me a whole suite of rooms in his house, which is much better accomodation than I could have met with at the palace, whither, however, by Gen: Oake's kindness (he has also invited me to his table every day) I might have gone on the 2nd day of my arrival. The last Edinborough Reviews concern neither you nor me nor do I see any literary intelligence here that would interest you. Galt<sup>16</sup> is here & I have seen him, he talks about his tomes in a manner that makes me suspect him to be deranged. He did not expect his poem to have been satarised. Poor Galton<sup>17</sup> died in circumstances of peculiar distress, quite mad and vowing that all his family were visited by God on account of some great sin[.] Dr. Darwin<sup>18</sup> & a Mr. Car dressed up a Midshipman as an angel to undeceive him on this head—but the scheme had no effect. The angel was not a good one or did not know his part— This story Galt begged me not to tell to any one, so knowing your discretion I have only confided it to you. Graham, Tom Graham's<sup>19</sup> successor is travelling about in Sicily and has been here with an old Bart: Sir Mark Sykes,<sup>20</sup> to be sure he must also be mad. Pearce & Taylor a Harrow man, and Stanhope, son of M.P. for Carlisle<sup>21</sup> are coming out by the next packet to tourify here and in Greece, so pray come home, as one would not choose to be doing the same thing at the same time with such gentry (I except Pearse)[.] The parliament was prorogued on the 21. June. Affairs go on tolerably well at Cadiz; and Sicily, altho' the French fixed the 18 of this month positively for the last time of invading, is still in our hands—many people, indeed, suspect that Murat's<sup>22</sup> large army in Calabria is destined either for Corfu or the Morea. I have just seen Dominus Macgill.<sup>23</sup> You may be sure that I asked him about the character of

Andreas Zantachi who you know was his servant<sup>24</sup>— His answer was one that concerns me very much—he says that *he* is a very great rogue indeed, that *he* stole half his cloathes, that *he* broke open his desk at Constantinople and took all his money out, that *his* getting into a scrape with some woman was the occasion of *his* dishonesty—I am in the utmost anxiety that this report should reach you immediately, as from Mr. Macgill's manner, I have not the least doubt of its being too true. If you should not dismiss the rascal you will of course keep a very sharp look out upon him and prevent his profiting again by his villainy. If he robbed during my time he must have taken the money out of my trunk, which I can not think possible—and yet the deficiency in my accounts makes me almost suspect as much. I have looked again & again and still find that 900 piastres have gone some way which I know not. Some men are born to be cheated as much as some to cheat—you have money enough to loose a little by this inevitable destiny, but for myself, it is another thing. However unless I can make out this sum to my satisfaction I shall put the 900 P. to my account by which, altho' "good words butter no parsnips," I shall satisfy myself in some measure for this loss having occurred during my stewardship. I dare say you will think me scarce anything better than the unjust steward in the Gospel, who rectified his acct: much in as effectual a way. "And how much owest thou unto my Lord? 50 sacks of barley—take thy pen & write down 100," he should have said, but in the text it is: 25.<sup>25</sup> You will see by the annexed short account that you have not expended a large sum during the last year but with your experience on the subject you will see that it would be very easy to live abroad very handsomely for a great deal less.

The acct: in £ s. d. is as follows:

Ld. B.      757£. 13s. 6d. and 5328 Piastres at 17.5/8 and 9206 Piastres at 16.1/2

J. C. H.      425£. 12s. 0d. and 4240 Piastres at 17.5/8 and 2508 at 16.1/2

	Piastres	
Ld. B.	5328 at 17.5/8	= 302. 5. 11
	9206 at 16.1/2	= <u>557. 18. 9</u>
		<u>860. 4. 8</u>

J. C. H.	4240 at 17.5/8	=	240.11. 4
	2508 at 16.1/2	=	<u>152. 0. 0</u>
			392.11. 4
			£    s    d
Total Ld. B.			757.13. 6
			<u>860. 4. 8</u>
			1617.8. 2
			£    s    d
Total J. C. H.			425.12. 0
			<u>392.11. 4</u>
			818. 3. 4

Now, this sum of 1617£.18s.2d. is no great thing for you tho' the 818£.3s.4d. is much more than I thought at first the other sum of mine *amounted* to. I know you hate acc'ts. but these were necessary. I have your pistols now before me. They are in the most prime[?] order. I have just come from dining with Colonel Dickens—Mrs. Bruce his daughter was there with her belly up to her chin and very languid. She was order'd not to eat cucumber. They talk'd a great deal of Ld. Rendleshams, but are still vastly good humor'd and desired a most particular remembrance to you.<sup>26</sup> Mrs. Bruce picked out a pretty picture of a woman in a fashionable dress in Ackerman's Repository<sup>27</sup> and observed it was vastly like Ld. Byron—I give you warning of this for fear you should make another conquest and return to England without a curl upon your head. Surely the ladies copy Dalilah when they crop their lovers after this fashion[:]

"Successful Youth! why mourn thy ravished hair  
 Since each lost lock bespeaks a conquer'd fair  
 And young and old conspire to make thee bare."

This makes me think of my poor Miscellany<sup>28</sup> which is quite dead, if indeed that can be said to be dead which was never alive; not a soul knows, or knowing will speak of it. You have made Bathurst believe that I am a distress scribbler—and I believe he begins to pity me—he asked me the other day if I was not translating the Greek Homer[.] I stared & said, no. I thought, added he, that Ld. Byron said something about your writing verses out of Homer the other day. See what mischief you have done. Capt: Close, the handsome artillery man

whom you may recollect to have seen here, is Gen: Oake's aide camp and the other morning he butter'd the muffins at breakfast whilst Parson Miller boiled the eggs— A sad revolution has taken place in the army uniform. None under the rank of Capt: are to wear any but fringe epaulets instead of bullion— This will apply to Lieutenants of Marines. This is the last piece of news either interesting or affecting that I have been able to collect for you—and now in return for this letter let me beg of you to keep a journal of all principal occurrences, particularly of such as may occur during your visit to Veli Pacha,<sup>29</sup> as these minutes would very much forward a design that I entertain against the public. Do not forget to set down the revolutions in your household, especially such things as concern "Sally's grumbling Half."<sup>30</sup>

Seriously a letter from you will, you know, make me very happy, and if you have any thing to be done for you in London or elsewhere depend on a very zealous and active if not useful partizan in your very obliged and sincere

*John C. Hobhouse*

P.S. I kept the half of your little nosegay till it withered entirely and even then I could not bear to throw it away.<sup>31</sup> I cant account for this, nor can you either, I dare say—

1. Michael Bruce (1787–1861), then traveling in the East, had become Lady Hester Stanhope's lover at Malta. On returning to Europe, Bruce continued his romantic career with Lady Caroline Lamb, Madame Ney, and Admiral Sir Peter Parker's widow, whom he married in 1818.

2. Lady Hester Stanhope (1776–1839) was the daughter of the earl of Stanhope and the niece of William Pitt, for whom she had kept house. Brilliant, eccentric, and romantic, she traveled to the Levant in 1810 and ultimately established herself in a ruinous convent on Mount Lebanon, where she resided among the natives for the rest of her life.

3. "Wonder at nothing." "Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici, / Solaque, quae possit facere et servare beatum" (Horace *Epistulae* 1. 6. 1–2).

4. Hobhouse implies that Bruce was no longer in his first youth. Nisus and Euryalus, handsome, ambitious, ever-faithful friends, were Trojan boys who died together in a nocturnal foray against the Latians. See Virgil *Aeneid* 9 and Byron's paraphrase "The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus," in *Hours of Idleness*.

5. Captain Walter Bathurst (1764–1827), in whose ship *Salsette* Byron and Hobhouse had traveled from Smyrna to Constantinople and Hobhouse had returned to Malta. Bathurst died at the battle of Navarino.

6. Mr. (later Sir) Robert Adair had been at Constantinople as plenipotentiary to Turkey 1808–9 and as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary 1809–10.

7. General Sir Hildebrand Oakes (1754–1822), who had been next to Nelson when that hero lost his eye, had assumed command of the troops at Malta in 1808. Between the death of Governor Sir Alexander Ball in 1809 and the arrival of the successor, Sir Thomas Maitland, in 1813, Oakes served as civil and military commissioner of the island.

8. Comm. Fraser and his wife Susan, at whose house Byron had met Constance Spencer Smith. Mrs. Fraser, a lady of literary inclinations, had recently published *Camilla de Florian and Other Poems* (London: J. Dick, 1809).

9. Admiral Sir Charles Cotton (1753–1812) had been appointed to command the British fleet in the Mediterranean in March 1810.

10. The statesman William Windham (1750–1810) died a year after he had injured his hip while helping to save the burning library of his friend Frederick North. North (1776–1827), later the fifth earl of Guilford, was a well-known Philhellene, founder and first chancellor of the Ionian University at Corfu. North advocated—and wore—classical Greek dress.

11. Robert Peel (1788–1850), a friend and contemporary of Byron at Harrow, entered the House of Commons in 1809. He became undersecretary for war and the colonies under Lord Liverpool in 1810. An eminent Tory, he ultimately rose to the office of prime minister. Henry Goulburn (1784–1856) was appointed Liverpool's undersecretary for the Home Department.

12. Howe Peter Browne (1788–1845), second marquis of Sligo, succeeded to the title in 1809. Traveling by yacht in the Mediterranean, he met Byron and Hobhouse at several ports of call.

13. Susan Euphemia (1786–1859), daughter of William Beckford the author of *Vathek*, married Alexander Douglas-Hamilton (1767–1852), marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, on 26 April 1810. Douglas succeeded his father as duke of Hamilton and Brandon in 1819.

14. Sir Francis Burdett (1770–1844), Radical politician and reformer, had been imprisoned in the Tower for breach of parliamentary privilege from 9 April until 21 June 1810. Hobhouse, later to become Burdett's protégé and fellow M.P. for Westminster, was to be imprisoned for a similar offense in 1819.

15. Unidentified.

16. John Galt (1779–1839), Scottish novelist and poet, traveled from Gibraltar to Malta with Hobhouse and Byron, whom he also met at Athens.

17. Theodore Galton (1784–1810), on his way home from travels in Spain, Gibraltar, the Greek archipelago, and Asia Minor, had crossed paths with Byron and Hobhouse several times.

18. Dr. Francis Darwin, son of Erasmus Darwin and uncle of Charles Darwin, had been traveling in Galton's company. He had been with Byron and Hobhouse in Athens and on the *Pylades* earlier in 1810.

19. Sandford Graham (1788–1852), at Trinity College with Byron and Hobhouse, was an M.P. and antiquarian. He succeeded his father as second baronet in 1825.

20. Sir Mark Sykes (1771–1823), of Sledmere, Yorkshire, was known as a traveler and a collector of Elizabethan books.

21. Henry Pearce (1785–1843), a Trinity man, was like Byron and Hobhouse a member of the Cambridge Whig Club. Taylor was probably Edward Clough Taylor (d. 1851), who was also a contemporary of Byron and Hobhouse at Trinity; Stanhope, probably John Spencer Stanhope (b. 1787), eldest son of Walter Spencer Stanhope (1749–1821), Tory M.P. for Carlisle.

22. Joachim Murat (1771–1815), the marshal celebrated by Napoleon as “best cavalry officer in Europe,” married the emperor’s sister Caroline Buonaparte. Crowned king of Naples in 1808, he was shot in 1815 in an attempt to regain his throne.

23. Thomas Macgill, a Malta resident who had written a book on Turkey (LJ, 11:220).

24. Andreas Zantachi, a polylingual Greek dragoman Byron had hired at Patras, was dismissed as a result of Hobhouse’s letter.

25. Hobhouse inaccurately recalls the figures in the parable of the Unjust Steward (Luke 16:1–13). The steward instructs a man in debt for 100 measures of wheat to “write down 80.”

26. Then a lieutenant colonel, Samuel Trevor Dickens was serving as commanding royal engineer on Malta. In 1809 his second daughter, Mary Andalusia, had married John Thelusson (1785–1832), second Baron Rendlesham.

27. *Ackerman’s Repository* was a contemporary (1809–29) periodical devoted to “arts, literature, commerce, manufactures, fashions, and politics.”

28. Hobhouse refers to his *Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics, Together with Original Poems Never Before Published*, which had appeared in 1809. Byron and other friends had contributed to the poetical venture.

29. Veli Pasha, second son of Ali Pasha, the despot of Albania and Greece, himself governed the Morea.

30. William Fletcher, Byron’s valet.

31. See Hobhouse’s journal entry for 17 July 1810 (RLL, 1:32): “Took leave, *non sine lacrymis*, of this singular young person, on a little stone terrace at the end of the bay [at Zea], dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers; the last thing perhaps that I shall ever divide with him.”

August 15, 1810

Dear Byron,

This letter comes from Cagliari, from which place most probably I should not have written to you had it not been for one of the most stupid instances of forgetfulness on my part that I ever heard of. You must know then, that being as it were obliged to dine with Dr. Sewel,<sup>1</sup> a name therefore for ever to be accursed by me, on the Sunday on which I left Monday (i e. August 6) I absolutely forgot my boxes of marbles (henceforth to be ever accursed by you) until the instant before I set off to go to the damn'd Doctor's country House 50 miles off, I fancy, in the country—In vain did I send a note and two verbal messages to Mr. Launder's Major Domo, (Launder himself being with a whore at his country house too) for when I came on board the Salsette at 10 o'clock at night the marbles were not come. I took to my bed immediately and never got up till—next morning having in the night by the way of punishing myself taken an oath against drinking wine—a resolution to which I have as yet adhered and which with the blessing of God I intend to keep eternally. Now my request to your Ldship is, that you will be pleased to increase my many obligations to you by taking a determination, and by ordering your man W. Fletcher to put you in mind, to take the said forgotten boxes three (or 4) with you to England.<sup>2</sup> With the persuasion that you will not refuse me this favour I have taken the liberty to desire three several persons to put you in mind of my damn'd boxes—which three persons are. Mr. Close, a very good humoured young fellow tho' the Gen.'s Aide de camp, Mrs. Dickens, and Mr. Launder—in whose house I recommend you to live when you shall visit Malta. Now for other things. The black John lugger, Moses Kennedy, commander, was boarded by two French privateers in a calm off Algiers and carried, but not until seven



men of the lugger had been killed, and almost all wounded. It is hoped that all the dispatches were thrown over board. No doubt your letters and my packet to Matthews suffered amongst the rest. Lucien Bonaparte<sup>3</sup> is in this port of Cagliari on board an American vessel, and has made application to Mr. Hill<sup>4</sup> to give him passports to Plymouth in England, as he is obliged to fly from his brother Napoleon, who, as he says, gave him only 24 hours to consider on this dilemma, "either to accept the title and office of King of Rome or to leave the Continent immediately." Lucien decided instantly and fled to Civita Vecchia, whence he sent to Cagliari to Mr. Hill for a safe passport to Cagliari. Mr. Hill returned for answer that he could not do it, but Lucien came hither without a passport accompanied by his whole family and a suite of about 40 Frenchmen. Hill is in the utmost diplomatic agony and is delighted to have the assistance of Mr. Adair in such an emergency. The King of Sardinia<sup>5</sup> will not consent to his landing in the island, and Capt: Barry (the Capt: Barry)<sup>6</sup> who is at anchor here with the Pomone Frigate, avers that the instant the American gets under weigh, he must board her and seize Lucien and his Frenchmen, and take them prisoners to Malta.... Lucien says, "very well. I must throw myself on your mercy"—but begs very hard for a free passport to Plymouth. Mr. Adair is for granting him this, as he knows the pucker Oakes would be in were he to have him at Malta. Mr. Hill and the Capt:s Barry and Bathurst are for sending him by the Pomone to Civita Vecchia or to Malta, how it will be decided God knows. Mr. A. and Mr. H are to have another audience of Lucien today. He is a handsome tallish youngish looking man but wears spectacles. I have not seen him, but will if I can. I have seen for the first time a copy of the second edition of "English Bards &c"<sup>7</sup> at Mr. Hill's. Mr. Smith,<sup>8</sup> whom you remember here, tells me that every body whom he has seen agrees in praising it very much and also in talking a good deal about it. Every body also says that you will most probably have to fight some body. This suspicion I have always ridiculed, and asked whom? Mr. Jeffery's<sup>9</sup> and Lord Paget's<sup>10</sup> names were mentioned[.] Now it seems to me that had the first intended any such thing, you would have heard of it before this time and as to Lord P you have only alluded to a well-known fact, which I presume every one has a right to do— It is true that you have got the word "*cartel*"<sup>11</sup> in your postscript, which seems to allude to an expectation of a

challenge, not to say, an invitation of such a thing— The book itself looks very handsome and is on good paper with a large neat clean type. I object to no one earthly thing in the volume, but an expression in the Preface, where you say that the 14 lines on Bowles were inserted at the “request” of an “ingenious” friend *who has a volume of poems in the press*.<sup>12</sup> Now this looks as if your ingenious friend were so seriously angry with Bowles and so terribly in a hurry *tho he had a volume in the press*, to appear in print, that he could not <stay> wait, but requested you to afford him an early opportunity of showing his rage and his wit. However this don’t signify a pin’s head, and I should not have mention’d it, had it not been for a clumsy joke of Bathurst’s directed to me yesterday as he was reading the preface. I wish you would empower me to omit your postscript, which is very violent to be sure, in your next edition;<sup>13</sup> for I have no doubt to find Cawthorne<sup>14</sup> preparing another when I get home, as I hear the satire is in great Circulation— I forgot to mention that the Salsette is going to the Fleet off Toulon where we shall see in what manner Sir Ch. Cotton intends to forward Mr. Adair to England, by the way of Cadiz, whither Mr. A. is obliged to go. King Louis of Holland<sup>15</sup> is laid on the shelf and that country joined to France— Sir John Carr<sup>16</sup> staid at Cagliari and in the island three months— Mr. Smith tells me that the perpetual fun of which he was the sole object and butt was inconceivable, that he was the most profound of ninnies, that they used to get at his notes and alter the figures and numbers so that the public will see “that a Sardinian galley is 750 feet long,” that they told him the most improbable tales all of which were put down, that he asked the King of Sardinia for the order of St. Maurice and was refused, that he has got the order of Constantine in Sicily which is given to the King’s tooth drawer in general and this he calls the order of Constantinian—that he has, in fine, been quizzed almost out of his senses and is gone home still determined to write.

1. John Sewell, D.C.L., was judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Malta.

2. Byron first referred the boxes to Fletcher’s care, then, because they could not be found, himself made considerable and successful efforts to locate and send them. See B to H, 26 November 1810 and 15 May 1811.

3. Lucien Buonaparte (1775–1840), as president of the Council of Five Hundred, had assisted his brother in gaining the dictatorship. Refusing a royal marriage and the

title of king of Rome, Lucien fled into exile in 1810. On leaving Cagliari, he was captured and taken as a prisoner of state to England.

4. The Honorable William Hill had become envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Sardinia in 1807 and served until 1824.

5. Victor Emmanuel I (1759-1824), king of Sardinia 1802-21.

6. Unidentified.

7. The second edition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, "with considerable additions and alterations," was published in Cawthorn's British Library Series in 1809.

8. Presumably Joseph Smith, secretary of the British legation at Sardinia.

9. Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, is attacked throughout *English Bards* but particularly in lines 432-521 (second edition). Hostile to Jeffrey for the *Edinburgh's* severe comments on *Hours of Idleness* in 1808, Byron compares him to the notorious Hanging Judge Jeffreys of the Bloody Assizes and mocks his aborted duel with Thomas Moore.

10. Henry William Paget (1768-1854), later created marquis of Anglesey, was one of Wellington's great generals. Paget, Lady Jane Harley later told Hobhouse, was "quite the *coq de village*" (see RLL, 1:41.) The lines alluded to, "Here's POWELL's pistol ready for your life, / And kinder still a PAGET for your wife," appear in Byron's account of the dueling death of Lord Falkland, *English Bards*, ll. 660-61 (second edition).

11. Byron explains in the postscript to the second edition of *English Bards* that his reason for leaving England is not fear of challenges: "Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but alas! 'the age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days" (*English Bards*, pp. 83-84).

12. Rev. William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850) was the author of various poems, including *Fourteen Sonnets* and *The Spirit of Discovery*, and an editor of Pope. Hobhouse's verses conclude Byron's criticisms of the Parson Poet. Lines 247-62 of the first edition, they follow "Stick to thy Sonnets, Man!—at least they sell":

Or take the only path that open lies  
For modern worthies who would hope to rise:  
Fix on some well known name, and bit by bit,  
Pare off the merits of his worth and wit;  
On each alike employ the critic's knife,  
And where a comment fails prefix a life;  
Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,  
Revive forgotten lies, and add your own;  
Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,  
And print, if luckily deformed, his shape:  
Thus shall the world, quite undeceiv'd at last,  
Cleave to their present wits and quit their past;  
Bards once rever'd no more with favour view,  
But give their modern sonneteers their due;  
Thus with the dead may living merit cope,  
Thus BOWLES may triumph o'er the shade of POPE.

13. Byron's postscript responds in advance to a critique the *Edinburgh* is rumored to be contriving against his muse, defends his treatment of Jeffrey, and excoriates Hewson Clarke for abuse of Byron and his Cambridge bear in *The Satirist*.

14. James Cawthorn, of 24 Cockspur Street, was the publisher of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* in its several incarnations.

15. Louis Buonaparte (1778–1846), appointed king of Holland by Napoleon in 1806, abdicated in 1810. His third son, Charles Louis Napoleon, became Emperor Napoleon III of France.

16. Sir John Carr (1772–1832) was noted for his travels and his gossipy, descriptive travel books. Byron encountered him at Seville and Cadiz and wrote of having "been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white" (B to Francis Hodgson, 6 August 1809).

[16–24 August 1810]

[Beginning missing]

I trust that the letter which I sent to you from [Malta] has come to hand. If you see Bruce before it reaches you he will have told you all the political news which it contains. Your pistols and key I remanded to Commissioner Fraser by the hands of Mr Launder's servant. Do not fail to write to me, especially to tell me when you fix for your return, and should you see Cockerel<sup>1</sup> put him in mind of his picture of Athens for me as I am half determined to scribble. You will most probably see poor mad Galt—he burst in on Mr. A[dair] and frightened him out of his wits—be kind enough to give him my direction (but not to Grub St). Do keep a journal and do what you can to eke out my "letters from a foreign land" as you call them in your copy of verses to me,<sup>2</sup> which I have read again & again & really think the best you ever wrote no line excepted not even the *Eagle*<sup>3</sup> which is much admir'd by all and every body.

Farewell, dear B. and believe me for ever your very sincere

J. C. H\_b\_e

In some directions for seamen on board the Ajax the letters, which Bathurst has on board, have this variety in the spelling. A-jacks. Eayex. Agax. Ajax of Toloun. Ajix—Ajux—Ajects—Ajx—Hedjecks—the two last must have been dreadfully put to it. Sardinia—is Sir Denia and Centaur, Sinter.

It is settled that Lucien goes to Malta——Captain Bathurst desires his best respects .....

1. Charles Robert Cockerell (1788–1863), later to become a renowned architect and royal academician, was studying classical antiquities when he met Byron and Hobhouse in Greece. Hobhouse wanted the picture of Athens referred to as a plate for his projected volume of Albanian and Greek travels.

2. See "A Farewell Petition to J. C. H., Esq're," *Works of Lord Byron*, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 7:7–10. Byron encourages Hobhouse,

Oh thou with pen perpetual in thy fist!  
Dubbed for thy sins a stark Miscellanist,  
So pleased the printer's orders to perform  
For Messrs. Longman, Hurst and Rees and Orme.  
Go—Get thee hence to Paternoster Row,  
Thy patrons wave a duodecimo!  
(Best form for *letters* from a distant land,  
It fits the pocket, nor fatigues the hand.)

3. The lines, which echo the Waller lyric quoted in H to B [January–February 1808?], conclude the section of *English Bards* (ll. 811–28 of the second edition) on Henry Kirke White, a young poet who died at Cambridge in 1806 "in consequence," as Byron puts it, "of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair":

So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

Cadiz. Oct 6, 1810

Dear Byron,

I have delay'd to write to you till I could speak for certain as to my manner of proceeding to England which has been only settled to day, and is after all my hopes a Packet! The Nocton Packet Capt: Vinicombe!!! The Salsette was not allowed to proceed with Mr. Adair further than this place and returned to rejoin the Fleet off Toulon. Bathurst has got the Fame 74.<sup>1</sup> No ship of war in which it was possible for me to get a passage has sail'd for England since I have been here, and as nothing seems likely to go for God knows how long I have been obliged to settle on going to morrow for fear of that irritament of evil, money, failing me as I took only 90£ from Malta and have been here a month to morrow every thing being at a beseiged price here. There is no fun for your scarcity neither, no burning of houses, screaching of children, nor any of the harrowing accompaniments of a regular close seige—you have all the horrors of a garrison also, the town being literally full of epaulets—Spanish by 1000nds, English by 100ds, and no body is ever kill'd or wounded— However the French have found out a way of throwing shot as far as our shipping, and as these shot are red-hot it is said Adm: Keats<sup>2</sup> will order the English men of war out of reach, which is certainly a very allowable measure— Yesterday news arrived of a battle in Portugal in which the French have been defeated with the loss of 6000 men the English 700—<sup>3</sup> The French have also been beaten in Catalonia by O'Donnel.<sup>4</sup> Cadiz is at present more occupied by the Cortese than by the French. These Cortes are not yet all arrived, but on the 24 ult'o: they met to the number of 103 in a hall prepared for them, with a throne where is Ferdinand's<sup>5</sup> picture guarded by a soldier on each side with a drawn sword— There are two tiers of galleries for strangers—a bar—a table a president's chair and a silver bell for the same. In order to prevent a multitude delivering there [sic]

sentiments at once there is a Tribune or open desk at each side of the house so that only two can speak at a time. I was at the Cortes the two first days, they had not got quite in the way of it, but I assure you that they did a great deal of business in a very little time. They have indeed done the business of the Regency, having made them quite underlings to themselves with the title of Highness only, whilst the Cortes themselves are always to be call'd—Your Majesty— There are several priests amongst them, and all of them seem very liberal and of the right side if indeed one can talk of sides in an assembly where I truly believe every individual to be determin'd to do his duty honorably— The second night we were all turn'd out by a Disputado—who, upon a member hinting he wanted to say something secretly, exclaim'd, "that the People do submit to the Majesty of the Cortes"—and out we walk'd— Something like a report of their proceedings is daily publish'd, and they talk of establishing the liberty of the Press— They are very decisive. The Duke of Orleans,<sup>6</sup> who had been given the command of the army in Catalonia by the Regency, requested an audience of them—which request being back'd by some awkward friend of the Duke's, one Mexia the dep. for Lima ask'd the hon'ble deputy if he had not concerted that speech with the Duke. The Dep'y: said nothing—there was a kind of an uproar and the Duke instead of having an audience was ordered to Cadiz (The Cortes sit at Leon 7 miles off) a guard was placed over him and a frigate order'd to convey him out of the Spanish dominions in 30 hours— He is gone to Sicily like a malefactor to the place from which he came— They have ordain'd themselves the Executive and Legislative Power— You will see by this short acct: what manner of men they are—now for more important concerns— Your Satire is most wonderfully talk'd of—at a dinner of Mr. Wellesley's<sup>7</sup> the Ambassador here, C. Wynne, M.P.<sup>8</sup> was going on talking about it and also, which is surprising, of some passages in our travels (indeed, our manner of passing our time at Athens has got into the Papers) without knowing I had been with you, and as he began to talk a little sillily Mr. Ad--- addressed himself to me with some question which show'd my connexions with you, which stopp'd Mr. W. I do not think the said was going to say any thing rude, but he esteems himself a wag, talks a great deal and sputters like his elder Taffy the Bart:<sup>9</sup> Let us see. "Wynne." "Grin." "Skin." "Thin." Spin. Tin. binn. kin pin and din. una mult: alis:



I have intelligence from England that you are in a fourth Edition. You are much admir'd here, and there. Mr. Jeffery said of the book— This is vastly superior indeed to his other pieces, tho' he has help'd me to a rope (laughing)[.]<sup>10</sup> A minute or two after he added, "Seriously, however, I do think that if Ld. B. could only say of me that I ought to be hang'd he need not have said any thing at all"—and seriously, my dear B. I have no doubt you will own there is some truth in the Judge's observation—tho' the world think that the best part of the Poem, as the person who told me this story confess'd— Only think of that ninny Ekenhead!<sup>11</sup> When he was reading the Satire and came to that note where you talk about Haley<sup>12</sup> and call him Mr. H. he said "ah ah so he has got a slap at you too," and, I fancy, he thinks that Mr. H means Mr. Hobhouse to this moment. Therefore "te per Deos oro et obtestor"<sup>13</sup> never fail to fill up that unhappy initial. The Poor Mis. y!! I pray you come home and puff it and make every man to whom you speak a word buy a copy; and sell me this first edition and indeed indeed I will do so no more. It is absolutely "unseen unknown unheard of unabused"<sup>14</sup> by this time it is familiar with tart and trunk makers.

"Ye Gods must every saying smart"  
 "Loose all its points to fit a tart."  
 "Or when preserv'd entire be sunk"  
 "To line the bottom of a trunk."

There is in the commisariat department here a Dallas a son of your Dallas my Dallas every body's Dallas<sup>15</sup>—he is good humour'd in the extreme and thinks you the Prince of Poets in your times!! I have, as Davies would say, I have Sir "taken care to undecieve him." He is well inform'd, knows a great deal of literary intelligence and writes occasional verses. He is really a charming fellow and takes poetry with great patience. Pratt has come out with his Poem about Brutes,<sup>16</sup> he got a 100—copies for it. Dallas says it is very like Pope— Blackett, the shoe maker is dying of a consumption<sup>17</sup>—when he first began to bark [?] in the gentlemanly world he said one day, "Damn-me Miss Dallas do you sing?["] Gracious Powers! this comes of encouraging shoe-makers—he calls Miss Milbank in the park of whose father Sir Ralph M. he has a tenement, "the dear little Marianne."<sup>18</sup> Now it seems he and Marianne make verses together for which purpose no doubt this poor sutor ultra crepidam<sup>19</sup> has been seduced into his ready furnished

cottage. The town is so full of these follies if one were to take the trouble to hunt for them, that a perpetual fund of merriment might be carved out by the members of such a club as we have talked about, and a constant fire of bites and Quizzes be kept up upon the reading world. I have been thinking that we may call our society, "La Bagatelle"—that we may wear a green coat with a black velvet collar and a yellow button with a comic mask and vive la bagatelle inscribed round the rim—that we may employ a printer to publish our bites and Quizzes, which must chiefly be serious lies in prose—abusive satires with names of sober citizens to them, such as "the City"

a Satire

by AL\_d\_n S\_r J\_n Sh\_we<sup>20</sup>

and in short a thousand little things which would be the delight of our lives, would give an honest employment to such idle fellows as yourself and who else shall I say? and would also put every person of respectability in fear of his character—I am afraid what I told you of your friend Peele in a former letter may have inflam'd your mind and given you a bent to dirty politics but think what it must be to be an underling to such a pettifogger as is Percival,<sup>21</sup> and a compeer of cock eye'd Golbourne—why places went a begging and Milnes<sup>22</sup> refused to be chancellor of the Exchequer—which I believe to be a very great lie.... General Graham<sup>23</sup> commander in chief here has seen your full length at Saunder's<sup>24</sup>—he was praising it very much indeed—I could not help saying ["I am glad you like that picture so much for it is mine"—which you know it is, for you gave it me and I will have it tho' you may keep it till you are shot. Your 1st satire was thought at Cambridge to be Hodgson's<sup>25</sup>—]nay Monk,<sup>26</sup> Davies great enemy, said to a company at Ionic Wright's<sup>27</sup> "have you seen Hodgson's new Satire?["] The Ionian said it was your's (the 1st edition) ["]nay,["] said Monk, ["]I know it is Hodgson's—he never contradicted it.["] The said M. is a great teller of lies and I have no doubt never asked Hodgson a word about it, or if he did only receiv'd such an answer as a man would give who did not think himself at liberty to tell the author's name: I hope you keep a short journal, it will be vastly amusing to you at a future period—if you wish such a thing I will get one journal of my travels with you copied out—Pray do not forget to nudge Cockerel about my picture of Athens, and let me intreat you by all the hours we

have pass'd together, not to forget my boxes at Malta—and thy Panza too.<sup>28</sup>

Oh may the worst of Pera's<sup>29</sup> poxes  
Light on him if he loose my boxes.

Tell that "man of woes"<sup>30</sup> that I have his letter safe but that he has made it up with so damn'd small a rim at the turn-down that the seal, impress'd tho' it be with two arrows pierced thro his faithful heart, will not hold his communication inviolate from the vulgar eye of the post-boy of Southwell who will read, provided the said can read, every tender line and heart-rending complaint.. Let me conclude by begging you will come home directly, indeed your litterary interests require it; for altho you may command me to the last drop of my ink, yet you know that "the master's eye hath not its fellow"<sup>31</sup> and what your publishers and printers &c will not do for any one else they will instantly do for you— You must expect when you return to London to be pointed out— "digito monstrarier—hic est"<sup>32</sup> and to have a great demand for your wares at all our London Soirees[?]. You will just come home as the "lady of the Lake"<sup>33</sup> ceases to be a novelty—then you can come out "by the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." What I tell you is very serious that I have heard more about your Satire than I have of any other work, whereas by G\_d I have not heard one word of Miss:[.] I believe the name is dull for I am sure the body of the book is very meritorious—O lord, I shall have Hodgson saying "We first edition men"— I forgot to tell you that I have been living in great misery here at Mrs. Baillie's the great Cadiz talker who has lost 800 dollars by a female swindler one Mrs. Riley an Irish-woman—this loss occasion'd her such violent conversation that she is in a fit of what she calls the Joinders, however it's an ill wind that blows no one any good, for her Jaundice has sav'd my life, tho' it has caus'd another evil in giving me time this evening to write you this tittle tattle letter—fare well—write soon and constantly—all your commissions shall be executed—ever your's faithfully,

*J. C. Hobhouse*

On Sir C. Cotton  
Little Boney may fret

Till a navy he get  
 He may fret till his belly be busted  
 What's the good of a fleet  
 That's sure to get beat?  
 Since Cotton can never be *worsted* (La Bagatelle)

Hodgson is on the town again with serious imitations from the ancients and humourous imitations from the Moderns<sup>34</sup>

1. A ship previously commanded by R. H. A. Bennett.
2. Rear Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats (1757-1834) had taken command of the English forces off Cadiz in 1810.
3. On 27 September, Masséna had attacked Wellington's army at Busaco and had been repelled, with a loss of 4,600 French to 1,250 English.
4. Colonel Henry O'Donnell, commander-in-chief of the army in Catalonia.
5. Ferdinand VII (1784-1833) had been proclaimed king of Spain in 1808 after the forced abdication of his father, Charles IV. He was prisoner of France from 1808 to 1813, and regained the throne in 1814.
6. Louis Philippe (1773-1850), the duke of Orleans, later reigned as "Roi Citoyen" of France, 1830-48.
7. A career diplomat, Henry Wellesley (1773-1847), later Baron Cowley, had accompanied his brother the marquis of Wellesley, ambassador extraordinary to the Spanish junta at Seville, to Spain. On Lord Wellesley's return to England, Mr. Wellesley replaced him as envoy extraordinary, and in 1811 as ambassador. He provided crucial support for his brother Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War.
8. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn (1775-1850) served as a Tory M. P. from 1797 to 1850. He was a friend and patron of Robert Southey.
9. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (1772-1840), of Wynnstay, Denbighshire, Wales.
10. Having compared Francis Jeffrey to "Hanging Judge" Jeffreys, Byron has the magistrate present a rope to the editor: "This cord receive! For thee reserved with care, / To wield in judgment, and at length to wear" (ll. 452-53, second edition).
11. Lieutenant William Ekenhead, of the *Salsette*, had joined Byron in swimming the Hellespont from Sestos to Abydos on 3 May 1810. See RLL, 1:28-29; B to John Murray, 21 February 1821.
12. William Hayley (1745-1820), author of *The Triumphs of Temper* (1781) and *The Triumphs of Music* (1804) among other works, is depicted in lines 303-12 of *English Bards* (second edition). The note to which Hobhouse refers appears on p. 25 of the second edition: "As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend POPE's advice to WYCHERLY, to Mr. H's consideration; viz. 'to convert his poetry into prose,' which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet."
13. "I pray and implore you in the name of the gods." The phrase is characteristically Ciceronian.

14. Hobhouse seems to be burlesquing the lament over Patroclus in Pope's translation of the *Iliad* 22. 484: "Unwept, unhonor'd, uninter'd he lies."

15. Alexander Robert Charles Dallas (1791-1869), attached to the commissariat office of the Treasury, later became a clergyman. His father, Robert Charles Dallas (1754-1824), was a literary man distantly related by marriage to Byron. A half-fawning and half-officious friend, the senior Dallas served as Byron's literary agent for *English Bards and Childe Harold*, cantos 1 and 2. Byron subsidized him with various gifts of copyrights and money. Hobhouse's phrase on the elder Dallas alludes to *Much Ado About Nothing*, 3. 2.: "... Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero."

16. Samuel Jackson Pratt (1749-1814), a poet and miscellaneous writer, had argued for kindness to animals in *The Lower World* (1810).

17. Joseph Blacket (1786-1810), a cobbler and poet, attracted the attention of Pratt, Dallas, and the Milbankes. Hobhouse is somewhat less than fair to Blacket, who had given up his trade because of ill health.

18. Sir Ralph Milbanke (d. 1825), of Seaham, near Durham, and his daughter Anne Isabella (1792-1860), later to be Lady Byron, had become patrons of Blacket after he had come to stay with his brother-in-law John Dixon, the gamekeeper at Seaham.

19. "The cobbler away from his last." Hobhouse plays on Pliny's proverb "Ne sutor supra crepidam," "Let the shoemaker stick to his last."

20. Presumably Sir James Shaw (1764-1843), alderman for Portsoken, chosen lord mayor of London in 1805.

21. Spencer Perceval (1762-1812), Tory statesman, served as prime minister 1809-12.

22. Robert Pemberton Milnes (1784-1858), Tory M.P. for Pontefract.

23. General Thomas Graham (1748-1843), later Baron Lynedoch, had come to Cadiz as lieutenant governor to command the British defense troops.

24. George Sanders (1774-1846), a "noted limner," as Byron puts it, completed several portraits of Byron. This oil painting was, according to Byron, intended for his mother, not Hobhouse. See B to H, 15 May 1811.

25. Francis Hodgson (1781-1852), scholar, writer, and eventually clergyman, was a resident tutor at Cambridge when he became Byron's friend. His *Translation of Juvenal* (1807), like *English Bards*, had been harshly treated in the *Edinburgh Review*.

26. James Henry Monk (1784-1856) had become Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge on the retirement of Porson. He later became bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

27. Waller Rodman Wright (d. 1826), British consul general for the Ionian Islands 1800-1804, received his nickname from *Horae Ionicae*, his descriptive poem on the isles of Greece.

28. Presumably William Fletcher, Sancho Panza to Byron's Don Quixote.

29. The Frankish quarter of Constantinople.

30. William Fletcher.

31. I have not been able to trace Hobhouse's exact version of this popular proverb. Some near relations include "Dominum videre plurimum in rebus" (Phaedrus); "One eye of the master sees more than ten of the servant's" (George Herbert); and "The master's eye is the best currycomb."

32. Fingers will point at you—that is he!" Hobhouse appears to have in mind the conclusion to Horace *Carmina* 4. 3: "Quod monstror digito praetereuntium / Romanae fidicem lyrae / Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est." Hobhouse quotes the last line of this passage elsewhere: see H to B [7 January 1813].

33. Walter Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*, a great popular success, was published in May 1810. Twenty thousand copies were sold within a year.

34. Hobhouse alludes to Hodgson's *Sir Edgar: a tale in two cantos: with serious translations from the Ancients and merry imitations of a modern* (London: J. Mackinlay, 1810).

December 10, 1810

Dear Byron,

I trust you have received my three former letters—the last from Cadiz gave you notice that it was my intention to go to Falmouth in the Nocton Packet, Capt: Vinicombe. In the said packet I did go together with Drummond<sup>1</sup> and Sir Mark Sykes, the first of whom I like most excessively he being very quick spirited and good humoured, and the second of whom I was also pleas'd with, tho it seemed something odd for a bald headed man of between 40 & 50 to be travelling about for his pleasure. We came home in a gale of wind the first part of the voyage, and made the Scilly Lighty House on the next Sunday morning but did not arrive in Falmouth untill Tuesday morning having had an eight day's passage, which was very good and very lucky for latterly our victuals grew scarce our drinkables were quite out and we, Sir M Sykes Drummond and myself being ringleaders, all mutinous to a most contumacious degree. Capt Vinicombe must, however, be entirely exculpated from the heinous charge of attempt at starvation, for it seems the Nocton Packet was running for a widow, as they called it. So beware of the Nocton, nay, beware of all packets, for one of them has lately been taken, & two have been fiercely attacked, and a passenger and three sailors killed in one of them. What do you think of my entrusting some attar of Roses that I was carrying home from Cockerel to his family to the Doctor, the oddest of all Doctors even in your & my way, of the Nocton to smuggle into Falmouth in [his c]hest, and his refusing afterwards to deliver up my goods when I desired him to deliver them— This beats any thing in my experience. I have written to him, but he may be at the world's end by this time. I assure you that I was much struck and delighted with the cultivated appearance of the country even about Falmouth, it appeared a complete garden, and your friend Clinton's<sup>2</sup> Wood where we used to try

our pistols seemed the prettiest nook in the world. I think that even you will be pleased with the contrast of England with all the other countries you have ever seen.

I came to Bath on the 29th October from Falmouth and in that place I have been staying, save & except a trip to Bristol, ever since, so that I have not yet seen the Matthews nor the Davies, tho' I have heard from both; nor of course have I come across Dallas or Spoony<sup>3</sup> or any of your friends— However, all your letters have been sent to their respective places of destination. I have been laid up with a quinsy. I found my uncle my father's elder and only brother<sup>4</sup> just dead when I came to Bath, and I have been engaged in a most unpleasant correspondence with my honored progenitor,<sup>5</sup> so you may conceive me to have had no very great leisure or pleasure since I return'd. I can give you the very best news of your English Bards. Three complete editions are sold and a fourth which is much called for will be out immediately—the third edition is printed in a much larger type than the second— The first bookseller in Bath told me that it had sold better than any thing of its kind since the Baviad and Maeviad<sup>6</sup>— I had a letter from Mr. Ward<sup>7</sup> the other day, and he mentions it in the highest terms; it is as commonly talked of as any literary subject, as I have found myself, so here is intelligence for you to smile at, my young gentleman! Your smile will be stretched into a laugh when I tell you that the Miscellany is the most damned of any given work of the present day—I do not mean damn'd by the Critics for they have said nothing to my paradoxes,<sup>8</sup> but damned by its own indelicacy which is really too gross, but principally in a tale of mine taken from Boccace<sup>9</sup> which the Devil the father of all damnation must have prompted me to insert. The eclectic Review<sup>10</sup> has tried to be exceedingly severe and somewhat jocose but that is on account of my daring to wag the tongue, as they call it, against Mr. Wilberforce.<sup>11</sup> They say your poems are the best in the collection. The Critical is very fair, that is, after censuring the indecency, it allows that there is here and there a good line—but, as I said before, the critics, by which I mean the Edinborough and the Quarterly, have said nothing to my paradoxes, nothing at all Sir— Longman<sup>12</sup> will loose a mint of money by the job, which, considering that the poor fellow has only about 6000£ per ann. will be a hard thing upon him. To balance all this, I have only the compliments of two or three friends & the information from a certain



quarter, that a certain fellow of a certain college in Oxford declared that my imitations were equal to any thing of the kind in Pope. I know what you will say to my pitiful story, you will tell me that you warned me before hand of the impossibility of making these broad terms of mine go down; and you will tell me what is very true, for you did warn me— So much for the Miscellany, which for my sins I have sent into the world.

The Edinburgh has lately received a complete set down by one Cobblen—a fellow of Oxford, on the subject of the attack made by that Review upon the Oxford Strabo.<sup>13</sup> All hands agree that the critics are completely worsted and proved to have been not only ignorant but equivocating in this business. And yet the last Edinburgh was all sold off, i e the first edition of 10,000, in a week— The Quarterly has appear'd to take the judge upon itself, but is decide[d]ly, of course, against the Scotchmen—it sells about 3000, still, you see, infinitely below the Edinburgh. Hodgson has published something else, "serious imitations of the ancients and humorous imitations of the moderns.["]<sup>14</sup> I have not seen it, neither have I heard of it except by name & I fear that the world is not awake to his merits— Colman has a farce coming out called X.Y.Z.<sup>15</sup> May he not have taken this name from a line in your Satire? Blackett the shoe maker and poet is no more—he died in his cottage in Sir F. Millman's park,<sup>16</sup> and Miss Millman after cramming his carcase into a coffin is going to erect over him what she calls a *cenotaph* with an inscription from her own poems, learnt in the cobbler's school of versemaking. If you will put two lines to make a beginning, these two shall serve as an ending for something that we may send her instead of her own nonsense

"Yet spare him, ye critics! his follies are  
past  
For the cobbler is come, as he ought, to his  
last!"

with a dash to show where the point is or ought to be.<sup>17</sup> Paul Methuen<sup>18</sup> has published a volume of poetry, and I hear that Goldbourne<sup>19</sup> has done the same thing, but of the truth of this last report I know nothing: I have not seen his production but somebody, I forget whom, spoke to me highly in [praise of it.] Walter Scott's *Lady of the lake* cannot be printed fast enough for the demands made upon

the booksellers for it in every quarter of G Britain. It is written in the regular 8 syllable interspersed with songs the burthen of one of which is "Roderick vich Alpine Dhu hoe iroe" now what is this? what is *vich* and what are *dhu hoe iroe*?<sup>20</sup> 'tis a highland boat song so probably you can tell—Clarke's travels, vol 1st from Petersburg to Constantinople,<sup>21</sup> are come out; they are reviewed both in the *Edinb. and Quarterly*; rather more favorably in the first than the last, but in both favorably: indeed they seem to me most excellent. His next vol. is to take in Turkey and Greece, which will render any other book on that subject quite superfluous. Gell's new book about Greece<sup>22</sup> is not much talked of. I have not seen it yet. The London Review by Cumberland is dead—<sup>23</sup> Valpey of Reading has set up a new Review called the *Classical Journal*<sup>24</sup> for considering Latin, Greek Hebrew and other easy publications: he has puzzled the learned by having this figure [Hobhouse sketch of device resembling an upside-down "L"] on his title page. I am told that it is a printer's private mark, but having never seen the like before I can not speak to that point. A Miss Palmer of Bath sent a sum of money to the *Quarterly Reviewers* desiring them to lay it out in charitable institutions for her; and to review a forthcoming novel of her's the <Baron's> *Daughters of Isinberg*.<sup>25</sup> What do these gentlemen do? they ridicule the "daughters" &c. beyond any thing, and at the end of the article tell the world what Miss Palmer has done, stating that after hesitating a good deal between the foundling and lying-in Hospitals they at last gave the donation to the latter hoping the lady approves of their decision, but begging leave to decline being her Almoner for the future—Now this is being unnecessarily severe and determined to show the world their incorruptibility; 'tis like Ld. Sidmouth's<sup>26</sup> prosecuting the Cornwall Tinker for offering him a bribe. But to leave these topics; you will not believe me when I tell you that Robert Coates the Robert Coates<sup>27</sup> acted the part of Romeo on the Bath stage last winter to the most crowded house ever known in that Town. I need not tell you how he burlesqued the character—he would have his dress fit very tight so that he insisted that there should be no pockets to it; in consequence of which he always flirited his handkerchief in every direction without a moment's rest for that little utensil; peals of repeated clapping and laughter drew from him repeated bows. The <lady> actress playing Juliet said "Romeo Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo"? Just before he was going to die he said half aloud to the orchestra, "don't forget the music" for

he had resolved to die to slow music—however when he had fallen down and the music did not play he would not die, but sat up. Gallery pit and boxes were in a thunder of laughter. Juliet said, “do die Sir! pray die Sir!” but all in vain—Romeo would speak his last speech over again and again, till at last Mr. Dimond the manager<sup>28</sup> step’d down from his box behind the scenes, and called out to Coates: “I desire Sir you would die directly” and the reluctant Bob fell backwards. He told a gentleman the next day, who told it me, that he had seen three Romeos and that he would play against either of them for fifty pounds. He is now playing at Brighton I hear. It is now time to acknowledge the receipt of and to thank you very sincerely for your two letters, the one dated “Patmoss,” the other “Tripolitza” 26, August. I beg you will continue to let me hear from you, for when I am reading your lively descriptions I really fancy myself again with you and Darvis and Vasillur,<sup>29</sup> as Fletcher calls them, and with Andreas and the great man himself poor fellow with his leg in a tea kettle.<sup>30</sup> I thought it, of course, right to give you the intelligence I received at Malta about Andreas, but, now that you find from Strane<sup>31</sup> that my accounts were all correct, perhaps you may chuse to continue him in your service, having at the same time a sharp look out after him. I am delighted with your parting from Strane’s effeminate relation,<sup>32</sup> but then I am alarmed at the preference shown you by his highness ο βυζερus βελῆ πασῶs.<sup>33</sup> I pray you may not be ravished downright. Do you know that his Majesty has been insane ever since the death of the Princess Amelia, and that the parliament has met and adjourned three times in hopes of his getting better, and that if he be not well by Thursday next they say that the P of W will be made sole regent<sup>34</sup> and will not turn out the K’s ministers but only make room for Ld. Moira,<sup>35</sup> and that the P of W. is turned rank Methodist. It is indeed thought that there will soon be a coronation, so do come home and walk in the procession. Mr. H.[obhouse] has at last agreed to settle all my concerns and I have given in the debits in your quarter amounting to 1325£. 10s. 0d, which I believe you will find correct from a view of the items. If, however, you can add any thing, you will be conferring the greatest favour on me to mention it.

London, June 1808 . . . . . 100.0.0  
 Brighton, July 1808 . . . . . 10.0.0  
 Horse, Octr. 1808 . . . 157[?].10.0

Whilst abroad . . . 818.0.0  
 Returning home . 100.0.0

London, Ap. 1809	20.0.0	Total	1325.10.0
Newstead, May 1809	10.0.0		
At sundry times plays, operas, &c	10.0.0		
London June 1809	100.0.0		

I have taken the liberty to mention your name to Mr. H. because he desir'd me to give him a particular account of every thing. When he has fixed a precise time for the discharge of this I shall let you know. I am going prancing in to the Militia till I can get an opportunity of going abroad again.<sup>36</sup> If there be any books for me at Malta I give 'em to you. Pray, if you can, bring home the marbles or I shall loose them certainly. Farewell—most truly yours

J. C. Hobhouse

Do not go and join the Turkish army, but send Fletcher guarded by Dervis and Delhic Achmet. If you see Cockerell, remember me. How is his bed? Ld. Wellington is not doing much tho' Massena is retreating with a very inferior force.<sup>37</sup> Baxter of Cambridge is dead.<sup>38</sup> Claridge is at Christ Church, Oxford.<sup>39</sup>

Belsham the historian has turned out a man of the *Methode*!!!<sup>40</sup>

1. Possibly Sir William Drummond (1770?–1828), scholar, diplomat, and lately retired British ambassador to Naples, whom Hobhouse and Byron had met at Gibraltar.

2. Presumably Robert Cotton St. John Trefusis (1787–1832), of Trefusis Castle, Cornwall, who had succeeded as the sixteenth Baron Clinton in 1797.

3. Byron's nickname for John Hanson (d. 1841), his solicitor and business agent for the Newstead and Rochdale estates.

4. Isaac Hobhouse, Esq., of Westbury College, near Bristol, had died 29 September 1810.

5. Benjamin Hobhouse (1757–1831), the son of a Bristol merchant, served as M.P. until 1818. He was made a baronet in 1812. The senior Hobhouse was concerned about John Cam's debts and his deficiencies in plans for his future life.

6. William Gifford's *Baviad* (1794) and *Maeviad* (1795) appeared together in 1807. Generally acclaimed as the first satires of the day, they served as Byron's models for *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

7. John William Ward (1781–1833), later first earl of Dudley and Ward, had met Byron and Hobhouse at Lisbon. He rose to become foreign minister under Canning, and at the end of his life lapsed from well-known eccentricity into madness.

8. Byron had used this quotation from *The Vicar of Wakefield* (chap. 20) in his letter of 16 August 1810 to Hobhouse.

9. The tale is "The Miracle," in which the ugly but virile Massetto pretends to be mute to gain a job as gardener for a convent of pretty nuns, serves as lover to all the ladies, forgets to hold his tongue, and complains of amorous exhaustion. Massetto and the convent become famous on account of the miraculous "cure."

10. See the *Eclectic Review* 6 (January 1810): 174–78.

11. Evangelical statesman William Wilberforce (1759–1833), famed for his campaign to abolish the British slave trade, had become something of a national conscience. Hobhouse teases the "saint, so good and great" at the conclusion of his "Imitation of Satire III, Book I of Horace," where the modern Methodist replaces Horace's Stoic.

12. Longman, Hurst, Reese, and Orme, of Paternoster Row, were the publishers of Hobhouse's *Imitations and Translations*.

13. An article in the *Edinburgh Review* 14 (July 1809): 429–41, criticizes both the university and its edition of Strabon's *Rerum Geographicarum*. The charges were answered in *A Reply to the Calumnies of the Edinburgh Review against Oxford* and *A Second Reply to the Edinburgh Review*. For notices of these rebuttals, see the *Edinburgh Review* 16 (April 1810): 158–87, and the *Quarterly Review* 4 (August 1810): 177–206.

14. See H to B, 6 October 1810, note 34.

15. George Colman the younger (1762–1836), dramatist, miscellaneous writer, and theater impresario, is best known for his comedy *John Bull* (1805), and for his dramatic shift in later life from profligate playwright to paid public censor. The farce *X.Y.Z.* was performed at Covent Garden on 11 December 1810, but not repeated, for Colman's brother-in-law and business partner, David Morris, had gained an injunction on the grounds that all Colman's works were to be performed at their theater, the Haymarket. The lines from *English Bards* alluded to by Hobhouse (743–44) are "And CRUSCA's spirit rising from the dead, / Revives in LAURA, QUIZ, and X.Y.Z."

16. Sir Francis Milman, M.D., in 1806 had become Physician in Ordinary to George III. Since his last letter to Byron, which had accurately identified Blackett's patron as Sir Ralph Milbanke, Hobhouse apparently had become confused. See H to B, 6 October 1810.

17. At Malta on 6 May 1811, Byron wrote his own "Epitaph for Joseph Blackett, Late Poet and Shoemaker": "Stranger! behold interr'd together / The souls of learning and of leather."

18. Paul Cobb Methuen (1752–1816) had recently published *An Epistle from Yarico to Inle* (London: J. Carpenter, 1810).

19. *The Pursuits of Fashion*, a satire by Edward Goulburn (1787–1868), younger brother of the statesman Henry Goulburn, had appeared anonymously in 1809 and was in its third edition in 1810.

20. Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroel!, the refrain to the Boat Song from *The Lady of the Lake* (canto 2, stanzas 19–20), means "Black Roderick, descendant of Alpine."

21. Edward Daniel Clarke (1769–1822), traveler, mineralogist, and antiquary, brought out his *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa* in six successive volumes between 1810 and 1823.

22. Sir William Gell (1777–1836), the traveler and archeologist who was later to be part of the much-publicized entourage that accompanied Princess Caroline abroad in 1814, had published two accounts of his Grecian travels: *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca* (1807) and *Itinerary of Greece* (1810). Byron reviewed the works of "Rapid" Gell in the *Monthly Review* (August 1811).

23. This short-lived journal founded by the dramatist Richard Cumberland (1732–1811) expired after two issues, in November 1809.

24. Dr. Richard Valpy (1754–1836), headmaster of Reading School, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and classical scholar, founded the *Classical Journal* in 1810. It survived until 1829.

25. Alicia Tindal Palmer's *The Daughters of Isenberg: a Bavarian Romance* (London: Lackington, Allen, and Co., 1810) is noticed and dismissed in the *Quarterly Review* 4 (August 1810): 60–67.

26. Henry Addington (1757–1844), first Viscount Sidmouth, was a friend of Pitt and a Tory statesman. By this stage in his career, he had served as speaker of the House of Commons and as prime minister (1801–4).

27. Robert Coates (1772–1848), the wealthy and eccentric actor variously known as Romeo, Diamond, and Cock-a-doodle-doo Coates, styled himself "The Philanthropic Amateur." Hobhouse later depicted the performance as the Saturday episode of *The Wonders of a Week at Bath*.

28. William Wyatt Dimond, manager of Bath's Theatre Royal.

29. Vascillie (or Basil) and Dervise Tahiri, Byron's Albanian attendants.

30. See B to H, 29 July 1810: "Fletcher too with his usual acuteness contrived at Megara to ram his damned clumsy foot into a boiling teakettle."

31. British consul at Patras in the Morea.

32. The parting Hobhouse refers to is that of Byron and Eustathius Georgiou, a pretty Greek boy who amused Byron and astonished Fletcher with his affectations and his parasol. See B to H, 29 July 1810: "Our parting was vastly pathetic, as many kisses as would have sufficed for a boarding school, and embraces enough to have ruined the character of a county in England, besides tears (not on my part) and expressions of 'Tenezza' to a vast amount."

33. "The vizier Veli Pasha." This son of Ali Pasha was much taken with Byron's boyish beauty. See B to H, 16 August 1810.

34. Overwrought by his daughter's illness, George III became deranged in October 1810. The Regency bill, much discussed in both houses, passed in January and took effect on 5 February 1811.

35. During the regency hearings, the Prince of Wales had wavered between Perceval's Tory government and the Whigs led by Grey and Grenville. He ultimately stayed with the Tory ministry. Francis Rawdon-Hastings (1754–1826), first marquis of Hastings and second earl of Moira, was an intimate friend of the prince and supported him strongly throughout the Regency debates. He was later to be governor-general of India, 1812–22.

36. In return for settlement of his debts, Hobhouse was obliged to apply for a captaincy in the militia and to agree to live within his income.

37. The retreat of Marshal André Masséna, commander-in-chief of the French forces in Spain, was generally considered a victory for Wellington.

38. Unidentified.

39. John (later Sir John) Thomas Claridge (d. 1868) had been at Harrow with Byron.

40. William Belsham (1752–1827), a Whig writer on politics and history, was the author of the twelve-volume *History of Great Britain to the Conclusion of the Peace of Amiens in 1802*. In the argot of Byron and Hobhouse's Cambridge set, "methode," "methodist," and related terms generally refer to homosexual practices. See T. A. J. Burnett, *The Rise and Fall of a Regency Dandy: The Life and Times of Scrope Berdmore Davies* (London: John Murray, 1981), p. 37. In this case, however, Hobhouse may be speaking of Evangelical Methodism: religion was a subject he discussed with Belsham. (See 23 May 1814 entry, Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations.)

Dover. July 15, 1811

My dear Byron,

Grata superveniet quae non sperabitur.<sup>1</sup> A thousand times most welcome home— Thank God you are not, as Fletcher in a letter told me you were, gone to "*Pallantine in Egyht[.]*" I must and will have an immediate meeting with you to shake you most sincerely by the hand and hear and say a thousand things. Had you arrived a week sooner you would have found me in London—as it is I have had leave of absence twice within this month and know not therefore how possibly to contrive a journey to London—<sup>2</sup> But pray meet me half way—tis a shameful thing to expect of you; but do my dear B. put yourself into a chaise and come to Sittinbourne where I will be waiting for you— Or if Sittinbourne is too far (37 miles) come to Rochester (30 miles—) I mention Sittingbourne because Matthews, who was so good as to give me the first meeting at Rochester, and myself found Rochester a very bad place, dirty and dear. I cannot let you go, indeed, down into Notts without my having seen you first. Let me therefore have a return of post answer to this. Bring your poem<sup>3</sup> with you— By the strangest coincidence I have finished and laboured with great care, beginning whilst in Salsette, a littler verse rhyme translation of the same poem with learned notes—<sup>4</sup> But of this when we meet—it was only 10 days ago that I received a letter from you dated Athens March 18 telling me of your work—and lo' here you burst upon me at once— I take it very kind of you bringing home my marbles especially as I know your aversion to all business and I really do flatter myself you would not have done this for any man living but myself— The *Travels* are going on swimmingly—plain prose is to be my fate—you shall be immortalized you rogue you shall— Your arrival will give me a great push forward—I promise myself that you will let me have all your drawings engraved for the work, which shall, as you are



come, be a splendid thing. Clarke's *Greece*<sup>5</sup> will not be out for 9 months—if I can but cut in before him!!! but I have such millions of things to say to you and I am in such a fluster of delight that I can not tell what to write first. The Miscellany is so damned that my friends make it a point of politeness not to mention it ever to me. I sent a letter to you a month ago—in that I told you to keep the Mendeli Monastery story and every thing entirely to yourself.<sup>6</sup> I have not opened my mouth to Charles Skinner [Matthews] on any of those branches of learning—I will give you a good reason when we meet—Hargrave Hanson<sup>7</sup> is dead— You will be overwhelmed with compliments in Town— Ward told me that Sheridan<sup>8</sup> had mentioned "English Bards" to him in terms of the highest praise— Do not delay an answer a moment for I am on the tip toe to be off—ever my dear Byron Your affectionate friend

John C. Hobhouse

1. "Pleasing will be the arrival of the unhop'd for hour" (Horace *Epistulae* l. 4. 14, "Ad Albium Tibullum").

2. Hobhouse was in garrison at Dover with Colonel Lemon's regiment, Royal Cornwall and Devon Miners.

3. *Hints from Horace*, concerning which Byron had written to Hobhouse, was already in the hands of the publisher Cawthorn; in consequence Byron could not bring along the fair copy. See B to H, 15 July 1811.

4. Hobhouse did not publish his translation of Horace's *De arte poetica*.

5. Part 2 of E. D. Clarke's *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa*, treating Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

6. Hobhouse's letter does not survive, but it apparently responded to a passage in Byron's letter of 4 October 1810: "Tell M[atthews] that I have obtained above two hundred pl & opt Cs and am almost tired of them, for the history of these he must wait my return, as after many attempts I have given up the idea of conveying information on paper. You know the monastery of Mendele, it was there I made myself master of the first.—" Byron and his friends employed various abbreviations such as "pl & opt Cs" for Petronius's phrase "coitum plenum et optabilem" as code terms for "full sexual satisfaction" *LJ*, 1:207 n. 1). The monastery of Agios Asomatos lies at the foot of Mount Mendele, also called Pendele and Pentelicus. For Hobhouse's description of the monastery, see *Journey through Albania*, pp. 392–94.

7. Hargreaves Hanson, eldest son of Byron's solicitor John Hanson, died at the age of twenty-three on 30 April 1811 of "rapid consumption."

8. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), Irish dramatist and statesman noted for his witty comedies *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*, his parliamentary eloquence, and his mot-making in Whig society.

Dover. July 26th, 1811

My dear Byron,

I have only time to say that our damn'd Corps will be off to Ireland in a day or two. The order arriv'd in the evening. I am at my wit's end (I have not far to go) on the occasion and, besides the cursed fate which will thus seperate me from you & all my friends, I know not how to determine about the ways and means of getting out the book.<sup>1</sup> I must send the sheets one by one from Ireland and get them press corrected in London by a friend. Pray send me the Albanian words and your paper of criticism &c<sup>2</sup> immediately, so that I may get them before we sail for the land of bogs and fens. Pray excuse this scrawl I am really most uncomfortable and wretched at this event—do write my dear Byron—believe me ever your very faithful

*John C. Hobhouse*

1. *Journey through Albania.*

2. An Albanian vocabulary list and a note on the Romaic language promised by Byron.

Dover. July 30th, 1811

My dear Byron...

If your Rochdale concerns<sup>1</sup> can possibly wait a week, I wish to god you would let me see you here previous to my deportation. It is asking I know a most unreasonable thing to drag a man seventy miles, but as I shall not see you again for two years perhaps and as the glimpse I caught of you before was so short and transitory and indeed only sufficient to make me long to see more, I hope that my Plea will not seem altogether so insupportable— We do not expect to see the cursed transports for eight or ten days, so if you can pray come— You may be sure that this Irish expedition has gone very near to knock my *Travels* in the head, and indeed I do not know how I shall be able to keep up a communication with Cockspur Street.<sup>2</sup> I want your advice about this momentous matter—I have selected such of the pictures as seem to me best and think, if you approve of the scheme, to have them engraved and put at the end of the second volume with descriptions opposite which perhaps you will have the goodness to supply for I can not— I want some one at my elbow to help me at reading the letters and the manuscript some part of which is monstrous crabbed. I am looking out for your criticism and for the Albanian words which should be spelt according to the English pronounciation—that is, not according to Demetrius's<sup>3</sup> U's and I's—and af's. I have charged Cawthorne with letting out my secret about the W[EEK] at B[ATH]<sup>4</sup> by his damned grin and he swears till he is black in the face that he looked as grave as a judge when you questioned him[.] I would not for the world that any one knew me to be the author of such a contemptible squib especially as I am going to print[?] serious and ought to propitiate instead of enflaming critics. Now "Tommy"<sup>5</sup> is a writer in the Critical and as I have disparaged his parts would certainly have at me. Do therefore my dear B put your copy in the fire, as should any one see it on your table,

they would suspect that nothing but its being the work of some friend would make you tolerate such nonsense for a moment— Do come, there is a private play here on Thursday evening in which Gage Rookwood<sup>6</sup> performs. farewell, o thou "in strength, in wit, excelling all / like precious sparklers from Bengal.["]<sup>7</sup> ever truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

1. Byron had long been in hopes of selling the Rochdale estate, but legal problems were to keep the property in Chancery Court lawsuits until 1823, when it was sold to James Dearden for £11,225.

2. The publishing house of James Cawthorn, at 24 Cockspur Street.

3. Demetrius Zografos, one of the Greek servants who had accompanied Byron on his return to England.

4. *The Wonders of a Week at Bath*, a "Doggrel Address to the Hon. T. S. \_\_\_\_ from F. T. \_\_\_\_, Esq. of that City," was published by Cawthorn in 1811. The personal satire is severe and the poetry pedestrian: Hobhouse's desire to keep the volume's paternity unknown is not surprising.

5. "Tom, the Divine," satirized in the Tuesday episode of *Wonders of a Week at Bath* (pp. 27–28) was Thomas Falconer (1772–1839), clergyman, M.D., and classicist. A learned man from a learned family (his father was Dr. William Falconer, of Bath), Falconer wrote on classical and religious subjects. His edition of Strabo had been published at Oxford in 1807 and harshly criticized by the *Edinburgh Review*. Hobhouse makes light of the ensuing controversy in his poem.

6. Robert Joseph Gage Rookwood (d. 1838), of Coldham Hall, Suffolk, son of Sir Thomas Gage and heir to the Rookwood estate through the female line.

7. Unidentified.

Dover. August 2, 1811

My dear Byron—

I can not bear to read such melancholy letters from you— You should keep up your spirits to enable you to go through the unpleasant details of your Rochdale concerns.<sup>1</sup> I trust every thing will turn out to your satisfaction and perhaps a visit to old scenes at Newstead<sup>2</sup> may serve to tranquillise you a little, at least to throw off the somberness of your present feelings— What in the world, save and except the beggarly elements, have you to make yourself uncomfortable?

*"Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno"*

*"Qui sapere, & fari possit quae sentiat, & cui"*

*"Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde?"*<sup>3</sup>

Excuse me for quoting Horace, the Gratia and Fama are apposite as can be and I hope now that I may add "valetudo" to the other two possessions—I know no one a more general favorite, in the way any one should wish to be a favorite, with the world: and as to fame you have no doubt ere this found yourself sufficiently notorious. When men of reputation request to know and communicate with any one, they can only act upon the character given of that person by general report, and my Lord Elgin is not, I dare say, used to send about letters requesting the acquaintance of every man who returns from Athens<sup>4</sup>—*utere fortuna tua*—<sup>5</sup>

The Bankes's George and William<sup>6</sup> dined with me the day before yesterday. The Member made many enquiries about you and requested me to remember him most particularly to you—indeed when I told him that you might possibly be down here he said he certainly would stay to see you, and did remain a day above his time. He has been to Newstead which he much admires, and was wonderfully taken with that living antiquity Joe Murray.<sup>7</sup>

As for your going abroad again without my previously seeing you I hope that is impossible. The *res angusta domi*<sup>8</sup> may make a holiday soldier of me but it shall not turn my red coat into a straight waistcoat, and the moment I am my own master you know to what point of the compass I shall direct my steps. Should you form any scheme of again leaving England<sup>9</sup> and not give me due notice so as to enable me to have a sight of you you would use me very ill indeed. Perhaps you may like to see something of Ireland—why not? I should myself were I not obliged to go, and if any good star brings you over I shall be very much pleased with the country I am sure. We expect to sail every day—This next post or rather the next mail coach conveys *four letters* 27 pages folio of Manuscript to Cawthorne, together with the pictures of Athens and some of your Constantinopolitan figures—<sup>10</sup> I have desired him to begin printing instantly, and have granted an octavo size to his ardent prayers. Should you feel the least inclination pray look at the thing—Cawthorne has my orders to show it to you if you choose to call—I am ashamed of it but cannot, by Jove, make it better—it is intended to be familiar I fear it is flippant, judge leniently. Matthews is most extremely kind in this matter and, though I am shocked at the trouble it will give him, he will, I fancy, undertake the whole care of the press. If you could send me the Albanian words, your critique, & Meletius,<sup>11</sup> before we leave Dover it would help me much; for the chances of getting things over from England to Ireland are not quite so certain, and I am now almost on the Albanian language—common words and, if there be any, those like the English will be the best—You could do quite enough for me in any leisure half-hour. But for God-sake don't give yourself any trouble at this urgent time—I am ashamed at what I have already required. Have you got your things from on board the *Volage* yet? I have heard from Rochester and Sheerness that no boxes of mine are landed and that the Frigate “is gone up the River.”<sup>12</sup> What does up the River mean? up to where? The moment I know where the things are landed I shall apply to the treasury for an order of release, and indeed did I know whither to direct to your gallant Captain I should take the liberty, under favour of your name, to give him a line. I hope Hewson Clarke if Hewson be the man, will be pared like one of the Magi—I never heard any thing so horrid as his scurrility.<sup>13</sup> Mackenzie<sup>14</sup> dines with me to day—he wants to get an account of

Gorgia<sup>15</sup> from me—should I give it him? Do write. I am ever most affect'ly & truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

1. Hobhouse refers to Byron's letter dated 31 July 1811.
2. The Byron family seat in Nottinghamshire, Newstead Abbey, was sold to Sir John Byron by Henry VIII at the dissolution of the monasteries.
3. "What greater blessing could a woman ask for her cherished nurseling than that he should have a thinking mind and a tongue to express his thoughts, and that favor, fame, and health should be his?" (Horace *Epistulae* 1. 4. 8–10, "Ad Albium Tibullum").
4. Thomas Bruce (1766–1841), seventh earl of Elgin and eleventh earl of Kincardine, was serving as ambassador to the Ottoman Porte when under his direction a team of artists headed by the Neapolitan Lusieri first studied the Hellenic antiquities at Athens and elsewhere and then excavated some of them for removal to England between 1803 and 1812. Byron, though no friend to the venture, which he attacked in *The Curse of Minerva*, had on leaving Greece carried a letter from Lusieri to Elgin, who probably wanted to see Byron for firsthand information on the excavations. See LJ, 2:65 n.5.
5. "Enjoy your fortune." Cf. "utere sorte tua" (Virgil *Aeneid* 12. 932 [Turnus to Aeneas]).
6. William Banks was then (1810–12) serving as Tory M.P. for Truro. His younger brother George (1788–1856) studied at Cambridge, was called to the bar, and later was elected to Parliament. He was the last cursitor baron of the Exchequer, the office being abolished at his demise.
7. Joe Murray, 75 at the time of the letter, had accompanied Byron and Hobhouse at the start of their travels but had been sent back to Newstead with the boy Robert Rushton.
8. "Poverty at home" (Juvenal *Satires* 3, 165).
9. In his 31 July letter, Byron had said, "Let me hear from you before your banishment, I am afraid I shall be abroad again before your return. . . ."
10. Illustrations obtained from Byron for *Journey through Albania*.
11. *Ancient and Modern Geography*, by Meletius of Janina (1661–1714), archbishop of Athens, 1703–14.
12. Byron had returned to England on the frigate *Volage* and had left Hobhouse's marbles at the Custom House, Sheerness. See B to H, 15 July 1811.
13. Hewson Clarke (1787–1832) had roused Byron's ire by abuse that began with his review of *Hours of Idleness* in the *Satirist* (October 1807). In the May 1808 *Satirist*, Clarke quoted assorted unfavorable comments on the book; the following month he published lines titled "Lord B\_\_\_\_n to his Bear." Byron wrote a letter of challenge to

Clarke on 3 July 1807 and named Hobhouse as his second. Whether the letter was sent is not known, but there is no evidence that the duel took place. (See *LJ*, 1:167 n.1.) Byron did, however, wreak literary vengeance on Clarke in the second edition of *English Bards*. Lines 953–60 denounce the “would-be satirist, a hired Buffoon, / A monthly scribbler of some low Lampoon”; the postscript announces, “There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (Subaudi, Esquire) a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a Denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet.” Clarke reciprocated in the *Scourge* (March 1811), asking whether the “humble birth” and “honest labor” Byron scorns are more disgraceful than being the “illegitimate descendant of a murderer,” a vulgar debaucher wasting inherited property, whether “to be the offspring of parents whose only crime is their want of title, be not as honorable as to be the son of a profligate father, and a mother whose days and nights are spent in the delirium of drunkenness. . . .” Byron started an action for libel but dropped it on the advice of Sir Vickery Gibbs. (See Marchand, 1:283.)

14. Identified in Hobhouse’s journal as “Mackenzie the traveller and French prisoner agent.”

15. Hobhouse apparently alludes to the pederastic delights offered by the East and mentioned in B to C. S. Matthews, 22 June 1809, as the two travelers were on the verge of embarking from Falmouth: “I take up the pen which our friend has for a moment laid down merely to express a vain wish that you were with us in this delectable region, as I do not think Georgia itself can emulate in capabilities or incitements to the ‘Plen. and optabil.—Coit.’ the port of Falmouth and parts adjacent.— We are surrounded by Hyacinths and other flowers of the most fragrant {na}ture, & have some intention of culling a handsome Bouquet to compare with the exotics we expect to meet in Asia.”



Dover. August [3,] 1811

My dear Byron,

Just as I was preparing to condole with you on your severe misfortune,<sup>1</sup> an event has taken place, the details of which you will find in the inclosed letter from S. Davies.<sup>2</sup> I am totally unable to say one word on the subject. He was my oldest friend, and, though quite unworthy of his attachment, I believe that I was an object of his regard.

I now fear that I have not been sufficiently at all times just & kind to him— Return me this fatal letter, and pray add, if it is but one line, a few words of your own— I am ever your most faithful

*John C. Hobhouse*

1. Mrs. Byron had died unexpectedly on 1 August, before her son had seen her.

2. C. S. Matthews had drowned tangled in waterweeds in the River Cam on Friday, 2 August.

Dover. August 8, 1811

My dear Byron—

To morrow morning we sail for Cork. It is with difficulty I bring myself to talk of my paltry concerns, but I cannot refuse giving you such information as may enable me to hear from one of the friends that I have still left. Pray do give me a line—nothing is more selfish than sorrow. His great & unrivalled talents were observable by all, his kindness was known to his friends. You recollect how affectionately he shook my hand at parting[.] It was the last time you ever saw him—did you think it would be the last? But three days before his death he told me in a letter that he had heard from you— On Friday he wrote to me again, and on Saturday—alas alas, we are not stocks or stones—every word of our friend Davies' letter still pierces me to the soul—such a death and such a man—I would that he had not been so minute in his horrid details— Oh my dear Byron do write to me I am very very sick at heart indeed, and, after various efforts to write upon my own concerns, I still revert to the same melancholy subject. I wrote to Cawthorne to day but knew not what I said to him—half my incitement to finish that task is for ever gone; I can neither have his assistance during my labour, his comfort if I should fail, nor his congratulation if I should succeed. Forgive me, I do not forget you—but I can not but remember him—ever your obliged and faithful

*John C. Hobhouse*

Cork, Ireland. August 25 [1811]

My dear Byron,

I send you this miserable scrawl to thank you for your last kind letter,<sup>1</sup> which I received at this place yesterday evening, and also to inform you of my place of exile in this country, so that I may have the chance of frequently hearing from you. After a most tedious voyage of a fortnight from Dover we arrived at the Cove of Cork on Friday last, marched to Cork on Saturday, and received our orders to march to our country quarters to-morrow. These are at *Enniscorthy* in the county of *Wexford*, and it will take us nine days to reach them. I hear that *Enniscorthy* was burnt down in the rebellion,<sup>2</sup> but is now rebuilt, though most wretchedly, and that our small regiment will be alone, so that I shall have most of my time to myself— This I shall employ about the work in hand, the travels, though I shall not set down to them as I did before. To hear frequently from you will be one of the chief delights of this solitude, but do not my dear Byron, do not write so sadly, every line of your last wrings my very soul— I strive to forget my lamented friend, do you do the same. It is useless to search for topics of consolation: the very effort only increases our sorrow as it renews the sad subject and calls up before our eyes the lost object of our affections— We must leave the accomplishment of our wishes to him who is the only comforter—to Time.

As neither you nor myself can suspect ourselves of wishing to make indifference pass for wisdom, we have a right to endeavour to forget all those whom we have lost. There is nothing left for us but an oblivion of all that has passed respecting them. Were we to call to mind the amiable qualities of their heads and hearts—what end would there be to our grief. As to our mutual friend, let us never mention his name more. He is gone for ever. Pray continue to employ yourself in the literary way—occupation, and especially an occupation of that sort

will be most useful to you in your present affliction. I wish that I could come to you, and yet were we together it would but increase our unhappiness— I hope you will not let me continue long without a letter. My direction I have already given you, but here I will repeat it for fear of bad writing “Capt’n: Hobhouse, Roy’l: Miners—Enniscorthy—Wexford—Ireland”—tell me how long you remain at Newstead and whither you intend to proceed after leaving that place. Farewell my dear friend, and ever think that I am your most faithful & affectionate

*John C. Hobhouse*

1. B to H, 10 August 1811.

2. Wexford and Ulster were centers of the Irish rebellion of 1798.

Enniscorthy..Wexford. Sept 13..[1811]

My dear Byron,

Your letter<sup>1</sup> was the first that has reached me directed to this out of the way place. Now that your correspondence has found how to reach me in this banishment, I hope you will never let me be long without hearing from you, for whether grave or gay I am always made happier by a communication from you. The melancholy subject of your last<sup>2</sup> in spite of every effort perpetually recurs to me. It is indeed a hard science to forget, though I cannot but think that it is the wisest and, indeed, the only remedy for grief— I should be quite incapable every way of doing what you mention<sup>3</sup> and I could not even set about such a melancholy task with spirit or prospect of success. The thing may be better done by a person less interested than myself in so cruel a catastrophe— Whatever you say in your book<sup>4</sup> will be well said, and do credit both to your heart and head—how much would it have gratified him who shall never hear it—

Pray tell Davies when you see him that I cannot write to any of the family at Belmont,<sup>5</sup> for many reasons—but most especially because I cannot give the information wanted. As to ye place where our lamented friend last lived in London he knows it himself, and being acquainted which I am not, with Mr. Henry M[atthews],<sup>6</sup> can tell him of the circumstance— I am not quite pleased by having such a distressing commission put upon me by S.B.D. when he might have taken it upon himself— However let that pass *così va il mondo*.<sup>7</sup> I feel highly obliged to you on the score of the Albanian vocabulary.<sup>8</sup> If you would have the kindness to read it over and send it inclosed to this place immediately it would come just about the time that I should want it—I hope also that you will allow me to insert the valuable information you collected with respect to the modern Greek; or at least, if you wish to make a note of it to your Poem,<sup>9</sup> I hope you will

send me a copy of that note immediately (excuse my being so pressing) that I may make no mistakes in what I may have to say on the subject. I must own that if I could have it for myself, I should be selfish enough to wish that I might put it into the tour with an acknowledgement of the source of my information— It might be introduced in this sort of way—"My Friend, whom a much longer residence in the country and a more minute attention to the subject enabled to collect more valuable materials than any in my possession, has forwarded to me the following interesting particulars..." &c. &c. &c.— Do not smile at this—I have owned above the selfishness of my motives—I want to make the book as good as I can with all helps and aids— About 40 pages quarto are printed. Baillie<sup>10</sup> is so good as to correct. Cawthorne has sent the *Albanian* as a specimen of the prints—but it does not much please me, however it is to be the frontispiece. I have stopped all further engraving (except of the Athens) as yet: though perhaps by your favour, I may still make use of four or five more pictures, such as the Greek & Turkish women, the Jannisaries &c.<sup>11</sup> Cawthorne has them all in his keeping— Do not fail to let me see your poems, both of them;<sup>12</sup> you can, if you please, inclose them in sheets. I live here as I did at Dover, all alone, would that I could see you. You have never seen Killarney<sup>13</sup>—nor have I—it is prettier than Acherusia,<sup>14</sup> and the Wicklow Mountains may vie with Pindas<sup>15</sup>—I inclose the *Albanian* for your opinion— When you have seen it be so good as to return it. It will be some inducement to you to write— Farewell my dear Byron your's most truly—

John C. Hobhouse

1. B to H, 30 August 1811.

2. Byron had spoken about his preference for remembering, rather than forgetting, dead friends.

3. "I think when your mind is more calm you ought to write his epitaph," Byron had said to Hobhouse.

4. Byron had told Hobhouse that he had appended to canto 1 of *Childe Harold* "a very short sentence or two on the subject of our friend, which though they can neither add to his credit or satisfaction, will at least shew my own pride in the acquaintance of such a man.—"

5. Belmont was built by Matthew's father, the physician and poet John Matthews (1755–1826), on his estate of Clehonger, near Hereford, in 1788–90.
6. Henry Matthews (1789–1828), fifth son of the family and younger brother of C. S. Matthews, became a judge, traveler, and author of *Diary of an Invalid* (1820).
7. "As goes the world."
8. At Byron's behest, Demetrius had prepared a "most formidable vocabulary" on which Byron awaited Hobhouse's further instructions.
9. Byron did decide to append his notes on the Romaic language, literature, and writers, along with specimens of Romaic, to *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.
10. David "Long" Baillie, at Harrow with Byron, was to travel with Hobhouse on several occasions. He and Hobhouse were lifelong friends.
11. All the pictures mentioned appear in *Journey through Albania*. The frontispiece, however, is not "The Albanian" but ΝΕΚΡΟΔΕΙΜΝΟΝ.
12. *Hints from Horace*, still in Cawthorn's hands, and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which Byron had given to John Murray.
13. An Irish market town famed for the beauty of its nearby lakes.
14. The Thesprotian lake through which the river Acheron flows, Acherusia is in Greek myth one of the gateways to Hades. As Hobhouse mentions in *Journey through Albania*, the lake of Jannina also had claims for being the fabled Acherusia.
15. The backbone of Greek mountains running north and south midway between the Ionian and Aegean Seas.

Enniscorthy. Oct. 1 [1811]

My dear Byron—

I believe I am born to give trouble to my friends without having any thing but the will to return their kindness, for no sooner have you promised to send me the Albanian vocabulary and the note concerning the Greek learning of the moderns (the substance of which according to your kind permission I shall certainly make use of & anxiously expect) than I have to request another favour of you— The matter is this, I intend to insert a *fac simile* of one of Ali Pasha's<sup>1</sup> letters of recommendation, and a translation of the same. It is that one which he gave us to carry to "Urachore"<sup>2</sup> and which we did not deliver. Now, laughable as it may seem to you who are in the *secret*, I can not for the life of me, read the cramp'd fist of the *grammatikos* myself, consequently am far from being able to translate it— Will you therefore be so good as to order your Romaic valet Demetrius to write out the whole letter, following the disposition of the lines exactly, into good plain Greek letters without any contractions or other difficulties, and will you also yourself give me a literal translation of the whole into English? I intend to have an exact *fac simile* of the writing and of the form in which it is written and of the signature & seal and even of the *folding* of the letter, which is Greek and very neat & peculiar, so that after the business is done I would thank you to return the letter to me that I may transmit it to my engraver— I am at a great loss for want of the *Meliteus*—yet I should not like to have it sent to me here, except the lady of the blue ribbons, Mrs. Ridgway,<sup>3</sup> knew how to get it conveyed to Dublin by a certain carriage. You will be out a long long time before me,<sup>4</sup> so that, considering your already acquired notoriety, whatever you say of anything, whether past, present, or future, is likely to be much known, therefore I have to request that in any notice your kindness may choose to take of my forthcoming production, you will not hold out any expectations of any



other than a short cursory & trifling account of the countries and people we visited. The farther I proceed in the begetting of this bastard the more impotent and inadequate I feel myself to be.. I sometimes am afraid of saying too much, sometimes of saying too little, now I am apprehensive of seeming pedantic, now of showing myself to be utterly ignorant— Then there are a thousand points into which I ought to have enquired, and the want of knowing which considerably confuses me— Exemp: Gra: Are the Chimeriotes Greeks or Albanians? That is, are they *Arnaots* in their original language who know Greek, and are Christians, or are they Greeks? is their native tongue Greek?<sup>5</sup> I wish to know the same respecting the Souliotes whom however, I suspect do not wear the Albanian dress & do not speak Albanian—<sup>6</sup> Then, how many inhabitants are there supposed to be in Joannina?<sup>7</sup> Is there a place called Bonila near it?<sup>8</sup> Is Bèratt on the banks of the river that runs under Tepèllenè? how many hours is it from Tepèllenè, and is it ever called Arnaot Beh-grat? or Ber-at?<sup>9</sup> Was Ibrahim Pasha ever Pasha of Scutari?<sup>10</sup> These questions I state because I think it very likely that you may be able to answer every one of them, and if you can, either by your own knowledge or by some credible tale of Signor Ζιογραφοδ,<sup>11</sup> I am sure you will— I suspend operations till I hear from you, and I am anxious to get a letter, especially as the Alb. Vocab. and the Note have not yet arrived. I shall follow your advice as to the Turkish pictures & engrave at least ten—Cawthorne writes me that he is gone to Nantwitch to settle some *family* affairs. I rather suspect I shall regret not having played truant with him & fled into the arms of Miller<sup>12</sup> or our own Ridgeway. I see he does not publish your Childe Harold<sup>13</sup>—I only hope my child will succeed as well as yours which I believe is better off both as to father & god father than my bantling. Should Claridge be with you pray remember me, he wrote me a very kind letter, kind both to me and to you—yet what you say of him is very true—<sup>14</sup> Let me hear good news of you and of your pursuits when you write & believe me most sincerely yrs.

John C. Hobhouse

1. Ali Pasha (1741–1822), beginning with nothing more than his stronghold at Tepelene, had risen to be despot of most of Albania, Epirus, and modern Greece to the Gulf of Corinth by a combination of brigandage, matrimonial alliances, and shrewd manipulation of rivals. In 1798 he had been made a pasha of three tails, or vizier, by the sultan of the Ottoman Empire, to whom he owed nominal allegiance.

Charmed by a handsome English "Milord" and well aware of Britain's expanding influence in Ionia, Ali Pasha showed Byron and Hobhouse every courtesy and attention during their stay in his realm.

2. Vraikore, a town on the left bank of the Achelous River, was commanded by an aga or bey subordinate to Ali. The letter of recommendation appears in facsimile, transcription, and translation on pp. 1151-52 of *Journey through Albania*.

3. Mrs. Ridgway, the wife of James Ridgway the bookseller, was kindly disposed toward Hobhouse. In the fall of 1810, Byron directed his letters for Hobhouse to Ridgway's, "where I presume you will be found on Sundays" (B to H, 2 October 1810), and he teased Hobhouse for having "sunned yourself in the smiles of Mrs. Ridgway" (B to H, 26 November 1810).

4. Hobhouse refers to *Childe Harold*, to which Byron had decided to append the note Hobhouse had wanted for his own volume. See B to H, 20 September 1811.

5. The inhabitants of the Chimera, a mountainous district south of Vallona, were indeed Arnauts, what Greek they spoke being acquired as a second language. On the coast many were Christians; inland most were Moslems. Whatever their religion, the Chimeriotes were reckoned among the most ferocious Albanians. See *Journey through Albania*, pp. 165-66.

6. The mountaineers of Sulli, the coastal district southwest of Jannina, spoke Greek and professed Christianity but wore the Albanian mountain habit, a kilt called the *camea*. Hobhouse found the Suliotes "to resemble the Albanian warrior more than the Greek merchant" in character, though. See *Journey through Albania*, pp. 172-73.

7. Jannina (variously spelled), on the shores of a large lake in the Epirus, was Ali Pasha's capital. Though the Turks kept no records of population, there were said to be 8,000 houses in the city. One source estimated Jannina to contain no more than 35,000 people, the lowest possible figure, in Hobhouse's opinion. See *Journey through Albania*, p. 70.

8. Probably Olintza, back in the hills from Jannina. At Olintza, Hobhouse and Byron saw the ruins of Dodona without realizing their significance.

9. Berat or Arnaut Belgrade, the stronghold of the pashalik of Vallona, was twelve hours' journey from Tepelene, the native place of Ali Pasha and the site of his palace. Berat is on the river Crevasta, Tepelene on the Vooosa.

10. Ibrahim Pasha, a rival of Ali Pasha and father-in-law to his sons Veli and Mouctar, controlled Vallona. He lost Berat to Ali during Byron and Hobhouse's stay in Albania. Ibrahim Pasha had no connection with Scutari, the northwestern Albanian pashalik bounded by the Adriatic on the west, the mountains above Tepelene on the south, Ocria on the east, and Montenegro on the north.

11. Demetrius Zografos, Byron's Greek servant.

12. The bookseller William Miller (1769-1844), of 50 Albemarle Street, had told Byron of his willingness to publish *Journey through Albania*; see B to H, 23 July 1811.

13. See H to B, 27 December [1811] n. 1.

14. In his letter of 20 September 1811, Byron had told Hobhouse that he found Claridge "a good man, a handsome man, an honorable man, a most inoffensive man, a well informed man, and a dull man, & this last damned epithet undoes all the rest."

Enniscorthy. Nov. 12—1811—

Dear Byron—

Many thanks for your letters and covers which arrived to day<sup>1</sup> and considerably allayed a ferment of spirits to which scribblers are occasionally liable—Cawthorne however has not sent 16 pages of proof which I expected, nor do I see any thing of the explanation of Ali Pasha's letter, without which it would be useless to print the thing itself—unless to oenigmatise the folk with so many hieroglyphics— I presume this is in the hands of the Demetrius. If the assistance the said is lending me should get into the magazine, what a pretty figure I should cut— Pray do you be good enough to translate his Romaic expounding of Ali's letter— I have taken the liberty to inclose under cover to you a corrected proof for Cawthorne, & intend, with your leave, to transmit four letters every day this week containing copy with this direction—Right Honorable Ld. Byron 24 Cockspur Street Free[.] The *Free* and The *Right Honorable* which is not so polite as plain The to a Lord, will distinguish Cawthorne's parcels, and, if you will allow him such a liberty for ten days whilst you are in Town, he can open all he sees thus directed without waiting— I have reinclosed Ali's letter and would thank you to give it to Cawthorne when the Romaic is fairly written out by Demetrius—as C wants it for the Engraver— I am most eager for your note— How could you lend it to Dallas? he has shown it to Wright—Wright has copied it—the copy gets into the magazine & Wright answers it before you are out, or I either[.]<sup>2</sup>

I never heard any thing so strange as your embroilment with Anacreon Moore—<sup>3</sup> However you carried it with a high hand I dare swear— 'twill delight me highly to see the correspondence[.] I never heard of his address to the public— He must be insane to think that you had— What his address to you has been to day I cannot divine— What ever

has been said, done, or acted dumbly, this day at your party will be in a note to the next editions of Moore's songs and Rogers' Pleasures of Memory—<sup>4</sup> I see you are beginning to feel the effects of notoriety; I foretold you would when we met at Sittingbourne—Hodgson is a fine fellow & not because he reports nonsense about the tale from Boccace.<sup>5</sup> How he must have been shocked at the beastly talk of that fool of fools Bold Webster—<sup>6</sup> Why you do not cut him dead I do not understand—there is no meddling with these sort of fellows with any safety, you can't stand against a white wall without spotting your coat—And De Bathe too.<sup>7</sup> Why this my dear Lord is returning, like a dog to his vomit, to every thing before cast up and rejected. The latter I once saw in London—Oxford Street and treated him as the Pharisee did the good Samaritan, passed over on the other side—So you have been lampooning Oakes, and all the other Anglo Maltenians. I thought you knew Mrs. Fraser too well to trust any thing either good or bad with her—<sup>8</sup> I forgot to tell you that Adair was nearly suffocated by her languishments and affectations—I dined one day with him there and saw his tortures—Is my lord Sligo come home?<sup>9</sup> Your Greek letters are all safe with me—I was afraid to send them to Cawthorne's for fear of their being lost or read, or copied—With your permission I think of getting Saleyman Aga's letter of recommendation to his Egyptian friend translated<sup>10</sup>—one would be curious to see what one Turk says to another on such an occasion—My brother Henry<sup>11</sup> will do the thing for me if you permit—one of the other letters, that from Corinth, as a specimen of fine Greek writing I also propose with your consent, to get a fac simile of engraved for the work, and shall transmit it to Cawthorne, as soon as I hear from you—By the way do not for heaven's sake betray that W[EEK] at B[ATH] secret to any one—Three of the folk therein pitched write in the London reviews—Critical, British Critic, & *Electric*—<sup>12</sup> Besides, who would like to be pointed at as the author of such damn'd doggerel, the dullissimo Macaroni<sup>13</sup> of the Pump Room. I pray you consider my case—some how or the other Baillee has got hold of the story & I have felt very uneasy about it ever since. Your letters make one of my chief pleasures here, do not let me be long without one—believe me truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

1. B to H, 2 and 3 November 1811.

2. In his letter of 2 November, Byron mentions having loaned the note to Dallas, who was a good friend of "Ionic" Wright.

3. Thomas Moore (1779–1852), Irish poet and melodist, earned the nickname Hobhouse gives him for his first publication, a translation of Anacreon, but launched his career in fashionable society with his *Irish Melodies*. Moore, provoked by some remarks on his *Odes, Epistles, and Other Poems* in the *Edinburgh Review* 8 (July 1806): 456–65, had challenged Jeffrey to a duel. The confrontation did not take place—police had arrived, and besides the antagonists had come to like one another—but a rumor that Jeffrey's pistol had not been loaded soon spread. Moore felt obliged to write a public denial of any unfairness in the matter. Byron's facetious account of the duel in the second edition of *English Bards* (ll. 458–61 and note) contradicted some details of Moore's published statement, and the Irish poet considered himself honor bound to call out Byron. He did so in a letter dated 1 January 1810, which Byron did not receive until after his return from Greece. By that time Moore had married, and his ardor for combat had cooled. After a clumsy sequence of epistolary approaches and retreats, both men felt satisfied that their characters were unimpugned. They arranged to meet on 4 November 1811 at the house of Samuel Rogers for a dinner, not a duel. (See Marchand, 1:299–305.)

4. Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), the poet, banker, and connoisseur renowned in society for his sharp tongue and kind heart, had gained public acclaim for *The Pleasures of Memory* (1792). His subsequent publications included *Jacqueline* (1814, published with Byron's *Lara*), *Human Life* (1819), and *Italy* (published with the famous Turner and Stothard illustrations in 1830).

5. "Hodgson tells me your tale from Boccace is much liked with all its indecency" (B to H, 3 November 1811).

6. James Wedderburn Webster (d. 1840), an officer of dragoons and subsequently knighted, had married Lady Frances Annesley, daughter of the earl of Mountnorris and sister of Viscount Valentia, in 1810. Webster had called on Byron after dinner and had talked foolishly on a number of subjects. See B to H, 2 November 1811.

7. Sir James Wynne DeBathé (1792–1828) had been Byron's friend during their days at Harrow.

8. Byron had written a humorous "Farewell to Malta" at La Valetta on 26 May 1811. He claimed to have left the poem in Fraser's hands because it contained a compliment to Mrs. Fraser.

9. By the time of Byron's reply (17 November), Sligo had returned from abroad and had left London for Ireland.

10. This letter does not appear in *Journey through Albania*. Hobhouse characterizes Suleyman Aga, the waiwode, or Turkish governor of Athens, as "a well mannered man, with more information than is usually possessed by those of his nation and who, having served with our forces in the Egyptian wars, was somewhat partial to our countrymen" (*Journey through Albania*, p. 291).

11. Henry Hobhouse (1791–1868) went east to work for Palmer and Company, a commercial house in Calcutta, in 1814. That same year he married Mary Anne, daughter of John Palmer.

12. "Electric," Webster's malapropism for the *Eclectic Review*, was repeated to Hobhouse in Byron's 2 November letter.

13. Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, act 4.

Enniscorthy—Nov 26, 1811.

My dear Byron—

Excuse this wretched scrap, which is a bad return to your entertaining letters,<sup>1</sup> and which is sent that I might not enclose any of my scribblings, with out acknowledging your kindness and attention in pushing me on through the mire of composition— The inclosed is the *Δεῦρε Παῖδες*<sup>2</sup> and the letter from Ali—if after doing what I have taken the liberty to require, you would have the goodness to send them back the day after you receive them, it will be doing me a favour, as I am now working at Athens, and consequently am got into the Romaic part of the story, the former, 160 pages, have been on the Albanian lang— The cover accompanying this conveys the Drama,<sup>3</sup> copied as well as I could make it out without any help from either books or men—on the cover is a note to Demetrius, which, with “*licenza de superiore*” requests him to annotate and explain marked passages, and to return it directly as it will be put into Cawthorne’s hands at once. I fancy I have your permission to have my wicked will of the MSS—however if I did misunderstand you let me know, if you please, immediately— I wait for an answer to my last epistle, before I do any thing with your Greek letters—I am rather in a dilemma between my fear that you feel a want of them at this moment, and my anxiety lest, if I should send them, they should be lost—for several are too big for postage. I have, however, at present, a sort of scheme for their conveyance which unless I hear shortly from you, I intend to put into practice— You will not forget to answer me about the letter from Corinth, and that from Suleyman Aga—your Romaic notes—*ubinam gentium?*<sup>4</sup> The tale of terror about Hodgson<sup>5</sup> makes me wish with Sir T. Browne, more than ever, that men generated like trees—<sup>6</sup> Believe that I am truly your’s,

J. C. Hobhouse

1. B to H, 9 and 16 November 1811.

2. "Come hither, children."

3. O KAOENEΣ, translated from the Italian of Goldoni by Speridion Vlanti. Byron placed a scene from the play, along with an English translation, among the Romaic specimens in the Appendix to *Childe Harold*.

4. "Where in the world [are we]?" (Cicero *In L. Catilinam*, 1. 4).

5. Hodgson and the Reverend Robert Bland had been quarreling over the affections of a "common Strumpet." "I saw this wonder," says Byron, "& set her down at seven shilling's worth.—" (B to H, 16 November 1811).

6. Sir Thomas Browne, (1605–82), physician and man of letters, believed that plants reproduced asexually; see *Pseudodoxia*, vol. 3, chap. 12.

Enniscorthy. Nov 27, [1811]

Dear Byron—

I lose no time to inform you that all your Greek letters, the Romaic, and three Turkish epistles, being all the manuscripts of your's in my possession except the Drama, which can be sent at any time per post, were dispatched by me this morning towards their destination No. 24. Cockspur Street— They were given in charge to a Mr. Alston, Major in our Reg't: and, carefully wrapt up in one envelope of white and two of brown paper, bound and sealed— Mr. Alston goes from Waterford to Milford and thence to Bath—at the latter place he will put the parcel into the mail coach—it is already directed by myself—to Rt. Hon. Ld. Byron 24 Cockspur St. London (by the mail from Bath)[.] Thus unless untoward accidents occur, you will have these oriental treasures in a few days— I should not have sent them had not a letter received from you the day before yesterday<sup>1</sup> expressed some anxiety to be in possession of them immediately for the purposes of publication—I hope that I stand excused for having kept them so long, as from what was said when they were delivered to me, and from subsequent communications, it never entered into my head that you were going to annex any Romaic specimens to your poem—so far from it indeed, that it is my present opinion, that had you expressed the intention of giving the public any detail or comment concerning the Levant, I should have declin'd all publication on the subject of the tour in Turkey, or, at least, have written, what perhaps at any rate would have been much better, only a very few pages without entering into length upon any particular points— I should have left out the Romaic speculation—and all opinions concerning the emancipation, and, indeed, the comparative merits of the Modern Greeks— What to do now I can not exactly tell; having arranged the little I know on these points, and put my ponderous quarto into such forms and positions as require some such matters, I am loth not to notice things



that must appear so connected with a book of the voyaging kind— Yet I am so horribly afraid of the critics that the remotest chance of any contradiction between the two volumes, for voluminous you will be as well as myself, makes me shudder, and suppose myself handed down to the present generation as one of the best materials for laughter now in existence.

This haunts my slumbers in the silent shade—<sup>2</sup> I have again to thank you for your invitation to Newstead;<sup>3</sup> if I come to England it is more than probable that we shall meet somewhere—indeed I should strain more points than one to find you wherever you are— What you tell me of the Giffords, the Campbells, the Rogerses and the Moores,<sup>4</sup> makes me a little envious of your fame and good fortune— I am seriously sorry to hear that Hodgson and Bland have quarrelled,<sup>5</sup> for though I have not the pleasure of knowing the latter I am sure he must be one of those *queis meliore luto fruxit praeordia Titan*<sup>6</sup> and too good to suffer such a loss as that of the friendship of Hodgson. I trust they will reaccommodate— I am extremely anxious to hear of the safe arrival of the Romaic parcel, knowing into what a fume such an accident would inevitably put me I cannot but anticipate the agonies you would suffer by any long delay of their appearance. The Drama I will send the moment you give me notice—I expect daily the copies sent to you a few days ago. I am most sincerely your's

John C. Hobhouse

1. See B to H, 17 November 1811.

2. Cf. "And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade" (Pope, *Essay on Man*, 4. 304).

3. In his 17 November letter, Byron repeated his wish that Hobhouse would come to England for Christmas and suggested that the two of them go down to Notts together.

4. Thomas Campbell (1777–1844) was esteemed for his didactic poem *The Pleasures of Hope* (1799), his rousing lyrics such as "Ye Mariners of England," "The Soldier's Dream," and "The Battle of the Baltic" (1800–1801), and *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809). William Gifford (1756–1826), the satirist of the *Baviad* and *Maeviad*, was the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which had begun publication in 1809. Both poets, along with Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers, were prominent in fashionable Whig circles.

5. See B to H, 16 November 1811.

6. "Whom the Titan formed of a finer clay" (Juvenal *Satires* 14. 35).

Enniscorthy. Dec 13, 1811

Dear Byron

I received your kind letter of the 30th<sup>1</sup> this day. If I had not long ago given up all vanities and frolics of that sort, I should suspect myself to be half maudlin whilst I put pen to paper to give you a line or two in answer; for I feel I am so downright wretched in this state, that to speak the truth, would be to tire you with a lamentable detail of sorrows, some of retrospection, some of present suffering, others of future evils— You are good enough in your letter to speak a good deal of my scribbling labours— What I do is done under every disadvantage, without the assistance of books or of men—an occasional letter from you is all I have to cheer me though many a dreary page. In the mornings I write; I go to dinner, meet a set of unelastic dogs, go home, drink tea, write again, “sleepless myself that all the world may sleep”—<sup>2</sup> If any thing is expected from such a person in such circumstances, those who are good enough to form favorable expectations, can only be deceived, and they will still have had the satisfaction of having hoped for the best, and having thrown away some charitable inclinations.

Were I within call of you I should go on I fancy much more cheerily; In the progress of the detail I feel myself often at a loss and though I certainly would not put to paper any thing that is not most perfectly in my own mind, true, yet I should feel more comfortable in having it previously confirmed by an eye witness— Your freedman Demetrius stops me most especially by not sending me an answer to my queries and, also by not remitting to me the two Romaic MSS lately sent—he can answer the questions as speedily as I put them, and the que’ns did not take me half an hour. My Athenian tale is quite stopt for want of his information; I could put down something from my own journal if I

chose but I prefer having the ipse dixit<sup>3</sup> of a native— What you say about the wideness of space sufficient for any two authors of moderate bulk, is what is very natural from a person already possessed of the ear of the town, but if such a poor miserable first edition man (as Hodgson said) as myself has any of his few good things forestalled, he has some right to feel himself rather in a bad way— When you tell all you know of Arnaots and Romaics, I am sure I know not what I *shall* be able to say to the public which it will not have been already acquainted with— As for the Albanian vocabulary it is a most confused unphilosophical performance, and can be made no use of until your Ζοργαφος choses to answer my last Note—bating that, and the letter from Ali which I sent you for correction, my Albanian part of tour is with Cawthorne— With the Romaic, under your kind encouragement though without such help as I should wish I will do my best—that is I will give a short outline of the grammer and a specimen of its *three* [twice underlined] different styles, together with a word about the true pronounciation of Greek— Of the modern state of learning amongst the Greeks I can say nothing almost, though, if I had the use of your note, it would help me out with the little I know on the subject—<sup>4</sup> Clarke's book will completely overwhelm everything I can say about the Greeks—the world will be glutted with his quartoes—how can I find a corner or crevice for my book which Cawthorne has made of such an unreasonable size? I think of translating the Drama, with your permission; yet it is really most pernicious nonsense— However even that your slave has got and till he lets me have it corrected and revised I can do nothing— I likewise feel great want of the Meliteus, on account of the modern topography, a point in which I have endeavoured to be more accurate than usual with travel writers— Again you invite me to come to Newstead—you know what charms that, or any house where you are, has for me too well for me to repeat at length how happy such a visit would make me but alas my Lord, as Guildenstern said to Hamlet, I cannot, I have not the skill.<sup>5</sup> Should any accident turn up in my favour, and bring me to London this season, I shall with all convenient speed put myself into the mail, and without ceremony land myself at the hut— I see at this moment just a possibility of my being in England about the first of February; where shall you be then? This letter is a continued specimen

of the importance of a man to himself, for it is all about me & mine[.] I look to your friendship for an excuse and am with great truth affect'ly: your's

John C. Hobhouse

Will you have the goodness to ask Cawthorne if he has received from page 111 to page 121

1. This letter is missing.
2. "While pensive Poets painful vigils keep, / Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep" (Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad*, 1. 93-94).
3. The Pythagoreans were said to refute any attacks with this phrase.
4. For Hobhouse's comments on these matters, see *Journey through Albania*, Letter 33, pp. 540-83, and Appendix, pp. 1054-1105.
5. Hobhouse's allusion approximates the response of Guildenstern when Hamlet asks him to play a recorder (*Hamlet*, 3. 2).

Enniscorthy. Dec. 27—[1811]

My dear Byron—

I assure you that the delay of your Athenian is extremely annoying—letter after letter and day after day have I expected his answer which I am confident might be given in any two hours of the said Demetrius' time—I am most particularly at a loss for an answer to the few queries put respecting Athens—and have really interrupted the progress of the business merely on account of his (Ζωγράφος') strange laziness. Backed by your orders I should have thought that he would have been more alert—As for the Drama, since you have taken it unto your self, I shall not want to hear anything about it from Demetrius. You will do wrong to print it from my copy which, as I said before, was made out from the damned scrawl of a Roman without any help from men and books, and must be wrong in fifty places—I did not certainly mean it to be sent to your publisher<sup>1</sup>—first, because had I guessed you were going to make use of the thing at all I should have sent you the MS itself—Secondly because I never could wish to have my pencil notes, so many confessions of ignorance, and completely letting the cat out of the bag, overhauled at a great bookseller's—The secret of my communication with your valet is by this time flying through the mouths of Murray's customers, and will get into one of his cursed reviews<sup>2</sup>—one of the magazines, as Mr. Parchment<sup>3</sup> said—Pray do send me back my paper—You shall have your manuscript itself by to-morrow's post—It gave me pretty intense labour for 24 hours making out the thing, such as it is made out—When you come to sift the merits of the performance, you will, I fear, not think it worth while to print the Drama itself—I would advise a translation—had I been permitted to make use of it I should have just given a synopsis of the whole, and one or two short passages—as it is I shall just allude to having seen such a thing—What says your Lordship? I

should have introduced it to ridicule it, i.e. to show what sort of stuff will serve the Modern Greeks— You will so thoroughly have taken off the edge of the public curiosity with respect to Romaic intelligence, that my latter swarm will not be worth the hiving— Ah you rogue you have stolen a march upon me—you have ruined the hapless Cawthorne the British Librarian. I shall drop dead born from the press— Seriously I wish Demetrius would send me the appendix to his Albanian pothooks, his Attic news, and his answer to one or two queries about Ali Pasha's letter, which for want of intelligence, the blundering C[awthorne] has returned— As for the perplexed sentence,<sup>4</sup> I shall, with the alteration of one word keep it, for the same reason as Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail—<sup>5</sup> Have you got Swinburne's travels? That author gives a list of many Albanian words the same as the English.<sup>6</sup> I do not recollect to have heard one of them from Vasily or Dervish Tacherea. Be kind enough to let me know your opinion— You really must help me at this dead lift—I mean in the whole affair— How many gate ways are there in modern Athens? That is in the walls of the city. I think five. Are there two, one on each side the temple of Theseus? I fancy there is no gateway between that temple and the Acropolis— Does the wall include the hill of the Acropolis or run under the north side of it? Cockerell's picture seems to place the hill without the walls. I wish to be accurate respecting these matters for fear of some travelled fool stopping my mouth— Were I with you I should be able to get many points of information, which my deportation will deprive me of— You have not told me when all your works will come out nor of what kind the "curse of Minerva["] is.<sup>7</sup> Is it the Rota Rapita? Let me have them all the moment they are out; I shall study from this time to that, the prettiest compliment that was ever put into prose—it will be in the preface— I heard you and yours discussed the other day at a Popish Bishop's (t'other bp[.] has turned informer). The Gentleman did not know our liaisons, but said what was gratifying— The conversation opened by his observing "I see my Ld. B is returned from abroad to settle affairs with his poets & Reviewers"—and it ended by my saying I understood your fifth edition was just coming out, when, lo! my young Irishman said, he had himself got the *eighth* edition of "English Bards" at home—<sup>8</sup> Here is wilfull murder and larceny on the property of Cawthorne by some Irishman or men unknown. Your Coatesian epistle<sup>9</sup> set me into an

hysteric that fairly took away my appetite— It is true, as you say, that such Dogs defy burlesque, the naked truth is enough—their mirror need not magnify— Baron Geramb<sup>10</sup> appears to have made himself unmeasurably ridiculous and odious to the upper circles— Could you have believed that there was a Coates in nature? Have you seen his cocks? & does he nail you for an ancient friend?

[Enclosure]

Swinburne's words are these

Aunt	Crab	Let	Rip
Boor	Door	Leg	Sea
Breeches	Dream	Lofty	Sheep
Breast	Feather	Love	Stir
Cow	Grumble	Milk	Sight
Cool	Gaper	Mushroom	Shame
Chimney	Hunt	Meal	Tickle
Chide	Hunger	Mud	Uncle
Cough	Knee	Open	Wood
Can	Leave	Run	You

Now, aunt is *tiaca* and sea *detti* & milk *clamis* in *Dem's* vocab—will you have the kindness to put a line under all of these words that really do sound like the English and have a corresponding signification—and return this paper so marked? I suspect our traveller to have trusted to another's ears—

1. John Murray (1778–1843), who purchased 50 Albemarle Street from William Miller, was a rising publisher when Dallas brought him cantos 1 and 2 of *Childe Harold* and thus began his long association with Byron.

2. Murray sponsored the *London Mercury* and subsequently the *English Review* (both annual registers), had been part-publisher of the *Edinburgh* in 1807–8, and in 1809 had become a cofounder and the publisher of the *Quarterly Review*.

3. This satirical epithet for a lawyer is one of Byron's humorous names for Hanson (see B to H, 11 September 1823).

4. Reading proofs of *Journey through Albania* from Cawthorn, Byron and Hodgson had found "one Sentence we did not understand" (see B to H, 17 December 1811).

5. The flamboyant Alcibiades had cut off the tail of his large, handsome, expensive dog so that the people of Athens might talk of this act rather than say worse things of him (see Plutarch, *Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans*).

6. Henry Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Sicilies*, 1:351–52, lists forty English words reportedly employed by the Albanians living in Calabria. Hobhouse, who gives extensive comments on the Albanian language in the Appendix of *Journey through Albania* (pp. 1123–52), differs with Swinburne on p. 1125.

7. *The Curse of Minerva*, a satire on Lord Elgin's appropriation of Greek antiquities, was ultimately suppressed, although Byron did direct Murray to print quarto sheet copies for private circulation (Marchand, 1:324–25). Later Byron used the descriptive beginning of the poem as section 1 of the third canto of *The Corsair* (1814).

8. *English Bards* ran through four editions, and Cawthorn was preparing a fifth when Byron decided to suppress the satire, along with *The Curse of Minerva* and *Hints from Horace*.

9. Byron had savored Coates's ridiculous performance as Lothario in Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, which he describes to Hobhouse in his letter of 9 December 1811.

10. François Ferdinand, Baron de Geramb (1772–1848), a nobleman of the Holy Roman Empire, frequented the Carlton House set while in London. Geramb later joined the Trappists and rose to be procurator-general for the order.



Wednesday 2 O'clock [March 1812]

My dear Byron/

I am going to my Father's mansion again this day and am so much the more chagrined that I did not see you yesterday. Saturday however will see me again in London & of course at n 8—<sup>1</sup> Inclosed is a long letter from B L Ryan for your use—<sup>2</sup> What he says is very strong & you may depend upon his facts—you will I trust be able to make some use of this information which as far as it goes appears to me to be curious and not already made public but which I wish were more detailed, as believe me, that I am most interested as to the part you are to act on the important tenth of April—<sup>3</sup>

The letter and the name you will of course keep quite close—ever most truly

*John C. Hobhouse*

Your *Florence*<sup>4</sup> is found out, although I told in a large party of women yesterday a tremendous lie in your behalf—

1. 8 St. James's Street was Byron's London address at this time. By February 1812 Hobhouse had left his regiment and found his way back to England.

2. Hobhouse may refer to "Dr. Ryan Catholic titular Bp. of Ferns," who had dined with him on 12 December 1811. Perhaps his letter contained some of the specific instances of British abuse of the Irish Catholics, such as the disbanding of the congregation at Newton Barry, Wexford, and the acquittal of a Protestant yeoman who shot and killed a Catholic, cited by Byron in his parliamentary speech in favor of Catholic emancipation. For the text of this address, see Hansard, *Parliamentary Debates* (series 1), 22 (17 March–4 May 1812): 642–53.

3. On the tenth of April, the Reversion bill—hardly “important”—was discussed in the House of Lords. Byron did not speak. He did, however, address the Lords on 21 April, when Donoughmore proposed that a committee be established to consider Catholic emancipation; and Hobhouse was there to hear Byron's speech.

4. The “Florence” of various lyrics (“To Florence,” “Lines Written in an Album at Malta,” “Stanzas Composed during a Thunderstorm,” “Stanzas Written in Passing the Ambracian Gulf,” “The Spell is Broke, the charm is flown!”) and *Childe Harold* (2. 30–35) was Mrs. Constance Spencer Smith, whom Byron met at Malta in September 1809. She was an attractive and accomplished woman who had led an adventurous life in the Continental courts, and was on her way to England. Mutually infatuated, Byron and Mrs. Spencer Smith planned, but deferred, an elopement. During his year's absence, Byron's ardor for the lady and the project cooled.

Thursday Morning. March 12, 1812

My dear Byron,

Demetrius has asked me to give him a carta of good service; I deem this quite unnecessary when he will have your recommendation, but in compliance with his earnest request, have sent him the inclosed paper, which, if you think worth while, you will have the goodness to give to him— What you said to me yesterday made me I assure you very uncomfortable, and thinking it possible that the mention of such a circumstance may delay, at least for a moment, the accomplishment of your lawyer's scheme with respect to Newstead,<sup>1</sup> I beg leave to mention that, in a day or two, I shall give you a draft on my father which he will accept and consequently make payable and transferable, for the whole of the sum which you have, with equal kindness and generosity advanced to me at several times during our tour in the Levant and previously to that period—<sup>2</sup> Whatever be the date at which he will fix the payment, the paper, with his name will be, I fancy, & fear as good as money—

I should say a great deal more on this head were I not aware, that you would be much less inclined to accept than I should be to acknowledge the confession of the obligations received at your hands. Pray do not consider this as any other than the genuine sentiment of your most affectionate and very grateful

*John Cam Hobhouse*

1. Hanson was at this time urging the sale of Newstead Abbey. Byron finally agreed to have the property auctioned in August 1812.

2. Benjamin Hobhouse paid Byron £1,323 on 17 March 1812.

Oxford Tuesday Octob. 13, 1812

My dear Byron,

I have, this instant, seen in the papers an account of your successful efforts for the poetical laurel awarded by the Drury Lane Tribunal,<sup>1</sup> and, although it is probable I may see you before this scrawl reaches you, I can not bring myself to delay my most sincere congratulation upon the triumphant occasion, but hasten, even in this awkward shuffling phrase, to assure you that no one can be more gratified by the event than myself, or participate more largely in the elation which must be felt thereupon by all your friends. After a long walk of thirty miles I write these few lines and the immediate departure of the post prevents me from writing any more at large upon a subject which would otherwise have called forth a much longer effusion.

Baillie, whose company I have had the gratification to enjoy during a month's tour through North Wales,<sup>2</sup> and who is now sitting opposite to me reading your address, desires me to forward his congratulatory compliments. Most truly & affectionately,

John Cam Hobhouse

1. Actually Byron did not compete for the honor. When the Drury Lane Theatre, which had burned on 24 February 1809, had been rebuilt, the managing committee had announced a competition for a poetical address to be read at the reopening, 10 October 1812. Lord Holland had urged Byron to enter, but to no avail. When none of the manuscripts proved suitable, Holland asked Byron to write the address and this time was obliged.

2. Hobhouse and Baillie's Welsh tour occupied them from 12 September until 16 October 1812. Hobhouse's journal of the excursion is among the Broughton Papers in the British Library.

Whitton Park. Octob. 19, [1812]

My dear Byron,

It is completely out of my power to go down to Eywood,<sup>1</sup> and, thanking Lady Oxford<sup>2</sup> for her invitation, which is indeed very kind and pressing, I have been obliged to tell her Ladyship that I can not leave London. I have directed to Herefordshire but in case the letter should miscarry and you should go to Eywood pray have the kindness to say every thing proper for me on the occasion. I suppose you, by this time, know the Drury Lane adventure<sup>3</sup> chapter and verse. The world is certainly bewitched. Here are the French soundly beaten and taking their enemy's capital<sup>4</sup> and here is Dr. Busby soundly beaten also and yet gaining possession, after a hard struggle, of the stage. The transaction as it was told in the papers, especially the Times, very nearly suffocated Baillie and myself with laughter when we read it at Beaconsfield, and we began to entertain doubts of its authenticity until we arrived in London and heard the thing in all its detail. The joke at present is against the Doctor, but it will next be against those who have subscribed for his Lucretius,<sup>5</sup> and committed their names in support of the most complete scaramouch of Literature that ever put on the Harlequin coat of black & white— I intend to go to the Theater in hopes of a second scene from the said Busby, or an equally ludicrous effort from some other disappointed prologizer. They say Elliston<sup>6</sup> speaks your lines badly. I presume you intend to come up and hear one recital at least. Have you received a letter from Mr Rob. Walpole<sup>7</sup> forwarded through Mr. Murray's hands, relative to a compilation to which Lord Aberdeen and Dr. Clarke & Mr. Morritt et ceteris, are to be contributors?<sup>8</sup> If you have not I will, according to desire from the said learned clergyman, inform you of something, which, as the advertisements say, may be to your advantage. Conceiving you to be an incorrigible author I should not wonder if you gave an

answer in the affirmative to that to which I replied in the negative— Not a line have I had from you for many many weeks until the receipt of your scrap yesterday. Now what does all this mean? I did certainly expect to find one letter on my table when I returned from Wales, and seeing your frank presumed that you had broken your silence— If you can spare five minutes pray let me have some intimation of your intended proceedings and let me know when I shall have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand in London. I suppose you will now do as Dr. Johnson said he would do if he were Garrick, and have already prepared your Beadle's staves.<sup>9</sup> Davies wrote that you had plan'd a debauch at King's College & he has been kind enough to invite me for a day which is now past. The word debauch is mine, not his. I fear you are still living without eating and drinking, and that I shall see you deserving of every one of the lean epithets bestowed by Falstaff upon Prince Henry<sup>10</sup>—believe me ever most sincerely

John C. Hobhouse

1. Eywood, near Presteign, Hereford, was the earl of Oxford's country house.

2. Jane Elizabeth Scott (1772–1824), a rector's daughter, married Edward Harley, fifth earl of Oxford, in 1794. A friend of the princess of Wales, the beautiful Lady Oxford was famous for her passionate devotion to Radical politics and causes, and for her handsome Whig lovers, among them Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Archibald Hamilton, and Byron.

3. Thomas Busby (1755–1838), composer and writer, had submitted one of the rejected addresses. Dissatisfied with the committee's verdict, he had repeatedly tried to have his piece recited at the theater and had published his poem in the *Morning Chronicle* (17 October), only to be capped by Byron's parody, "Parenthetical Address by Dr. Plagiarist," in the same paper on the 23d. For a fuller account of the affair, see LJ, Prothero, 2:175–76.

4. The French army, battered throughout their invasion of Russia, had taken Moscow on 14 September.

5. Byron was among the subscribers.

6. Robert Elliston (1774–1831), actor and impresario, played Hamlet after reciting Byron's address. He was manager of Drury Lane from 1819 to 1826, and was celebrated for his histrionic talents, his absurd adventures, and his highly successful "puffing" methods.

7. The Reverend Robert Walpole (1781–1856), a classicist who had traveled in Greece, had collaborated on *Herculanensia* (1810) with Sir William Drummond. His

compilations were *Memoirs Relative to European and Asiatic Turkey* (1817) and *Travels in Various Countries of the East* (1820).

8. All prominent British Philhellenes. George Hamilton Gordon (1784–1860), fourth earl of Aberdeen, was the rediscoverer and excavator of the Pnyx and founder of the Athenian Club. He later served as foreign secretary and prime minister. E. D. Clarke's volume of Eastern travels had appeared in 1810. Classical scholar John Bacon Sawrey Morritt (1772?–1843), of Rokeby, Yorkshire, was a friend of Walter Scott, contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and cofounder of the Travellers' Club.

9. Dr. Johnson's ironic comment on Garrick's affability in light of his great success was, "If all this had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down every body that stood in the way" (1778).

10. Byron's austere and eccentric diets, which alternated with fits of dissipation, worried Hobhouse and other friends. Throughout 1812 Byron had been plagued with kidney trouble, and a medical report dated 15 October 1812 advocated a more nourishing diet with more animal food. See Marchand, 1:362–63.

[Nov.-Dec., 1812]

My dear Byron—

I congratulate you most sincerely on your release from one who certainly was not the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.<sup>1</sup> What or who ever your aluis [sic] ardor est<sup>2</sup> nothing can be worse than the last—I am not in Parliament, and when you say that of course I should be with my father,<sup>3</sup> that is what the learned Partridge<sup>4</sup> calls a non sequitur—The little notice I have taken of politics would make me add my unit to any persons who would oppose the present men, and pater noster would not nor could not sway our selection, as Ld. Petersham<sup>5</sup> says, for an instant—I shall call at Batt's<sup>6</sup> to learn news of you and pay my immediate devoirs[—] ever most truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

1. Byron's letter of 27 November had announced his complete break with Lady Caroline Lamb and the formation of a new liaison.

2. The "other beloved" was, of course, Lady Oxford.

3. "I have some hopes from what I hear that you are in parliament, if so—whatever part you take & of course it will be with your father I shall rejoice in the success of which I think you certain" (B to H, 27 November 1812). The recently knighted Sir Benjamin Hobhouse was a Whig but not a Radical one, and came to have increasing sympathy for Tory positions.

4. The Latin-quoting schoolmaster introduced in *Tom Jones*, bk. 2, chap. 3.

5. Charles Stanhope (1780–1851), Lord Petersham and later fourth earl of Harrington, was a dandy renowned for his all-brown equipage, his fine collection of snuff boxes, and his superb self-mixed snuff, tea, and boot-blackening. See Captain Rees Gronow, *Recollections and Reminiscences*, 1:284–86.

6. Batt's Hotel in Dover Street was Byron's London address from 30 November 1812 until mid-December, when he returned to Eywood.



[December 14–25, 1812]  
11. Manchester Buildings—

My dear Byron,

I have not been forgetful of the commission you gave me relative to a house in town, and I really think that the one I mentioned to you will suit you to a hair, unless you see some objection to the terms which I here inclose together with a sort of catalogue raisonnée, of the rooms and appurtenances.<sup>1</sup> I do think the furniture to be very tasty and genteel. It has struck me as very possible that the purchase of the lease, or, in other words, the immediate disbursement of two thousand guineas, may be not the convenient thing for you, at present, and I have hinted as much to Kinnaid.<sup>2</sup> I must add, however, that before he received such an intimation, he, at the outset, told me that the direct payment of the money was not an object with him. You will have the goodness to let me know the exact state of your mind on the subject, and I will act accordingly— Of course I wish to learn your real inclinations without any reserve. “Τεῖχος μοι δοχέει λεπτόν ὕψοςμα σέθεν”<sup>3</sup>

I can give the other party any reason you or I please for your declining the bargain, if you should choose to decline it. I shall observe, en passant, that our friend K's notice of the two parties who would have taken the house “if it had been big enough,” is not introduced according to the best rules of logic, nor can be called a piece of rhetoric of the persuasive kind. If their objection to the mansion had been that it was not little enough there might have been some use in recording the observation to you and me. However, the fact is, that the premises are certainly quite large enough for you, notwithstanding their insufficiency in the eyes of the anonymous objectors— I have communicated your hypothesis relative to the Princess Charlotte to Sir Francis [Burdett],<sup>4</sup> and received for answer, that nothing could be

more proper or pleasing— That man is, in my eyes, perfectly fascinating and irresistible, and adds to his other attractions that with which Horace wisely concludes his character of an honest man “at tibi amicus”—<sup>5</sup> I can not conclude this pretty piece of epistolary upholstery without desiring my best compliments and regards to that *ΔΝΤΟΣ*<sup>6</sup> (a Pindaric & Homeric word which her Ladyship will understand) of woman kind, Lady Oxford, and also, if such may be done within rule, to the peerless Lady Jane.<sup>7</sup> The last mentioned lady when I was last at Mortimer house<sup>8</sup> condescended to sing some silly verses which I had sent with a Greek song, and I like an infatuated booby was so completely taken up with looking at & hearing her that I had not wit enough to repeat at the close of her performance either Waller’s or your lines on the eagle who was shot with a dart feathered from his own wing.<sup>9</sup> Now I would stake all the rhymes in Byshe<sup>10</sup> that I should have promptly repeated either one or the other on a similar occasion to any other woman in the world. “Dic mihi num sit amor”?<sup>11</sup> Say nothing of all this rapsody at the palace of Armida,<sup>12</sup> or they will find out, what most probably they knew before, *that you can’t keep a secret*. Direct to number eleven, & write soon to your most faithful & affectionate

John C. Hobhouse

1. See B to H, 26 December 1812 (“Additional Letters,” LJ, 11:182), for Byron’s reply.

2. Douglas Kinnaird (1788–1830), son of the seventh Baron Kinnaird, was a friend of Hobhouse at Cambridge and traveled with him on the Continent in 1813–14. He later became good friends with Byron as well. After the poet’s divorce and departure from England, Kinnaird served as his banker and London agent. From 1818 on, Kinnaird and Hobhouse worked together in the ranks of the Radical Reformers. Chosen M.P. for Bishop’s Castle in 1820, Kinnaird lost his seat shortly thereafter, having been declared “not duly elected.”

3. “Your light web seems to be to be a fortification” (source unidentified).

4. Byron’s “hypothesis” may have referred to the Princess Charlotte’s role in mediating between her ill-matched parents. Talk of a royal divorce was then in the air (see B to Lady Melbourne, 27 December 1812); and although Byron professed to know little of Princess Caroline’s party, he had been drawn by his friendship with Lady Oxford into her circle.

5. "At est bonus, ut melior vir / non alius quisquam, at tibi amicus" ("But he is a good man, none better; he is your friend") (Horace *Sermones* 1. 3. 32-33).

6. Doto, "the giver," is the name of a Nereid.

7. Eldest daughter (b. 1796) in Lady Oxford's handsome and variously sired "Harleian Miscellany," Lady Jane had fascinated Hobhouse early in their acquaintance: "I should certainly be in love with one of the miscellany," he wrote on 27 June 1812 (RLL, 1:41-42), "if I had £5000 a year." Though Hobhouse never declared his love, he and Lady Jane remained friends and correspondents. In 1835 she married his friend Henry Bickersteth, later Lord Langdale.

8. The earl of Oxford's London residence.

9. For Waller's lines, see H to B [January-February 1808?]. Byron's lines on the eagle are quoted in H to B [16-24 August 1810], note 3. The poetical notion goes back to Aeschylus *Fragmenta* 13.

10. *The Art of English Poetry*, by Edward Bysshe, contained, among other things, a rhyming dictionary.

11. "Tell me whether this be not love." Cf. "Nunc scio quid sit amor" (Virgil *Eclogues* 8. 44).

12. Armida, a sorceress in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, so enchants the young Rinaldo that he lingers in her bower and forgets his crusader's vows. In his letters to Lady Melbourne, Byron uses the same literary allusion for his liaison with Lady Oxford (see B to Lady Melbourne, 30 October, 26 November, and 23 December 1812).

[7 January 1813]

"Number five, direct your loves"  
subaudi Palace Yard Westminster<sup>1</sup>

My dear Byron—

My last scrap of paper was sent from Whitton,<sup>2</sup> which circumstance will account not only for such a miserable missive but for your having an answer one day later than would otherwise have been the case had I been in London when your letter arrived— I returned from our *rus in urbe*<sup>3</sup> palace yesterday, and this day gave notice to Hanson that he would be called upon for certain monies on your account, but without staying to learn whether there were any assets in hand— However I warned him that if he had not Hoare<sup>4</sup> had— This same dirty day also I called on Mrs. Mee<sup>5</sup> whom I found the most unintelligible & impracticable of her sex. She reminded me of Lord Barrymore's title of a favorite comedy "she woud and then again she woudnt",<sup>6</sup> and I could hardly get a definitive answer for half an hour. At last, however, after learning to my infinite delight that the little Master and Misses Mee were on this evening to have a children's ball, and that she herself would be content to live in a garret were it not for her babes, I did get her to promise that on Monday next at three on the clock the picture in question should be delivered into my hands. You may then depend that on that day the picture shall be properly packed, and sent according to your directions to Mr. Murray's— The she limner did show it to me—

" . . . quos vidi [tetigique] lacertos!  
Quantum et quale latus! quam juvenile femur.["]"<sup>7</sup>

I have bracketed the second verb because it does not do for the picture, and because it might if put in at all be in the second person.

My best compliments to the Countess and her fair daughter—ever  
very truly your sincere

John C. Hobhouse

P.S. As to your query about the Book of Books, I can say nothing except that I am still with my shoulder at the Wheel, but you will be not sorry to hear that all the first edition was sold last Monday—and that a second is to be printed immediately— This I attribute to your puff.<sup>8</sup>

Quod spiro et placeo (si placeo) tuum est.<sup>9</sup>

1. Hobhouse had just shifted his London headquarters to Palace Yard.
2. Whitton Park, the Hobhouse family house at Hounslow, was within easy reach of London.
3. "Country seat in the city."
4. Samuel Hoare, Byron's banker.
5. Mrs. Anne Mee (1775?-1851) was a fashionable miniaturist. Byron had commissioned a portrait of Lady Oxford, which he asked Hobhouse to pick up and to pay for by a draft for £105 on Hanson (see B to H, 2 January 1813).
6. The play is Colley Cibber's *She Wo'd and She Wo'd Not*. Lord Barrymore would have been either Richard Barry (1768-93), seventh earl of Barrymore, an eccentric peer noted for his patronage of sports and drama who sponsored three theaters (one an elaborate private one at his house, Wargrave-on-Thames), or his brother Henry (1770-1823), the eighth earl, a friend of the regent notorious for his driving and debauchery. Both brothers were keen amateur actors.
7. "What arms I saw [and touched]! / What a flank! how youthful a thigh!" (see *Ovid Amores* 1. 5. 19, 22; the poet is describing the alluring endowments of Corinna).
8. *Journey through Albania*, which finally appeared in January 1813, receives this kind notice in the first edition of *Childe Harold* (London: John Murray, 1812), p. 125: "On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow traveller."
9. "That my work exists and pleases (if it pleases) is due to you" (Horace *Carmina* 4. 3. 24).

No. Palace Yard.  
[14 January 1813]

My dear Byron,

I have got the picture, and paid the hundred guineas for which I should have enclosed the receipt did I not learn by your letter even now delivered that you may probably never receive this epistle.<sup>1</sup> An extra charge of one pound fourteen shillings sterling for a bit of deal and broken glass is also settled for and I shall in this manner be about quits with you for our last potatious pottle deep when we took three quarts of clary wines at the St. Alban's on Tuesday the 8th ult'o.—God forbid I should judge intemperately of any one, but I verily suspect the above alluded to Madame Mee to be a dame de mauvaise vie—she was a perfect Mistress Mincing.<sup>2</sup> A tin case with a layer of cotton is preparing for that celestial beauty, for the artist told me that the Countess unless hermetically sealed and made air tight would get the mildew to a certainty. She is now in my *bureau*, as the Spanish ambassador said of his dead secretary Mr. Poggio. Do you still keep to the voyaging plan?<sup>3</sup> I am ready and have chalked out as noble a tour for us as eye hath ever seen or ear heard or as it hath entered into the head of man to conceive. It shall be as extensive and rapid as that of Croker's earthquake.<sup>4</sup>

Dallas damn'd ass Dull ass has sent me his works<sup>5</sup>—he cuts you up by implication in the prefatory dedication by saying you approve of his novels. I read myself asleep with *Aubrey* last night which is, to my mind, the most unnatural low minded stuff I ever read. He has in his miscellany got a long aligator called *Dokimasia*!!! Your tale of the Brocket bon fire<sup>6</sup> is almost incredible—well may you now say with Horace, "*Me Phryne macerat*" adding at the same time "*nec uno contenta*."<sup>7</sup>

Your question about my book is rather ominous. When will it be on

the shelves? by the Lord when will it be off the shelf if it should once get there? I must tell you, but don't be jealous, that Murray, on a late visit, showed himself quite enamoured, and, though I say it that should not say it made me some personal advances. What do you think of that Master Brook?<sup>8</sup> ever truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

Respectful compliments to the ladies—Alderman Brundel was at a city dinner, spreading butter with his thumb. Wilkes, who sat next to him & knew he had been a bricklayer, said "Hey 'Hey' Mr. Alderman you have left your trowel at home, I see"—<sup>9</sup> This was the best thing said yesterday at a large literary dinner, and you have it as cheap as I.

1. Byron's letter, which is missing, would have told Hobhouse that Byron would shortly be leaving Eywood for town. He had traveled as far as Ledbury on 17 January.

2. Millimant's serving woman in Congreve's *The Way of the World*.

3. As Byron had told Lady Melbourne in his letter of 21 December 1812, "Hobhouse & myself have serious thoughts of 'Levantiing' once more."

4. See Oliver Goldsmith's *Good Natur'd Man*, 1. 343-48, where Mr. Croaker speaks of his letter to the *Gazetteer* on the increase and progress of earthquakes: "I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again."

5. A seven-volume set of the *Miscellaneous Works and Novels of Robert Charles Dallas* was published by Longman in 1813. The works included Dallas's *Miscellany* (vol. 1), *Percival* (vols. 2-3), *Aubrey* (vols. 4-5), and *The Morlands* (vols. 6-7).

6. In December 1812 the scorned and furious Lady Caroline Lamb had staged a ritual bonfire at Brocket, the Melbourne country house. While village girls dressed in white danced, a page recited lines of Lady Caroline's composing, and she (unable to part with the originals) consigned "effigies" of Byron's letters and miniature to the flames.

7. "Phryne, not content with one man, torments me" (Horace *Epodes* 14. 15-16). Horace's Phryne was a Roman courtesan; Byron's was Lady Caroline, who used the name as one of her whimsical signatures in her letters to him.

8. "Master Brook" is the disguise Ford assumes when he enlists Falstaff to make advances to Mistress Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

9. Hobhouse's journal for 13 January reads, "dined at the Literary fund— L'd. Valentia there— a silk merchant told a story that Jack Wilkes seeing Alderman Brundnell spreading butter with his thumb who had been a bricklayer said 'eh Mr B you have left your trowel at home.'" John Wilkes (1729–97), a Whig politician, dilettante, and member of the rakish Mendmeham Abbey set, was the subject of many an anecdote. Hobhouse, or his source, seems confused in regard to "Alderman Brundel" or "Brundnell." John Boydell (1719–1804) served as alderman for Cheap beginning in 1782 and as lord mayor in 1790, but was an engraver and stationer. Sir Marc Isambard Brunel (1769–1849) was connected with building—though as a civil engineer, not a bricklayer—but was not an alderman of London.



Gottenburgh. June 4, [1813]

My dear Byron,

After a week's passage, during which I was alarmed with a qualm of body from sea shaking and with one of mind from some suspected gun boats off the Scaw point in Jutland, I am arrived at this place of which I shall only say that as to the eye & the nose it much resembles one of the Lisbon wharfs.<sup>1</sup> By some strange fatality a sail which spoilt our appetites for dinner on board the packet on Monday last, turned out to be the Woodlark brig, Capt. G. Byron<sup>2</sup> whose voice I recognized, but he being just then in chace of an unfortunate corn boat I did not hail him. Just now however he bounced into my grimy apartment & after a thousand convulsions of laughter has let me into all the particulars of his late life. He is going to dine with me, but he has not come. He wants you to come over here and so do I. I do indeed wish that you would change your plan and meet me at St. Petersburg at any time which you may choose to appoint— Any scheme which you may wish to pursue for going to the East might be followed up to much greater advantage and without a long sea voyage by going through Russia to Moscow & Constantinople, or through Russia to Astracan— I have made every enquiry here of more than one person, and especially of a gentleman resident in St. Petersburg for many years, and I learn that there is no portion of the Russian empire through which a traveller may not pass with the greatest security and comparative ease. I beg you to think of this—you will save going so far by sea, and you may return by the Levant. Nothing would make me so happy as to be your fellow traveller. I pant after it as the hart for the water brooks<sup>3</sup> (as Davies would say). As for travelling here, it appears that the difficulties are trifling in comparison with those which we encountered. You may bring what luggage you like—do not be charmed with Greece again—direct to me, Messrs. Lowe and Smith, Gottenburgh— I am

going on to Stralsund, and, if they do not run too fast after this battle of Bautzen<sup>4</sup> (a sad affair) to Russian head quarters— You shall have another letter immediately, let me have a line from you— ever most truly & affect'ly yrs

*John C. Hobhouse*

1. This tour (June 1813–February 1814) took Hobhouse to most of the European capitals not then in Napoleon's hands. From Gottenburg, Hobhouse traveled to Stralsund on the south Baltic coast, where he delivered official dispatches to Bernadotte, crown prince of Sweden, and to Berlin, where with Douglas Kinnaird he frequented the circle of Princess Louisa. The English travelers pushed on to Russian headquarters and then to Vienna. In September, Kinnaird returned to England, and Hobhouse with three friends (Baillie, Barrett, and Perceval) skirted the Adriatic coast, proceeding to Fiume, exploring Dalmatia, and returning to Vienna via Gratz on 2 November. Hobhouse spent the month of November in Viennese society. He became an intimate of the Prince de Ligne's family. On 30 November he and Barrett set out for Prague. In December they visited Dresden, Leipsig, and Weimar, never far from the ongoing Napoleonic conflict. Passing over the battlefield of Hanau, they reached Frankfort, where they remained until 12 January, when they left for England by way of Cassell and Munster. Having toured Holland from mid-January until early February, Hobhouse arrived home on 8 February. (See *RLL*, 1:48–82.)

2. George Anson Byron (1789–1868), who later rose to be an admiral in the Royal Navy, was Byron's cousin and heir presumptive. He succeeded as the seventh Baron Byron in 1824.

3. Psalms 42:1.

4. The battle of Bautzen (20–21 May 1813) was a partial victory for Napoleon, who made the Allied forces retreat eastward, but only at the expense of 20,000 men, twice as many as the Allies lost.

Frankfort on the Main Jan. 7, 1813 [1814]

Although my dear Byron, not a line not a single line from you has arrived to cheer me during a most tedious peregrination from the Baltic to the Adriatic and back again to the rag-covered plains of Saxony, I shall not conclude myself forgotten, but write as if I were as fresh in your remembrance as you are in mine. Were I inclined to let you slip from my memory, I assure you it would not be easy even here, for notwithstanding the rigour of the then Continental system I found on entering Austria some months ago that your name and reputation had been smuggled into Vienna, and I am now many deep in promises to convey to the forts esprits of that place your childe—<sup>1</sup> The Giaour<sup>2</sup> will soon be there for I have got it here—I reserve all my congratulations on that subject for my first sight of you, yet as old friends must now & then be allowed to speak their mind without fear of imputed flattery, I cannot help telling you that I think your Kashmeer butterfly the very prettiest insect in all poetry. That pale & double faced fellow Sam Rogers<sup>3</sup> must be highly delighted, and I own I hate him worse than ever. Thank God it is impossible to mewl more mawkishly than does the same sallow faced fellow in his Columbiad—<sup>4</sup> I trust you have received the many notices I have sent you formerly of my proceedings. All notion of going into Greece at present must be frustrated for the plague is raging in European Turkey to an extent positively unknown even in that pestilent country— At Constantinople last year died 375,000 people, which, when you consider that only 60,000 were carried off by what we call the Great Plague<sup>5</sup> in London, is a most monstrous draft upon human life. A Mr. Moore<sup>6</sup> a friend of mine, who lately came from that city across Wallachia Transilvania & Hungary to Vienna told me that he had one of his Janissaries drop dead from his horse, that he never passed a village without encountering the pest cart full of dead, and that in short the whole country from the capital to the frontiers is one large lazaret— A

double line of troops guard the Austrian boundary and the quarantine is 40 days. Amongst the particulars, he informed me that the Morea is infected in every part. Albania is defended by troops—Ali suffers no one to enter—we know he let no one go out before so that his dominions must be more of the dungeon than ever. Athens is a little better off than its neighborhood. The plain of Troy is entirely depopulated— You cannot in short go to Turkey now, you must content yourself with the narrow limits of Christendom. I will give you reasons enough when I see you to determine your choice—although to be sure I cannot say I have received much delight from my Dutch expedition. It is not worthwhile to say the thing which is not to you, but indeed my dear Byron, you have been the cause of a great deal of my discontent—it will not flatter you to hear it from such a one as myself, but never was man so missed as yourself—old habits had taught me to look for a friend by my side in the dull monotony of locomotion, and I assure you my former companion gained very much by a comparison with those who have been the partners of my steps during this Journey. I should certainly have been in England in the beginning of November or the middle of that month at farthest, had not a most distressing circumstance occurred in the form of a rumour which made me miserable for a longer space than any known fact has ever been able to affect me.<sup>7</sup> The presence of my old acquaintance Baillie & the company of one or two very agreeable companions<sup>8</sup> went no way towards consoling me for what I supposed the loss of the only person in the world who cares a farthing about me (for I have long felt secure of your regard, and the assurance has made & still makes the best part of my happiness). It has not been until very lately that I have dared trust myself with the persuasion that this report & the thousands of forebodings then recalled to my recollection, were unfounded. For weeks and weeks your name which had been so often in my mind never escaped my lips nor those of my fellow travellers—nor had I ever courage to enquire directly into the truth of a fact the very suspicion of which had given me such painful alarms. No wonder I did not for three months write a single letter. I can scarcely at this time persuade myself that I may again indulge in an occupation which has always afforded me so much delight. Now that every fear has vanished the impression still remains, and so little inclined am I to render it more lively, that after having thus accounted to you for my silence, no hint

or allusion either by word or letter will on my part renew so distressing a topic—did you not know me, and my affection I should not have said so much— I am now on my return to England and shall see you I trust in three weeks. This letter which goes by the post will be my forerunner only a few days. This morning I take my last trip of curiosity, which is to the banks of the Rhine to see Mayence—tomorrow I return to this town, and the day after set off for Holland—Travelling in Germany is bad at any time but at this season intolerable and very slow yet I count that three weeks will bring me to Helvots-luys. Pray leave word at Murray's where you are to be found. I have thought it best to direct this letter under cover to him. If you can, give me one line directed to Mons. Mons. H. Gentilhomme Anglais, poste restante Helvotsluys— ever most affectionately & faithfully your's,

John C. Hobhouse

1. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.
2. *The Giaour* had been published by John Murray in June 1813.
3. Byron had dedicated *The Giaour* to Rogers.
4. Rogers's fragmentary epic poem, published in 1810.
5. The Great Plague of 1664–65, London's last and worst such outbreak, probably caused up to 75,000 deaths.
6. Unidentified.
7. Hobhouse had heard that Byron had committed suicide.
8. Hobhouse's other companions were Samuel Moulton-Barrett (1787–1837), later to be M.P. for Richmond (1820–28), and Spencer Perceval (1795–1859), son of the assassinated prime minister, himself later to be an M.P. and a convert to Irvingite Catholicism.

[17 April 1814]

My dear Byron—

Allow me to request that you will correct the press for me of a short programme to the battle of Hanau<sup>1</sup> which I wrote as fast as I lay pen to paper whilst Cawthorne the publisher stood in the room—

Let me beg you not to confine your help to meer correction of the press, but where you sees tautologies or other blots mend them as you shall deem best. Cawthorne has commands to attend your pleasure. I am just landed at Dover and depart from this hole in an hour.<sup>2</sup> Grattan<sup>3</sup> after all is & goes with me. The Prince of Monte Hermoso & *su criado*<sup>4</sup> who looks more like a gemman <ntle> than his master is also carousing [?] with us.

God bless you for your sluttishness my dear friend & believe me even at this most trying moment & in the midst of a thousand vexations ever your's sincerely

John Hobhouse

PS. I can't help telling you that I applied to Lord H[olland] for the letter to Talleyrand & was refused.<sup>5</sup> I hope he is not angered at the request—pray tell him so for me if you see him—

1. At the end of October 1813, the Bavarians under Karl Philipp Wrede had suffered a crushing defeat, losing 9,250 men in an attempt to stop Napoleon from crossing the Rhine at Mainz. Hobhouse had been at Hanau two months after the encounter.

2. When news of Napoleon's abdication had reached London on 10 April, Hobhouse determined "to make the best of my way for Paris, whilst yet any part of the

Napoleon vestiges yet remain" (*RLL*, 1:105). On 11 April, Byron had promised to accompany him, but a day later he had changed his mind. Hobhouse was in Paris from 19 April to 5 May.

3. Henry Grattan (1789–1859), son of the noted statesman of the same name, was to be M.P. for Dublin (1826–30) and Meath (1831–52).

4. In his journal entry of 15 April, Hobhouse describes meeting the self-proclaimed prince on the Dover mail: "a black looking dirty young fellow came in to the coach and without any preface in two minutes told us 'yo soy principe in Catalonia' [I am a prince in Catalonia.] I brushed up my bad spanish. The prince was addressed by one on the outside, who asked him —how goes it, & other familiar questions. I talked to him of his friend without—he said *es mi criado*" [He is my servant]" (Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations).

5. Lord Sidmouth, then secretary of state for the Home Office, did provide Hobhouse with dispatches for Lord Castlereagh and a courier's pass.

Paris. Wednesday, April 20 [1814]

My dear Byron,

After travelling from Saturday night to Tuesday at seven in the morning with little intermission Mr. Grattan, my unexpected companion, & myself arrived in this capital in a hard rain which has lasted until this moment nearly & still lasts. Being in bad lodgings, which the Cossacks have the reputation of having defiled, although I rather conceive both the dirt and bad odour to be indigenous, I have grumbled from the time of my arrival to this instant of writing and find not a single thing in Paris at all answering my expectation. My Irish chum likes every thing to an extasy and I don't know, whether opposition does not give me rather a more poignant distaste for every thing about me than I should otherwise feel. Paris however has a good deal of the jolly bustle and air of London as to its cries and rattling of carriages, and its Tuilleries and other Imperial monuments might be borne if it did not rain so pestiferously—

I find that the French never talk of any event which happened more than a week ago. Napoleon is forgotten, except that one or two have called him to me Mons' Nicholas<sup>1</sup> which turns out indeed to be his real name and was known to be such a year ago. I have endeavoured to make out for you the fact as to his wife<sup>2</sup> which I learn to be that she not only will not go with him to Elba but has positively refused to see him— He is deserted by all, and called a craven for not putting an end to his degraded existence[.] Berthier<sup>3</sup> has repeatedly left pistols and poisons on his table, a notable present for his creator & king but perhaps the only one & the best he can now make him. Napoleon's observation on this hint is, "*on veut me faire bruler la cervelle—je ne suis pas si bête—je puis être Marechal de France—je suis aussi bon que les autres*"—<sup>4</sup>

Now whether this is philosophy or indifference, or cowardice it looks vastly like madness— Colonel Campbell & two other officers one



Austrian one Russian<sup>5</sup> accompany him with an escort of 1500 to his island—Maria Louisa leaves Rambouillet tomorrow for Vienna—If you come to this place let me have notice of a few days that I may get you lodgings, for you will be in the same pickle as myself if some such precaution is not take[n]. I can tell you there is no society at all—the town looks like a large barrack, the theaters clank with spurs and rustle with epaulets. It is certain that the allies found themselves at Paris gods know how—and that when they heard that Bounaparte was behind them at St. Dizier<sup>6</sup> would have retreated but for some good advice, given they say by Castlereagh,<sup>7</sup> who, I assure you, looks here most like a gentleman & person in authority than any of them all—I have seen none of the famous here except Mon. Talleyrand who was at the opera last night with the Princess of Neufchatel<sup>8</sup> of whom take this story. She is a princess of Bavaria (I learn tho' I did not know it before). Napoleon made Berthier marry her, but Berthier swore he would never consummate, he found however one who would in the person of a bastard son of his 24 years of age, and the three live together in perfect harmony. Vive l'amour. There is nothing like it. The opera here is by no means so grand as we have all heard in England, the singers tear you to pieces, the dancers are ugly but well limbed & not very much above D'Egville's<sup>9</sup> pupils. I have no news—except that I am waited upon by a lacquey who swears that his hairs were turned white by the revolution, he being only 40 years of age. Note well that he never was nearer being hanged than having the cord round his neck.

Farewell dear Byron, pray let me have a line from you directed to Monsieur Monsieur H. gentilhomme Anglais à L'Hotel de Suede, Rue de Richilieu Paris

P.S. Your gold I learnt at Goldney's in St. James's Street was worth about 47. pounds sterling.<sup>10</sup>

1. A gentleman researching the Buonaparte genealogy had found Napoleon listed in a Corsican parish register as Nicholas Charles Baptiste Napoleon.

2. Napoleon had married his second wife, Marie Louise (1791–1847), daughter of Emperor Francis I of Austria, in 1810. On his abdication, she and their son went to Schonbrunn, Vienna.

3. A career army officer, Louis Alexandre Berthier (1753–1815) had been made for his services to Napoleon prince de Neuchâtel, duc de Valengin, and prince de Wagram. He served under Napoleon in Italy and Egypt, and became a marshal of France and Napoleon's chief of staff. After the emperor's abdication, Berthier shifted his loyalty to the Bourbons.

4. "They expect me to blow out my brains—I am not so stupid—I am able to be Marshal of France—I am just as good as the others."

5. Colonel (later General) Sir Neil Campbell (1776–1827), who remained on Elba with Napoleon. The other Allied commissioners were General Schuvaloff for Russia, General Koller for Austria, and General Count Waldbourg Truchseis for Prussia.

6. Blücher had crossed the Marne at St. Dizier on 25 January 1814. Napoleon engaged his army in battle on 29 January but failed to prevent the Allied troops from joining with Schwarzenberg's forces.

7. Robert Stewart (1769–1822), Viscount Castlereagh and later second marquess of Londonderry, was a statesman equally eminent and unpopular. He played a dominant role in quelling the Irish rebellion of 1798 and in uniting the Irish parliament to Britain's. As foreign secretary, he framed the British policy against Napoleon; as representative to the Congress of Vienna, he in large measure forged the Continental peace. Deranged by the strains of office, he took his own life.

8. In 1808 Napoleon commanded Berthier to marry Maria Elisabeth Amelia Frances, the daughter of the Bavarian Prince William of Birkenfeld, a woman twenty years his junior. Deeply in love with a married woman, Madame Visconti, Berthier complied unwillingly. Afterward, when his wife and his mistress became friends, he found the marriage agreeable enough.

9. James D'Egville (born Harvey) was a fashionable London ballet and dancing master who had studied with Vestris.

10. Some gold Byron had loaned Hobhouse financed the French excursion. Hobhouse repaid the loan on 16 May. (Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations).

Paris. April 27, 1814

My dear Byron,

Since I dispatched my last sheet and a half I have been looking about me with all the eagerness of an admirer of most sublunary objects, in order to see something worthy of being recorded in this my second address to Albany.<sup>1</sup> One has been for a long time accustomed to hear that Napoleon has done so much for the French capital that those who visited it ten years ago would not recognize the ancient Paris at the present day. What this city was I know not, nor what past changes have taken place. I can only say that the present uppermost are taking every pain, pitiful enough as I must think them, to efface every positive memorial of the last reign. There is however some excuse to be made for blotting out the insignia of the dethroned Emperor, as, by a vanity not to be pardoned, that fallen Star took care to insert his imperial initial in every ovolo and cavetto of sculpture, every medallion or other ornament of glazing or painting & every tissue of embroidery or palace furniture. Marbles & stuccoes, temples and chambers, insides and outsides, ceilings & floors, domes and chair bottoms all bear the redoubtable N or did bear them, for I can assure you that the enemies of tyranny have made a very laudable progress in eradicating these signs of subjection—I was yesterday at the Pantheon formerly the Church of St. Genevieve, still an unfinished building, of which the tyrant, as he is now cried about to be, furnished very little more than a few trifling ornaments & part of the floor, and was witness of the activity of the royalist masons in hammering out this large offensive letter from the marble under our feet & two or three tall scaffoldings placed against some similar monograms on the higher parts of the building showed the fate of those relics. The workmen at their task were as seriously occupied and as perfectly indifferent as if they had been erasing on some tomb the prolix titles of a defunct in

order to make way for the name of his wife— Everything tells better than it acts—seeing the facility with which this great change is bringing about I shall always look with less interest or more incredulity upon the accounts of former revolutions— Those who witnessed the dethronement of the Emperor Nepos would smile if they could see the importance attached to it by the pages of Gibbon and by ——— its furnishing a motto for the ode to Napoleon—<sup>2</sup>

The invectives with which the remanufactured rags of this capital teem against their late lord of the Empire, have not been checked except by one fugitive ½ sheet which has attempted to show the inconsistency & indelicacy of loading with opprobrium the person whom every type so short a time ago conspired to praise— This brochure I inclose for your reading, not because it is in itself worth preservation or attempts at any reasoning, or even declamation; but because it is the only hint which has yet been thrown out to protect the memory of a fallen monarch. Many objections, had, at the same time, been made to the new constitution,<sup>3</sup> the generality of them evidently framed by the emigrant adherents of the Bourbons who are angry at the appointment of their sovereign by the *Novi homines* of the Senate— It is the general belief that the Senate will be kicked off when the ladder is no more wanted. Whatever you hear depend upon it that for the present the triumph of the ancient family is complete— The only army now on foot is the national guard of Paris which amounts to more than 40,000 soldiers armed & disciplined to an extent for which the fact of two thirds of them having been in the field before & the general facility with which a Frenchman learns the profession, may furnish some adequate cause— These, having deserted Napoleon, find a double spur to fidelity to the new sovereign,<sup>4</sup> their renewed affection for whom is the only excuse for their present conduct—and accordingly they take daily every opportunity of identifying themselves with the restored dynasty—this day, for example, they granted themselves a decoration of white ribbon adorned with fleurs de lys the removal of which was to be the disgrace of the offender— The Marshalls of the empire, have, all, with one or two exceptions of those whom the new news has not reached, given in their ready submissions and some, of which the chief in debasement is Augerau,<sup>5</sup> have volunteered violent attacks on their subdued sovereign. Alexander,<sup>6</sup> the emperor, has kissed those of these military

dignitaries whom he has met, and this salute has occasioned no little jealousy amongst the Russian candidates for personal favours—I will close this prosing with mentioning what Napoleon said to Colonel Campbell the officer appointed to attend him with the three other Military commissioners to Elba. Pray God you have not heard it before. When the day for the departure of the Emperor from Fontainebleau was fixed, which was the 21st of this month, he had an interview with the four officers of the allied powers, each of whom was separately introduced by General Flau.<sup>7</sup> The Austrian & Russian staid with him two minutes, the Prussian half a minute—Colonel Campbell a quarter of an hour—Napoleon was most kind & polite in his manner—he began by asking him where he had been wounded and in what battle—and then questioned him as to the decorations he wore & what were the military orders of England. He enquired if he was to go to Elba in an English ship and added I shall have no objection—“*je suis sous votre protection, je suis votre sujet*” were his very words. He subjoined, speaking of England; *c’est une grande nation, pour la quelle j’ai toujours eu la plus haute estime—je voudrais aussi monter la France*<sup>8</sup>—here he was so much agitated that his voice failed him and General Bertrand<sup>9</sup> who was standing by was visibly affected with his situation—Recovering himself, he turned the subject to Spain and said of the Spaniards, “I esteem them also, they have character. You have known how to take advantage of their feelings[.]” He praised Ld. Wellington highly, “*il a du rigueur et il faut cela dans la militaire*”—<sup>10</sup> He spoke of the defences made at Burgos at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos by the French in terms of eulogy, and then closed the conversation by saying that at the affair of Bergen op Zoom both the General of the English and the soldiers had done their duty but that they were ignorant of the number of troops in the garrison.<sup>11</sup> Colonel Campbell has given a very detailed account of this interview to Lord Castlereagh, and from what I know of the Colonel, it has, in my mind, every chance of being correctly drawn. You have of course seen the relation of Napoleon’s departure from Fontainebleau and of his being deserted even by his valet de chambre.<sup>12</sup> The said Mr. Constant such is his incongruous name has thought proper to deny the fact in the newspaper of to day but the terms in which he has done this are more offensive & decisive of his master’s fall than his alleged fault. He says, “I can prove by authentic documents that I am only staying

behind on account of ill health and that he has taken my effects along with his own.["] A lacquey to talk of an Emperor taking his effects, his cloaths, his wash pail and brushes, together with the ruins of a royal fortune!! I can believe the ingratitude of Constant, especially as Napoleon commenced his patronage of him by saving his brother's life who was to have been executed for an attempt to murder his master—Farewell, my dear Byron, I shall see the entry of Louis XVIII and then pay my respects to you in Albany—ever your most affectionate friend & servt:

John Hobhouse

1. On 28 March, Byron had moved into new rooms at the Albany, Piccadilly.
2. Julius Nepos (d. 480) was the penultimate Roman emperor in the West. Ruling 474–75, Nepos was deposed by one of his guards, Orestes, and retired to Dalmatia, where he was assassinated. Byron chose two passages from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, one describing the virtues, talents, and potential for restoring public felicity ascribed to Nepos at the beginning of his reign, the other depicting the "shameful abdication" that protracted his life in an ambiguous state "between an Emperor and an exile," to serve as epigraph for his *Ode to Napoleon*.
3. The *charte octroyée*, ratified 4 June 1814, made France the constitutional monarchy with bourgeois domination that it had been before the Reign of Terror. A bicameral parliament on the lines of England's was established. The king was to appoint ministers; convene, adjourn, or dissolve the house of deputies; and approve laws passed by this house and the peers.
4. Louis XVIII, or Louis le Désiré (1755–1824), comte de Provence, was grandson of Louis XV and brother of Louis XVI and Charles X. He reigned 1814–15, 1815–24.
5. Pierre François Charles Augerau (1757–1816), duc de Castiglione and marshal of France, was a soldier distinguished at Lodi and Castiglione.
6. Alexander I of Russia (1777–1825) ascended the throne on the forced abdication of his father, Paul I, in 1801 and ruled until 1825.
7. August Charles Joseph de Flahaut (1785–1870), a French general and diplomat, served under Napoleon and later became minister to Berlin and ambassador to Great Britain. He married Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, an English heiress of Byron's and Hobhouse's acquaintance.
8. "I am under your protection, I am your subject" . . . "it is a great nation for which I have always had the highest respect—I wish France would climb so high."
9. Henri Gratien Bertrand (1773–1844), one of Napoleon's generals, accompanied the exiled emperor to Elba and St. Helena.

10. "He has the rigor necessary in the military service."

11. Burgos, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz are Spanish cities of strategic importance taken by France and later recaptured by the English and Spanish forces in the Peninsular War. At Bergen op Zoom, a river town in the southwest Netherlands, the French troops held out against English attack until the fall of Napoleon in 1814.

12. Louis Constant Wairy, Napoleon's valet, author of *Memoirs de Constant, premier valet de chambre de l'empereur sur la vie privée de Napoléon* (Paris, 1830).

7 St. James's Place [21 July 1814]

My dear Byron—

Some time ago I promised Ned Ellice<sup>1</sup> to ask you to appoint his brother a Chaplain to your Lordship. I have shamefully forgotten this request & beg now to ask you the question which, if you be inclined I should be most obliged to you to answer by return of post.

I find Ld. J. Townshend is doing what he can against me.<sup>2</sup> I am therefore stirring my stumps—I wish you would write to *Beecher*, *Master Harness*, and *Francis Wrangham*—<sup>3</sup> Previous application is every thing and I know, although you will not own, the power of your pen and name—

George Sinclair<sup>4</sup> does not go down to Caithness until September. I wrote to put off our scheme, and entre nous there was some little gratitude in his answer. I presume his father's health and longevity might have been affected by such an avater. Ever your's truly

John Hobhouse

1. Edward Ellice (1781–1863), businessman and statesman, was son of the managing director of the Hudson's Bay Company. He married the widow of Byron's cousin, Captain George Bettesworth. Active in Radical politics with Hobhouse and Burdett, he was elected M.P. for Coventry in 1818 and served for the rest of his life. Ellice was secretary of war for Melbourne's government in 1833–34.

2. Lord John Townshend (1757–1833), son of the marquis of Townshend, had served as M.P. for Cambridge University 1780–84. When it was rumored that Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, who represented Cambridge 1811–31, would vacate the seat to receive an English peerage, Lord John set about enlisting support for his son's candidacy. Meanwhile Hobhouse had resolved, at Scrope Davies's urging, to try for the seat himself. (See RLL, 1:149.) Tavistock canvassed on his behalf; Lansdowne



and the duke of Devonshire promised their support. Townshend suspected that Hobhouse had consciously and dishonorably gained the backing of powerful men who, had they been fully informed, would have reserved their influence for young Townshend and said as much in a letter to Lady Harwood, among other places. Hobhouse pressed Townshend for an apology on the grounds that he had applied to Devonshire and the like "before I was honored with your visit, and permit me to add, before I knew your Lordship had a son in existence" (Broughton Papers). Lord John retracted his charges.

3. John Thomas Becher (1770–1848), a clergyman and social economist, became prebendary of Southwell, where he had made the acquaintance of the young Byron during school holidays. The Reverend William Thomas Harness (1790–1869) met Byron at Harrow. Clergyman and author, he published an edition of Shakespeare and wrote a life of Mary Russell Mitford. Francis Wrangham (1769–1842), clergyman and classicist, was an archdeacon of East Riding, a prebendary of York and Chester, and an editor of Plutarch.

4. George Sinclair (1790–1868), at Harrow with Byron, succeeded his father as baronet in 1835. He was M.P. for Caithness 1811–12, 1818–20, and 1831–41.

[4 August 1814]

My dear Byron—

Murray has been cutting at the advertisement<sup>1</sup> and made it bad English— It stood originally thus. "The reader of *Lara* may probably regard it as a sequel to *The Corsair*." As it now stands, it is, "The reader of *Lara* may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem *that recently appeared*[".]"

You will see instantly that the underlined words should be, "*which has recently appeared*." It is a downright vulgarism to use "*that*" for "*which*" and unless the *has* is prefixed the relative verb is not of the same tense as the antecedent sentence. I tell you it's bad grammar altogether therefore don't lose a moment in writing to Murray and ordering him *peremptorily* to put "*which has recently appeared*." I have made strong representation to him but perhaps he may not care for me— Diable I never saw such a spectaculo as they have made of my bit of prose. Write me a line when you write to Murray that is by return of post directing to the *Kōkōa*<sup>2</sup>—ever yours truly

John Hobhouse

1. At Byron's request, Hobhouse had written an "Advertisement" that appears at the front of *Lara*. The statement reads thus in the first edition: "The reader of *Lara* may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem that recently appeared: whether the cast of the hero's character, the turn of his adventures, and the general outline and colouring of the story, may not encourage such a supposition, shall be left to his determination. To his conjecture is also referred the name of the writer, the knowledge of which would be of no service in assisting his decision on the failure or success of the attempt." Aware that well-informed readers who recognized his protagonist's name as Spanish might detect inaccuracy in the poem's opening line, "The serfs are glad through *Lara's* wide domain," Byron also asked Hobhouse to write a note explaining that only *Lara's* name is Spanish and that his domain with its "serfs" is fixed in no particular country or age. See B to H, 23 July 1814, and B to John Murray, 24 July and 5 August 1814.

2. The Cocoa Tree Club, where both Byron and Hobhouse held memberships.

Whitton Park, Hounslow. September 11 [1814]

My dear Byron—

Were I not used to your silence, of course I should be mortified at having had not a word from you since you left these parts: and, as it is, I am truly concerned at being in suspense about the fate of your abbey lands.<sup>1</sup> As the event has happened perhaps it will be unsafe to hazard a prediction but something tells me, as it has always, that Newstead will continue to be the scene of iniquities in the same family as have already honoured it with the sight of their sins, for some centuries to come. If you do keep it, however, do not build by any means. 'Tis pity, without or child or wife, and the Abbey is large enough for you and all your family—of Vices, I mean—I hope you have been passing your time somewhat more to the advantage of your body soul and Muse than I have, who have now consumed the fruits for seven weeks—true hog of the sty of Epicurus,<sup>2</sup> and am now tired with the toil. I wish to heaven you would vary my luxuries by writing me once a day a scrap, (one or a hundred lines they would break alike the chain of this existence) to me by way of letter— You need not have the trouble of franking the letter, Mrs. Leigh<sup>3</sup> can do that. I only ask you to write it. Of course I have no literary news for you—except indeed if that be not yet arrived, that I have heard of one who prefers Lara to your last,<sup>4</sup> but that all are scandalised at the possibility that such a fine fellow as Conrad could be thought to terminate in such a devil's tail as your present hero. Sic itur.<sup>5</sup> I do believe that the women are angry, that a man with a black eye and curly hair who is faithful to one of their sex whom he keeps in a tower until he finds another whom he likes better than she should be supposed capable of any one crime under heaven— Are you thinking of tragedy? You see there are two hundred seventy and odd plays in the drawer of ye Green Room of Drury which have been judged totally unworthy representation—<sup>6</sup> They say Whitbread<sup>7</sup> has ploughed through them all but I who believe

in little ἐμὴ τῷ θεῷ μου καὶ τοῖς μυστηρίοις<sup>8</sup> cannot bring myself to credit this any more than that Joanna Southcote<sup>9</sup> was impregnated by a white cone projecting from a candle—

The candle indeed is not a new contrivance— The world, say they, has existed between five & six thousand years and in the most civilised city of the most civilised enlightened nation on the face of the globe the maker of the universe is expected to issue from an old woman of sixty four and there is a regular assembly of all classes where this is preached and believed. Are we in our childhood or dotage, or are mankind, like the earth which carries them, allways to run round in a circle? Yet, notwithstanding this extraordinary folly, our people at Greenwich<sup>10</sup> have calculated and written the nautical almanack up to the year 1819—that is, have settled & shown every possible face of the heavens and earth for five years to come, the feasibility of which it did not enter into the head of Sir Isaac Newton to conceive[.] But superstition pins us to the ground by those little threads our thousand hopes & fears, which, tho' trifling individually, when altogether, like Gulliver's hairs,<sup>11</sup> render us immoveable—

Do not the following lines of Lucretius sound oddly to your & mine and other Christian ears?

Nam simul ac ratio tua capit vociferari  
Naturam rerum haud divina mente coortam,  
*Diffugiunt animi terrores:*<sup>12</sup>

They are in the beginning of his third book. Farewell my dear B. believe me your ever faithful

John Hobhouse

1. Newstead Abbey had been put up for auction on 14 August 1812. Hobhouse had run up the bidding for the main lot to 113,000 guineas, although as he recalls "I had just then only one pound one shilling and sixpence in the world" (RLL, 1:45). Byron refused to sell the lot for less than £120,000, so the property was brought in. The next day Thomas Claughton (ca. 1775–1842) offered £140,000 for both the lots (the estate and its timber) and Newstead's furniture. Claughton's offer was accepted, but he came to regret his bargain, delayed his payments, ultimately forfeited £25,000 of £28,000 already paid to Byron, and gave up his claim to the Abbey. See B to Hanson, 3 August 1814.

2. The hog is the animal traditionally, if unjustly, associated with the Epicureans.
3. Augusta Byron (1783–1851), daughter of Byron's father by his first wife Amelia d'Arcy, had married her cousin Colonel George Leigh in 1807. They lived at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket.
4. *Lara*, published anonymously with Samuel Rogers's *Jacqueline* in August 1814, continues the story of the mysterious Conrad, hero of Byron's preceding work *The Corsair*, published in February 1814.
5. "So it goes."
6. Byron was later to become a member of the Drury Lane Theatre's managing committee.
7. Samuel Whitbread (1758–1815), heir to a prosperous brewery, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Charles (later earl) Grey in 1789. The following year he became Whig M.P. for Bedford, an office he held until his death. Whitbread was chairman of the committee for rebuilding Drury Lane Theatre.
8. "Except God alone and the mysteries" (source unidentified).
9. Joanna Southcott (1750–1814), a religious fanatic and prophetess, announced in her *Third Book of Wonders* (1813) that she would be the mother of Shiloh, the new Messiah. In spring of 1814, she began to show signs of apparent pregnancy. On 27 December 1814, she died of the dropsy that had engendered the symptoms.
10. The Royal Greenwich Observatory, from 1675 until after World War II England's principal observatory.
11. In book 1, chapter 1, of *Gulliver's Travels*, by Swift, the Lilliputians restrain Gulliver with a great many threads tying down his arms, legs, hair, and body.
12. Hobhouse's quotation is a variant reading transmitted by Lambinus. The lines cited are part of Lucretius's address to Epicurus. Hobhouse's sense of the lines, which can be interpreted in several ways, seems to be "As soon as your philosophical system voices the nature of things, by no means arisen from a god's mind, superstitious fears disperse" (*De rerum natura*, 3. 14–16).

Easton Grey, Tetbury, Glostershire.  
[18 September 1814]

My dear Byron—

On Friday last I rode down to this place<sup>1</sup> about ninety miles from our parts and so did not receive your letter<sup>2</sup> until this day Sunday the 18th to which although surrounded at this instant with all the deliciae of a country house I do not delay to answer on the moment having to congratulate you, which I do most sincerely & from the bottom of my heart on the recovery of Newstead. May you long wear the cowl. You know Bessy Rawdon says it becomes you—fancy always you hear her exclaiming, as she did to me, “does he not look beautiful?”<sup>3</sup> & you will not again feel inclined to leave your abbey lands. Seriously let me beg you on my bended pen never to think of a second alienation—and do also keep out the proud heir,<sup>4</sup> as Horace calls him, as long as possible[.] I discover in reading the biography of his grace of Buckingham<sup>5</sup> that there is a principal of animation about poets which makes them like the mercy of Ogg king of Basan, endure for ever.<sup>6</sup> Any how they & you included must outlast the journalists—who in their long sounds wear out no less themselves than their readers. To be sure I will go to Italy or any where with you—you know I have garnered up all my wishes for another unsentimental journey in such company.<sup>7</sup> The money is abundant, the coach superabundant that is superabundant on account of the chance of not finding the requisite six horses when four might be procured.<sup>8</sup> Of all this however discourse we or let us discourse more at large hereafter, as well as of the time of starting which perhaps you would consent to delay a little—& the deferring of which would not as I hear on all hands be productive of any disadvantage in any respect—<sup>9</sup> [Four lines obliterated.] Pray give me one line to let me know your movements. Were I to

write a thousand I could not but repeat in as many forms with what gratification I write myself down your ever faithful friend

John Hobhouse

1. Hobhouse was at a shooting party with Sir Francis Burdett at Easton Grey.  
2. In his 14 September letter to Hobhouse, Byron had announced "Claughton] has relinquished his purchase and twenty five thousand pounds out of twenty eight do. paid on account—and I am Abbot again—"

3. Daughter of John Theophilus Rawdon, the second son of the earl of Hastings, and later (1817) wife of Lord George William Russell, Elizabeth Anne Rawdon (1793–1874) was the belle whose charms are commemorated in *Beppo*: "I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn) / whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn." Miss Rawdon had made her remark to Hobhouse at the great masquerade given in honor of Wellington on 1 July 1814 at Wattier's Club. Byron had dressed as a monk, Hobhouse as an Albanian. See RLL, 1:156–57.

4. "Ni tua custodis, avidus jam haec auferet heres" ("Unless you are careful, the greedy heir will even now carry off your things") (Horace *Sermones* 2. 3. 151).

5. Possibly the biographical preface to *The Poetical Works of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham*, published by George Cawthorn in 1801. The poet's principle of animation, of course, is a continuing readership and the approbation of the discriminating. As Pope's couplet, twice quoted in the preface to the Cawthorn edition, phrases the notion, "Muse 'tis enough; at length thy labor ends, / And thou shalt live, for BUCKINGHAM commends."

6. See Psalm 136. Hobhouse garbles the allusion. Actually it is the Lord "whose mercy endureth forever": Og, king of Bashan, is one of the enemies of Israel slain through Jehovah's divine plan.

7. In his letter of 14 September, Byron had proposed a tour to Italy: "And will you come with me?—you are the only man with whom I could travel an hour except an *ἰατρος* [doctor]—in short you know my dear H—that with all my bad qualities —(and d\_\_\_\_d bad they are to be sure) I like you better than any body—and we have travelled together before—and been old friends and all that—and we have a thorough fellow-feeling & contempt for all things of the sublunary sort—and so do let us go & call the 'Pantheon a cockpit' like the learned Smelfungus." Hobhouse had recognized Byron's allusion to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768).

8. Byron had mentioned taking £3,000 for expenses and asked whether his coach would prove suitable.

9. Byron had said, "If we set off—it should be in October—and the earlier the better.—"

Easton Grey, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire.  
[1 October 1814]

My dear Byron—

A letter from that dear rough diamond of our acquaintance<sup>1</sup> has led me to suppose that you are about to marry and to be given in marriage. As Scripture informs us that this is not done in heaven,<sup>2</sup> every one, to be sure is right to make a trial of it upon earth. You have the warmest congratulations from one whose friendship although not abounding in worldly goods is by no means deficient in good will and affection, as also the sincere assurance that no other possible event could reconcile him to resigning the prospect of a second expedition with the same companion as contributed so large a portion to the pleasing circumstances of his former journey. Of the lady of your choice<sup>3</sup> you are, I believe, aware that I know nothing except such points as have induced me repeatedly to urge the advisedness of attempting to attain the object which, it seems, is now shortly to be put in your possession— If I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance I should take the liberty of congratulating her on her approaching union with the person whom the trial of some varying years has made most dear to me, and whose qualities, as far as I am myself concerned, I would not exchange for those of any man living— The same esteem and discernment which has enabled her to appreciate the value of such a connection must convince her that an old friend would utter no felicitations on an event which is frequently fatal to former intimacies were he not entirely persuaded that in the present instance he runs no hazard of finding diminished that kind regard of which he would not consent to lose the smallest particle. To say more would be to show an anxiety which, believe me, I do not feel. Again dear Byron accept the congratulations of your very faithful friend

*John Hobhouse*



1. Hobhouse had received the news of Byron's engagement on 30 September (see *RLL*, I:163). Perhaps the "dear rough diamond" is Davies: Byron's existing written announcements of his news are to Hanson, Lady Melbourne, and Thomas Moore, none of whom is likely to have been Hobhouse's informant.

2. See Matthew 22:30, Mark 12:25, and Luke 20:35.

3. Anne Isabella Milbanke (1792–1860), daughter and heiress to Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, of Seaham, and niece of Byron's confidante Lady Melbourne.

Easton Grey. October 20, [1814]

My dear Byron—

Whatever may have been the process of your present amour, be assured, as I before told you with the utmost sincerity, that nothing good can arise from it or any other adventure in which you are concerned, that will not be a subject of the most entire delight to me. It may be of little import for me to repeat what I before expressed that I augured every thing happy from that which I had used the privilege of friendship to advise. It will be a more certain evidence to say that I shall be exceedingly happy to accompany you during that moment of the engagement which is to bind you for life to the obligation of being as happy as the conditions of humanity admit—<sup>1</sup> If Miss Milbanke did not think it necessary to be given away by her father or some other relation, or friend, or acquaintance, nothing would make me more happy than to be the immediate channel through which might be conveyed the right of entrusting her happiness to the care of the person from whom I have found my principal comfort in more vicissitudes than those to which the acquaintance of two young persons is usually subject— If your friend had no other attraction than that of having selected and of being selected by yourself I should be eager to form her acquaintance, but all I have heard of her formerly, and the accounts which daily now accumulate upon me of her valuable qualities, of course, increase my wish to be presented to her. Have the kindness to give me a fortnight's notice of the time and place and other circumstances of the approaching ceremony. Nothing which I now contemplate as possible will prevent my attendance—I have only one engagement on my hands and that is a short visit to Lord Lansdowne<sup>2</sup> in this county: of which I have not yet settled the precise time. If you will be so good as to let me know about what period you conjecture every thing will be in readiness, I shall then be

able to make my few arrangements in Wiltshire and to let you know for a certainty when I shall be at your service altogether— Do not suppose by this phrase that under every conjuncture I shall not be in waiting on the important occasion about to ensue—believe me your most affectionate

*John Hobhouse*

1. See B to H, 17 October 1814: "I wish—whenever this same form is muttered over us—that you could make it convenient to be present—"

2. Henry Petty-FitzMaurice (1780–1863), third marquis of Lansdowne, was a noted Whig statesman. His country house, Bowood, and Lansdowne House in London were gathering places for politicians, writers, and scientists. Lansdowne's father, the first marquis (better known as the earl of Shelbourne), had been an old friend of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse.

[November 1814?]

My dear Byron,

In god's name do come down, it will be of great service<sup>1</sup>—and if Douglas Kinnaird (who lives at 16 Great Ryder Street) does not go with us pray send & tell him you will take him—ever your's

*John Hobhouse*

1. In the third week of November, the newly affianced Byron left Seaham and proceeded to Cambridge, where he joined Hobhouse in casting a vote on behalf of Dr. William Clark, candidate for the professorship of anatomy. The undergraduates cheered Byron when he appeared at the Cambridge Senate House on 23 November (RLL, 2:194).

Whitton Park: Hounslow. January 9, [1815]

My dear Byron,

Your flamen nuptialis Noel<sup>1</sup> kept me up bumperizing you and yours at Mr. Hoare's<sup>2</sup> at Durham until a late hour on Monday so that it was with an aching head rather that I commenced my Southern remigration on Tuesday morning. My progress homewards was sufficiently circumspect and slow for I did not reach this place until eight on the clock of Friday evening. To make up, however, for former delays I transmitted early the next morning a note to Mr. Hanson desiring him to appoint some time on Monday following when I might have the consolation of a communication with him on a subject concerning which I presumed (as I told him) that you must already have given him an intimation—<sup>3</sup> To make sure of the delivery of the missive I directed my Rugeby<sup>4</sup> to leave it at No. 29 Bloomsbury Square, and if Mr. H was not at home to say that I begged an answer by the general post. The very fine father in law has taken no sort of notice of my tender assignation and when he does he may probably hand me over to the intended red haired representative of Andover—<sup>5</sup>

I must conclude your letter of advice has not reached him—however I wait with resignation— Should he condescend to be speedy in his appointment you shall soon be acquainted with the result— If in any other matter I can be of the least service recollect that you can not be half so much assisted by granting as I shall be gratified by executing a commission— In the mean while I can let you know that upon enquiry of my father I find that nothing is more common than to put the temporary settlement of any person's affairs into the hands of a counsel upon or without any pretense and that there are barristers, such as William Adam<sup>6</sup> for instance used to be, whose chief employment it is to give opinions on these matters—

The same person (of whom I knew you would permit me to ask the

question) informed me that the insertion of one's own solicitor's name in a marriage trust is a most unusual step especially where property is to be transferred and where a long balance remains unsettled, to settle which any floating capital might be laid violent hands upon. This is not saying there is any actual danger but only that the thing is unusual, and were other suspicion to arise might be of considerable weight in increasing distrust. Fortunately let the gentleman be what he will, the least attention on your part or that of Mr. Bland the Co-Trustee<sup>7</sup> will prevent any accident. Besides like Agricola "omnia certe, assidente amantissimā conjuge, supersunt salutē tuae[.]"<sup>8</sup> To her I pray that you will present my kindest respects— Beg her also, as the legitimate channel through which application for your favours is now to be made, to put you in mind that you are to allow me the use of your box at Drury Lane for one night not quite for my own sake but that I may appear a great man and a useful man to half a dozen girls who would give their ears and earrings to see how Keen makes love in Romeo—<sup>9</sup> Give her also this inscription for the print of her murdered Lord

Du célèbre Byron, tu vois ici l'image  
 Quoi!—diras tu— c'est là, ce poète achevé  
 D'où vient le noir chagrin qu'on lit sur son visage  
 C'est de se voir si mal gravé<sup>10</sup>

Boileau wrote this for himself[—]the deuce is in it if I may not apply it to a friend[.]

Make me happy by a line from Ha[ll]naby<sup>11</sup> and believe me ever your affectionate

*John Hobhouse*

1. Byron's "nuptial priest" was the Reverend Thomas Noel (1775–1854), the natural son of Lady Milbanke's brother Viscount Wentworth, and holder of the livings of Kirkby Mallory and Elmsthorpe in Leicestershire.

2. William Hoar, of Durham, was agent and confidential counsel to Sir Ralph Milbanke.

3. Byron had written to Hanson on 7 January: "Mr. Hobhouse has a commission from me to talk to you on various subjects of my concerns—which I trust you will not think irrelevant or out of season—as they are of importance to me & mine." Hobhouse at this point had begun to suspect Hanson of misconduct in handling

Byron's business: on 31 December he wrote in his journal, "I had some private talk with Hoare and Miss Milbanke on Lord Byron's affairs, and I began to entertain doubts of Hanson's probity" (RLL, 1:194).

4. His serving man. John Rugby is the attendant of Dr. Caius in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

5. The "very fine father in law" is Lord Portsmouth's, namely Hanson. The "intended representative" is Charles Hanson. Andover was a parliamentary seat associated with the Portsmouth family: the earl's younger brother, the Honorable Newton Fellowes (1772-1854), represented the town 1802-20.

6. William Adam (1751-1839), a Scottish lawyer and politician, was appointed lord chief commissioner of the Scottish jury court in 1816.

7. Thomas Davison-Bland, of Kippax Park, Yorkshire, a lifelong friend of the Milbankes, was one of Lady Byron's trustees for the marriage settlement. The other trustees were Hobhouse, Charles Hanson, Kinnaid, Hoar, George Baker, Cuthbert Ellison, and Sir Thomas Henry Liddell.

8. "Surely all will suffice for your prosperity with the most loving of wives seated by your side." Cf. Tacitus on the last days of Julius Agricola: "omnia sine dubio, optime parentum, assidente amantissima uxore, superfuere honori tuo" (*Agricola*, 45).

9. Edmund Kean (1787-1833), the tragic actor, after early struggles, had electrified London with his debut at Drury Lane in the role of Shylock on 26 January 1814. Kean had newly added Romeo to his London repertory for the winter season of 1814-15.

10. "The image you see here is Byron the famed / What, say you, then here the great poet's depicted? / Whence comes his expression so darkly ashamed? / It's from having this horrible portrait inflicted." Cf. Boileau, "Pour mettre au bas d'une méchante gravure qu'on a faite de moi" (*Epigrammes*, 35).

11. Halnaby Hall, a Yorkshire property of Sir Ralph Milbanke, where Lord and Lady Byron passed their "treacle moon."

[January–March 1815?]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Byron,

I have received an answer from the person to whom I applied respecting Hermoso.<sup>2</sup> The substance is, that the said was Ld. Grenville's<sup>3</sup> private solicitor & was made by him solicitor to the stamp office—that he bore an unimpeachable character both in private life and in the profession until an event, which you may easily guess, tended to lower it.<sup>4</sup> My informant adds, ["I believe his subsequent conduct to his son in law has not had the effect of raising it. Except this passage in his life," adds he, "I know nothing against him. I presume you know he is Lord Byron's solicitor."

Such is the information I have obtained and you may certainly rely upon it— On the whole as you are acquainted with the offensive transaction & know that there is no great blame attachable to your attorney therefore, you will have no fear of the person in question—ever your's truly

John Hobhouse

1. As a principal negotiator in the financial arrangements for Byron's marriage, Hobhouse became ever more familiar with the tangle of his friend's estate and less pleased with Hanson's stewardship. This letter would seem to date from the winter of 1815, when Hobhouse was immersed in Byron's business affairs.

2. *Hermoso*, the Spanish for "handsome," is one of Hobhouse and Byron's facetious nicknames for Hanson.

3. William Wyndham Grenville (1759–1834), created Baron Grenville, was a Whig statesman, head of the "Ministry of All Talents," 1806–7.

4. In February and March 1814, Hanson had connived to marry his eldest daughter, Mary Anne, to the recently widowed, mentally incompetent, vicious earl of



Portsmouth, whose property was under his care. For a full account of the Hanson-Portsmouth scandal, in which Byron's name was to be involved, see Doris Langley Moore, *Lord Byron: Accounts Rendered*, pp. 459–71. Hobhouse was from the day of the marriage justly suspicious, as his journal entry of 7 March 1814 reveals: “H had certainly some scruples about the honesty of the transaction & therefore asked B and therefore got him to give his daughter away in order to involve him—” (Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations).

Whitton. January 15, Sunday, 1815

My dear Byron,

Hanson appointed to meet me at the Stamp Office in Somerset Place on Saturday last (yesterday) at half past two— He seemed scarcely aware of the importance of the visit as he said in his note "he was afraid we should be liable to interruption"— However, I went to the assignation, when to my utter astonishment I found that Mr. Hanson had left a message for me stating that he was gone to a consultation to meet Sir S. Romilly<sup>1</sup> and begged I would call again in an hour. I left word that I regretted my occupations for the day would not admit of my returning— In order to make him a little more punctual and at the same time to break the business to him so far as to prevent any unpleasant scene at our meeting I have written him a letter of which I inclose a copy—

Your step of appointing a counsel is most necessary. If Mr. H should ask you "*why*," you have at once this answer, "that of course, his account with you must be audited by some one—that you can not do this yourself as he very well knows, and *that it is ridiculous to suppose that he is to have the auditing of his own accounts*—lastly, that you must have some one else and that this some one else must be a Barrister of *your own appointment*." By to morrow evening I hope to be able to mention some really able person of the first character whose name I shall send for your approval and to whom, in ten minutes conversation, I can explain enough, relative to your accounts with H. both on the debtor & creditor side of the book, as also relative to the Rochdale property, to let him know how you wish him to proceed— I shall give you notice of the events of my interview with H. whenever it takes place—in the mean while, with compl'ts to Lady Byron, believe me your's truly—

John Hobhouse

Excuse the blotting and carelessness in the writing (not, I assure you, in the real interest involved) in this letter, as our large saloon here, which you perhaps may recollect, was on fire from one until  $\frac{1}{2}$  past three in the morning, and would have burnt down the whole house, had it not been, strange to tell, for the extraordinary activity and personal courage of my pitiful hearted negro, George Parsons,<sup>2</sup> so that the whole neighbourhood is yet in alarm—

William Adam having been appointed a baron of the Scotch Exchequer has ceased to act as a barrister—

1. Sir Samuel Romilly (1757–1818) was a distinguished Whig M.P. and liberal law reformer influenced by Bentham and Rousseau. He advised Lady Byron during the separation proceedings of 1816. Despondent at his wife's death in 1818, Romilly committed suicide.

2. Hobhouse had engaged George Parsons on 9 May 1814, for £100 per annum. Parsons received notice to quit on 16 January 1816: "he cannot shave well & is too expensive," wrote Hobhouse (Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations).

Tuesday. Whitton. [17 January 1815]

My dear Byron—

To save the post here which is as inconvenient a place as one a hundred miles from London, I take the chance of sending by the three penny Twitnam<sup>1</sup> bag. It is to let you know that, without being told for whom or what particular case, Sir John Nichol<sup>2</sup> was applied to in order to name three persons each of whom would be the man for your business. He did name, Templeman—Cooke—and Winthorpe—<sup>3</sup> On the whole I think Sir John Nichol seemed to speak best of Templeman of whom I know nothing except that he was appointed one of the military Commissioners who had to unravel most intricate accounts. Cooke and Winthorp were recommended the other day by Romilly as fit persons to unravel and settle an intricate matter of accounts—the case was before the privy council— Both parties agreed to either, and Cooke was named—

If you choose either of ye three—give me a letter to him, that is write to him a letter and inclose it to me— I will deliver it— You must give me some sort of credentials in this letter or the gentleman will naturally be shy of conferring with me. You must tell Hanson when you have fixed upon your man— Your's always very truly,

*John Hobhouse*

1. Twickenham, a riverside London suburb near Whitton Park.

2. Sir John Nicholl (1759–1838), magistrate and M.P., was dean of Arches and judge of the High Court of Admiralty.

3. Presumably Giles Templeman, of the Temple, and Benjamin Winthrop, of Lincoln's Inn. Cooke is unidentified.

Friday: Jan. 20, 1815

My dear Byron,

At last I have seen Mr. Hanson—I was with him this day from one until three and took care to state exactly what I mentioned to you at Seaham. I informed him that you desired to have his account. He promised me that he would furnish you with it immediately after Term, that is immediately after the twelfth of February. He said that you would find the two thousand eight hundred pounds merged in your debt to him—<sup>1</sup> This being the case and as your counsel will duly and immediately examine the accounts, I did not press the point of Hanson's giving you a bond for his debt.

I told him that you were resolved to have counsel's opinion as to the propriety of bringing the Rochdale question<sup>2</sup> to a legal decision—Hanson said "certainly that should be done—that it was his opinion you had better give five thousand pounds to *Deerdane*,<sup>3</sup> but that you were right to take counsel's opinions." I told him you would wish your counsel to look not only into the Rochdale but to be made acquainted with your other affairs—"I will,[" said H, ["]afford him every facility." I said nothing about the man you might fix upon because I did not know—but if you chuse, I will send his name to H when you have resolved. I could easily see that no good reason is to be given for the Rochdale business having been delayed for four years. All that Hanson would say was that you had not five thousand pounds to give to Deardan[.] Yet he now owns that if your counsel should finally agree with him (Hanson) that a composition is advisable instead of going into an Equity Court, he will contrive to get the money—that is he thinks it will be no difficult matter to borrow it either upon Newstead or Rochdale—Of course it will not be difficult—But I foretell that your counsel will decide for going into court—Hanson talks magnificently of the sum which Rochdale, if the business was

settled in your favour, would produce—40, 50, nay 60, or 70,000£.] The more necessity, said I, for bringing the matter to an issue and the worse misfortune it's being so long delayed— Appoint then, I pray, the counsel, this moment.

As to Newstead<sup>4</sup> much was said, of which I will say something in a letter to morrow as well as of some of the particulars which the going out of the post prevents me from inserting here— My respects to her Ladyship— Yours very truly

*John Hobhouse*

1. Hanson had borrowed £2,840 from Byron as deposit for an Essex property he wanted to purchase (Moore, *Lord Byron: Accounts Rendered*, p. 202).

2. Byron's great uncle, the fifth baron, had let the Rochdale coal mines. His having disposed of entailed property in an irregular way threw Rochdale, on his heir's succession, into Chancery Court, where protracted suits lasted until 1823.

3. James Dearden, who had rented the Rochdale property from the fifth Lord Byron, bought it for £11,225 in 1823.

4. At Seaham, Hobhouse had misunderstood Byron's wishes regarding Newstead Abbey. "You have made but one mistake in your epistle to Spooner—" wrote Byron in his letter of 19 January, "but that's a thumper— I do mean to sell Newstead—and that the moment it can be sold."

Whitton. Tuesday. [2 February 1815]

My dear Byron,

Your letter<sup>1</sup> came this morning— Thank God you have made out your debts in a most unsatisfactory way for as heaven shall judge me I can't for the life of me make out thirty thousand pounds or even twenty thousand without adding what you are *owed* to what you do owe—do look.

Sawbridge	6000£
Mrs. B[ Byron ] at Nott[ ingham ]	1000
New Street	<u>900</u>
	7900£

To this 7900£ must be added Thomas, and the infernal old woman must be thrown into the same lump—<sup>2</sup>but it cannot be that these two amiable creatures and your tradesmen and Hanson's bill, balanced as it will be, can make the whole come to 30,000£. Your other account is [sic] not quite so difficult to comprehend. Certes—6000£ to the Scrope and 3000£ to the Attorno<sup>3</sup> and 1600£ to the King's Man<sup>4</sup> and 1000£ to the Bold<sup>5</sup> and 3000 to the VI Mile Bottom<sup>6</sup> make of good and Lawful monies of this realm 14,600£[.] Indeed I admire your prudence—the two first sums are safe and you are a complete exemplification of the Latin proverb "quod dedi alteri id habeo[.]"<sup>7</sup> What the Bold's Bond may be worth for the present it is hard to say, but you need not put the sum down as lost—put rather the Bond into your Attorney's hand—I do not mean that you should press that poor creature any more than the other poor creature at Cambridge but as to the latter I do think and propose that you should in a civil way tell him that as you are settling your affairs your lawyers wish you to have some security for the certain however distant payment of your just demands. If you find any difficulty in doing this, use my pen—H. [Hodgson]

knows me well and, I think, is sure I would not interfere in such a case except the most decided right and necessity required it. To say the truth he should have not been content with *offering* you a security, he should have sent some sort of bond or something, backed by a friend or fellow tutor or some apparent good man—

Of the other 3000£ I say nothing except that I could have better spared a lesser sum—<sup>8</sup>

I can very easily believe that the fiddles and the other cursed catgut that you allude to did swallow up the remainder of the Claughtonian forfeiture.<sup>9</sup> However, you would have certain monies—fear not but follow counsel as the Scripture saith,<sup>10</sup> either from Newstead or Rochdale or both. You are sure—but don't be in a hurry—"hold up your head and do what you're bid and be a good boy and shut the door after you," so first of all, inclose to me by return of post a letter to Mr. Templeman, written in the third person and stating your wish that he should examine your affairs and for that purpose hold a conversation with myself and finally resort to Mr. Hanson your solicitor for further particulars— This letter I will direct and inclose together with a line stating that I am at Mr. Templeman's service when he may see fit— Or if you dont like this plan, write to me a letter in such terms as these—"Will you call on Mr. Templeman the Barrister and inform him that, if his arrangements permit, I request that he will have the goodness to undertake the examination and settlement of some affairs which require the opinion of counsel, and concerning which he may receive the necessary intelligence first from yourself *and finally from Mr. H. my solicitor*"— Something of this sort I take the liberty of suggesting would answer your purpose, for I should call on Mr. Templeman and show him your letter and immediately proceed to business. You must not content yourself with putting the anagram of your ineffable name to this letter, if you should think it preferable to write to me instead of to Mr. Templeman, but instead of your customary [Hobhouse imitation of Byron's indecipherable scrawl] give me the Byron at full length and for heaven's sake be serious from one end of the letter to the other— At any rate whether you write to me or T. send a letter to Hanson by the same post telling him that you have appointed the said gentleman. And I pray you do not press him about Newstead until you get his accounts & the Rochdale business examined which will be in a few weeks. As I said before Hanson is doing



very well about Newstead, and I hope whenever it is sold will get you at least its value— I shall write to him just to say that you wish him to send to Thomas to get your account from him and also the old woman's and the New Street Jew's— Before you read a word of the remainder of this missive sit down and write I beg of you as required— then proceed—

Your letter found me just at this sentence "In short we take Mr. Leake<sup>11</sup> to be a very decent counterpart of the 'industrious and exact Cinonio' for the remainder of whose panegyrick we refer to the fifth chapter of the first volume of the Diversions of Purley[.]"<sup>12</sup>

I dont know whether you may recollect the remainder of the panegyrick which is this "who does not appear ever to have had a single glimpse of reason" p. 63, note.

Following up a hint you gave me in our journey and hoping for your aid in every way I am now getting up a review of the Researchers and have already done enough with the ἄλας ἀπτιχὸν<sup>13</sup> which you will sprinkle to make a very handsome article. If you see no objection I should like T Moore to inform his Edinburgh correspondents that such an article will be sent through him (if it pleases him) to them in the course of a fortnight or three weeks— You shall have my portion in a week at farthest and perhaps you may have no objection to tell Moore all this or as much as you like of it by letter— The pages which of course I leave entirely open to you are, some little panegyrick which I must indeed pitifully beg for my Behemoth at Cawthorne's and an outline of the virtues of the Albanians & Mahometans, and the praise of savage life in general which I am sure you will finish off con amore. I have taken Mr. L's philological pretensions into examination, and I flatter myself in such a manner as will please you— I can at this moment hardly believe it possible that I should have found this great man such a *blundering thoroughly dull* man, but so it is—he knows nothing at all of Romaic except just the vulgarest dialect as so little has he read of any of the best Modern Greek authors as not to be aware that τίποτε<sup>14</sup> is only τιποτε in which way Coray<sup>15</sup> always spells it. In order to put me up to the subject I have read with great pains all the Romaic Hermes<sup>16</sup> of the first two years and a half and also the Στοχασμοὶ Αυτοχέδιοι<sup>17</sup> prefixed to Coray's Hellenic Library— From Coray himself I received a few days ago a long letter and a present of a Memoir of his on the state of civilization in Greece to

which Leake alludes, but which he has never read, any more than the Στοχασμοί.

L. has answered the Quarterly Review, and where do you think? In *The Classical Journal*.<sup>18</sup> Thank my stars this is low enough— It is true that he has not a glimpse of reason. I must tell you one good thing of his, he says the Romaic Ωφευ —alas! is derived from the Italian o fi, whereas the exact contrary is the truth—the Italian is doubtless derived from the Greek, which is only a Doricism for ὦ φευ and is found in its original state in a Doric poet quoted by Athenoëus.<sup>19</sup> φῶν τῶν κακῶν<sup>20</sup>—Epicharmus.<sup>21</sup> You must recollect that φεῦ is one of the commonest exclamations in Hellenic, and that there are whole lines of φεῦ in the tragedians.

Leake has not even taken the trouble to procure the Æolo Doric grammar<sup>22</sup> from which he might have corrected some of his blunders— With your assistance I have no doubt of being able to make him hang himself, and nothing else will content me by God— I have read the Lord of the Isles<sup>23</sup>—well, he has fought all his battles over again, but war, horrid war<sup>24</sup> I will not do now even for a theme at school— there is some charming poetry in it but no sort of mind I think. Murray if he lie not tells me it moves off but slowly. The gentleman has got hold of your demonstrative article *that*:<sup>25</sup> and that that that you admire so much he should, an I were you, be vastly welcome to. He has caught nothing else. You keep your places. By the way a Trans-Trentine wit at Durham<sup>26</sup> gave me a sort of Cowlean epitaphium vivae puellae or rather vivae nuptae<sup>27</sup> in prose I mean vernacular prose. I turned it into Latin verse which I inclose either for your Lord, or her Lady, ship, and which, to excuse its faults, I beg you to know was composed without pen and paper in the midst of vile company in a coach between Newark and Stamford. Do not forget to lay me at the feet of Lady Byron and of the most kind Sir R. [Ralph] M. [Milbanke] and his lady—& believe me your's very truly

John Hobhouse

P.S. The poetry is so heavy it will make this letter over weight so it shall be sent another time if need be.

1. B to H, 26 January 1815. Byron lists his debts and debtors and concludes that what he owes "can hardly be less than thirty thousand—."

2. Colonel Sawbridge, known to Byron through Hanson's partner, loaned him money for his Eastern trip. Thomas, a moneylender, along with his partner Riley, had provided Byron with funds. The "old lady" seems to be the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Massingberd, intermittently Byron's London landlady at 16 Piccadilly. The Massingberds had on several occasions stood as security for Byron with usurers, among them Thomas.

3. Hanson.

4. The Reverend Francis Hodgson, who had been resident tutor at King's College, Cambridge, when Byron met him in 1807.

5. James Wedderburn Webster.

6. Colonel and Mrs. George Leigh.

7. "What I gave to another, that I have." Cf. Seneca *De beneficiis* 6. 3. 1: "Hoc habeo quodcunque dedi."

8. Cf. Prince Hal's remark on finding the apparently dead Falstaff on the battlefield: "I could have better spar'd a better man" (*1 Henry IV* 5. 4).

9. The remainder of the £25,000 forfeited by Claughton. "The rest," wrote Byron, "was swallowed up by duns—necessities—luxuries—fooleries—jewelries—'whores & fiddlers'" (B to H, 26 January 1815).

10. Cf. "Fear not, only believe" (Mark 5:36).

11. Hobhouse's critique of William Martin Leake's *Researches in Greece* appears in the *Edinburgh Review* 24 (February 1815): 353–69.

12. See John Horne Tooke, *EHEAITEPOENTA, or The Diversions of Purley*. Hobhouse quotes Horne Tooke on p. 362 of his essay.

13. "Attic salt."

14. "Anything, nothing."

15. Adamantios Coray (1748–1833) was a Greek scholar and patriot who lived in Paris 1788–1833. He published editions of the classics and crusaded to purify the modern Greek language and to awaken his countrymen to a sense of their heritage.

16. *ΕΡΜΕΣ Ο ΛΟΓΙΟΣ*, a journal published in Romaic at Vienna.

17. "Immediate aims."

18. For Leake's "An Answer to the Observations on *The Researches In Greece* in No. XXII of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*," see the *Classical Journal* 10 (December 1814): 402–12.

19. Athenaeus of Naucratis (fl. ca. 200 A.D.) wrote *Banquet of the Sophists*, a massive symposium in which some 1,250 authors are quoted.

20. "Alas the evils."

21. Epicharmus, a Sicilian Doric writer of comedies, was active during the first quarter of the fifth century B.C. Only fragments of his plays remain.

22. The *Æolo-Doric Grammar* of Christopolus had been translated in 1811.

23. Walter Scott's long poem published in 1815.

24. Cf. *Aeneid* 6. 86: "bella, horrida bella."

25. For Hobhouse's views on the demonstrative pronoun, see H to B, 4 August 1814.

26. Possibly Mr. Hoar or the Reverend Thomas Noel.

27. The Trans-Trentine wit's "epitaph for a living girl" or more precisely "married lady" derives from the "Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris," by Abraham Cowley (1618–67).

Whitton. Thursday. [9 February 1815]

My dear Byron,

I yesterday received your letter and immediately spurred my mortal Pegasus up to London where I wended my way to the Temple and the Templeman. Him I found at No. 11, Paper Buildings, as proper a gentleman as you would wish to see, and to him at once did I open my business by showing your letter— When, oh the wonderful works of fate! what do you think was his answer. “Should be most happy—nothing would give me greater pleasure—but am concerned to say—that in this instance it is impossible.” I urged my suit the more and at last had this reply, “I am obliged positively to decline any concern in which Mr. Hanson is a party, especially in any matter of account.” I was all eager or rather all ears to know the why and the wherefore, when to my infinite wonder Mr. Templeman added—“for unfortunately I have a monied affair with Mr. Hanson myself[.] I am trustee to an agreement and have for several years been trying to get a settlement of accounts for my trust from Mr. H. who has given me promise after promise and who if he be not *dishonest* has produced by his bad conduct all the effects of the most decided roguery. I shall in short be obliged to *put him into court*[.] It is a bill of large amount near five thousand pounds Sir.” Poor Mr. Templeman here seemed much affected and so overwhelmed that he acted as if I had come to give him advice and we had changed characters. I encouraged him however to proceed as I wished much to learn something of his transaction with & opinion of Hanson, and when he had closed his story told him I was not a lawyer but merely a friend of Lord B’s and that without having any reason to suspect Mr. H. of any thing but neglect I thought it of consequence. *Ld.* By should not leave the entire management of his concerns and the settlement of a chancery suit to one only solicitor let him be who he would. To this Mr. Templeman assented and spoke

very decisively on the importance and indeed extreme urgency of the business to which he added more weight by a very positive opinion which he gave of Mr. H., whom, he repeated his intention of *putting into court*. This you know is a lawyer cant term for *prosecuting*—Certainly this is a most strange coincidence. You want a barrister, I speak to my father, my father speaks to Sir John Nichol, Sir John Nichol recommends Mr. Templeman and two others, you by accident say let Templeman be the man—I call on this gentleman and he at once tells me “Sir if you had dealings with any man in the world but Mr. Hanson you would find me ready to serve you, but Mr. H has a long a very long bill to settle with me.” Now I say this is strange, passing strange,<sup>1</sup> and altogether of a complexion with the very odd things which have so often encountered *you and me*. Well, I took my leave of Mr. T asking him permission at the same time to communicate to you the circumstance of his unfortunate concern with Mr. Hanson—which he readily granted. Doubtless you will be much struck with the good fortune that has induced you to interfere between your good fortune that has induced you to interfere between your goods and chattels and a person whom, to say the least of him, is fairly worthy of suspicion. Having failed with Mr. T (whose anecdote by the way was worth all the advice which he might have given you) I shall immediately apply to either Mr. Cooke or Mr. Winthorpe or Mr. Harris. Cooke and Winthorpe were recommended by Romilly the other day as fit persons to unravel an intricate matter of account before the Privy Council. Both parties agreed to either and Cooke was named—Of the latter gentleman a good character has been given me by my Solicitor Mr. Delany—I procured a list of persons qualified for such a business as yours from another very eminent solicitor, at the head of which was Mr. Bickersteth,<sup>2</sup> whom I was glad to see in character but should not chuse, he being comparatively a young man and it being necessary when you go into Chancery on the Rochdale affair to have a leading man in the courts—I will not trouble you to write me another letter of credentials until I can make out for certain that the man, whoever he be, will enter, and, that instantly, into the business. Depend upon it no time shall be lost by me—I did yesterday endeavour to make out the residence of Messrs. Cooke Winthorpe and Harris but without success. Afterwards I called on Hanson who was not at home. It was not my intention to have told him that you had applied to Temple-

man, but I could not [help] fancying what sort of a figure he would have cut upon hearing that name. It appears to be best not to let H. think you have any *suspects* at all until your counsel has begun to proceed and then let all suspicions come from the counsel himself—Special care must be taken not to let one farthing of the purchase money of Newstead (should you sell it) pass into Hanson's hands. I see now why he wanted to be named *trustee* for the sale of that property. Mr. Bland, the trustee on the part of Lady Byron, must be applied to in order to prevent such an accident as his (H) *paying himself* out of the profits which he confessed to me it was his intention to do. That is he said, he should have sent in his bill when Newstead had been sold. Now if he is trustee, you know that either the whole property or such part of it as you shall receive as a first installment, will pass through his hands unless something is done to prevent it. All these matters will be considered by your counsel, concerning whom you shall have a letter as soon as any steps have been taken. I called yesterday on Thomas<sup>3</sup> who tells me he will send your account in to me immediately. I shall transmit it to Hanson, but I wished to see the exact sum due to that benevolent Jew. He told me the annuity was only 400£ per annum but I presume there is something due for interest which may increase the redemption money to about 3000£. However you cannot owe so much as you think—so much for this business at present.

There is news in the paper for you married folk—the peeress at Staines is Lady Cranstoun<sup>4</sup>—and the gallant, who? the last man in the world—who but blackguard Disney?<sup>5</sup> My Lord shooted at him and hitted him in the arm. Gawler<sup>6</sup> who ran away with Valentia's<sup>7</sup> wife told me the names at the Cocoa Tree yesterday, and added "he is the son of the Presbyterian parson who had a chapel in Essex Street"—<sup>8</sup> Yes, I said, and who had a large fortune left him by Brand Hollis<sup>9</sup> on account of his principles. Sir C. Bunbury<sup>10</sup> looking one way and rowing another, cried out "his principles god that's encouragement for the rising generation if they are to get large fortunes left them for debauching their friends' wives[.]" No Sir Charles! 'twas the father [twice underlined] who had the fortune left him—["Oh I beg your pardon I thought 'twas the Colonell[.]"

The Princess of Wales<sup>11</sup> has had a rupture with Murat<sup>12</sup> who fearing his interests at the Congress<sup>13</sup> might be hurt by paying any more attention to her deputed Lady Oxford to give her the *congé* who did it

in so graceful a manner that they fell to pulling caps— Our friend Lady Westmoreland<sup>14</sup> is kept by the Pope<sup>15</sup>—there's a Phaon for your Sappho.<sup>16</sup> She got tipsy at a party at Lucien Bonaparte's at Rome and actually lost her wig—hitched, I presume, like that of Menaleas upon the candle branch above. This is a strange world my dear B. from Hanson upwards. My portion of the Review is finished[.] I flatter myself you will endure my lays— You shall have the whole in a heavy frank— I trust Moore will write immediately— Do let my dear Harry Cavendish<sup>17</sup> have a prologue to his Merchant of Venice which is to be acted on the 22nd of this month. 'Twill make him your slave for ever and very much oblige me, who am so already as well as your's most truly

*John Hobhouse*

1. *Othello*, 1. 3. The phrase comes from *Othello's* account of Desdemona's response to his tale of adventures.

2. Henry Bickersteth (1783–1851), later Baron Langdale, a graduate of Caius College, Cambridge, and a barrister of the Inner Temple, was to become master of the rolls and to marry Hobhouse's friend Lady Jane Harley.

3. One of Byron's creditors. See H to B, [2 February 1815].

4. Anne Macnamara, eldest daughter of John Macnamara of St. Kitts, had in 1807 married James Edward, ninth Baron Cranstoun (d. 1818).

5. John Disney (1779–1857) was later known as a collector of antiquities and founder of a chair of archeology at Cambridge. Cranstoun and Disney had dueled at Staines. For Byron's comments on the affair, see B to Henry Drury, 14 February 1815.

6. John Gawler Bellenden Ker (1765?–1842), botanist and man of fashion. Born John Gawler, he was granted license to take the name of Ker Bellenden. "Many stories were told of the charm of his conversation, and he was the hero of some 'affairs of gallantry'" (DNB).

7. George Annesley (1769–1844), Viscount Valentia and later second earl of Mountnorris. In 1790 he had married the Honorable Anne, daughter of William, Viscount Courtenay.

8. John Disney, D.D. (1746–1816), a Unitarian clergyman, served first as secretary then minister of the Society for Promoting the Knowledge of the Scriptures in Essex Street. Soon after receiving the Brand-Hollis bequest, he retired.

9. Thomas Hollis (d. 1774) had left his Dorset estates to Thomas Brand, of Essex, who adopted his surname. Brand-Hollis in turn (1804) left both estates, which produced about £5,000 a year, to Dr. Disney.

10. Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury (1740–1821), sixth baronet.
11. Amelia Elizabeth Caroline of Brunswick (1768–1821), unhappily married to the Prince of Wales, was then traveling with a rather notorious entourage on the Continent.
12. Joachim Murat (1767?–1815), king of Naples and, it was rumored, lover of Princess Caroline.
13. The Congress of Vienna, which lasted from September 1814 until June 1815, had been convened by the victorious Allies for the purpose of redrawing the map of Europe.
14. Jane Saunders (d. 1857), daughter of Richard Saunders, M.D., had in 1800 become the second wife of John Fane (1759–1841), tenth earl of Westmorland.
15. Pius VII (1740–1823), born Barnaba Gregorio Chiaramonti, was pope 1800–1823.
16. According to legend, the poet Sappho fell so desperately in love with Phaon, a handsome ferryman on the isle of Lesbos, that she jumped to her death from the cliffs.
17. Perhaps the Honorable Henry Frederick Compton Cavendish (1789–1873), son of the earl of Burlington. On going down from Trinity College, Cambridge, Cavendish entered the army. He rose to be a general, equerry to William IV, and chief equerry and clerk marshal to Queen Victoria. He was M.P. for Derby 1812–35.



Whitton. Monday, 13 Feb. [1815]

My dear Byron,

The day I wrote to you last, Wednesday, the 8th,<sup>1</sup> I wrote also one line to Mr. Winthrop, (one of the gentlemen whom you may recollect Sir S. Romilly recommended in an appeal case before the privy council) and wished him to appoint an early day on which I might have some conversation with him on your affairs. The subject of my talk I merely stated broadly—saying it related to a matter on which Ld. B. desired the opinion of counsel. He returned me for answer that after this day when term would end he would be much at my service. By which intimation I presume I am to understand that he will undertake the affair. Should he seem willing and fitting, of which I will inform you by Tuesday's post, you will be troubled again to write a line either to him or me—as without some sort of credentials I think he might not like to proceed. In selecting Winthrop I employed my own discretion, merely acting upon Sir J. Nichol and Sir S. Romilly's general recommendation—I hope you approve—

Thomas (Mr.) has sent me in your account, which, arrears and all, amounts to 4911£—after summing up, and bringing Cocker<sup>2</sup> to bear upon the figures, I find that if you borrowed the money at five per cent to redeem these annuities (for, like Legion, there are many of them) you would save just 165£ per annum, which out of 400£ per annum is no small deduction— All will do well—*contra audentior ito*—<sup>3</sup> By this day's post goes to you, under a frank from J. Becket<sup>4</sup> of the Home department Whitehall, the review of Leake—I please myself with thinking you will like it— If you do not, don't scruple (I am no archbishop) to tell me so and to send it back to me covered up so as not to be read at the secretary of State's office, in an *envelope* to J. Becket Esq. &c. as above.

It breaks off just where a disquisition on general topics without a

reference to Leake may well begin, and will begin well if you put pen to paper—I am sure that if you condescended to add a few sheets and to forward the whole at once to Constable,<sup>5</sup> I should have the delight of seeing my assailant bite the dust, even without the intervention of Moore—Not that I would compromise you (if there be the least dread of that) with your ancient antagonist and present admirer of the North.<sup>6</sup> Knowing your funds you see I do not scruple to draw on you either for prose or verse—as to the latter,<sup>7</sup> by the way, pray do that which I know you would do without asking, consult your ease. The lad should have a prologue from me but I find I can write nothing but bagatelle—The verses in the Chronicle did not appear—they were countermanded and I sent them to the person for whom they were written, old lady Sefton—<sup>8</sup> My compl'ts to the Ladies. Believe me your's always

John Hobhouse

1. Actually Hobhouse had last written to Byron on Thursday, 9 February.

2. *Cocker's Arithmetic* was a popular text reissued throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

3. "Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito" ("Do not retreat from evils, but bravely oppose them") (Virgil *Aeneid* 6. 95).

4. John Beckett (1775–1847), of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Inner Temple, served as under-secretary of state for the Home Office and M.P. He succeeded his father as second baronet in 1826.

5. Archibald Constable (1774–1824), the Scottish publisher of Walter Scott's works and the *Edinburgh Review*.

6. Francis Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

7. The prologue for Cavendish's *Merchant of Venice*, requested by Hobhouse in his letter of 9 February 1815.

8. The verses apparently do not survive. They were addressed to the dowager countess of Sefton, Isabella, daughter of the second earl of Harrington, who in 1758 had married Charles William (d. 1795), ninth Viscount Molyneux and later (1771) first earl of Sefton.

Cocoa Tree. Tuesday [14 February 1815]

My dear Byron—

I am just come from Mr. Winthrop who will gladly undertake the business— Do not therefore delay to write a letter to *him* stating that you wish him to examine certain accounts which will be laid before him by Mr. Hanson and also to give a legal opinion of and undertake the management of the case at present before the court of Chancery relative to your Rochdale property— You may either send the letter to B. Winthrop Esq. 4 Stone Buildings Lincoln's Inn or inclose it to me. It had better be written to him—I did not until he should hear from you, enter at large into the affair, but he, like Mr. Templeman, was of opinion that it was of the utmost necessity something should be done immediately— I hear Newstead is sold<sup>1</sup>—this makes it so much the more necessary that you should have a confidential counsel to prevent the appropriation of any part of the purchase money by any body— I tremble at Hanson's being one of the trustees and should like to say a word to Mr. Blake<sup>2</sup> the other trustee in order to put him on his guard. Where does he live? pray let Lady Byron or Mr. Hoare write to this Mr. Blake and inform him of the sale at once and desire him to have an eye upon the money. I do not mean only the 60,0000£ which is settled, but the remainder of the sum for which, I repeat, I tremble. I do not like appearances as to Mr. H. I assure you—I do not say more. I just asked a gentleman who knows every body, and without telling him why or wherefore, "what sort of character has Mr. H— in the profession["]—"A mighty indifferent one" was his answer— You must really get every thing settled with him at once, if you do not take the decisive step of changing your solicitor—which when you have examined the whole business thoroughly I think may be the case. Your counsel however will tell you what he thinks of the look of the matter. Do not fail on the receipt of this, to tell by immediate letter to Hanson

that you have appointed *Winthrop* and that you desire him to make a communication with Mr. W directly. I think it better I should see Hanson once more just to urge the necessity of promptitude in making out the account— When you have written to *Winthrop* I shall call on both W. & H. Pray my dear B. do not be bored by my writing & rewriting but take a little pains and all will be settled to your satisfaction. I hope I need not add how entirely I feel interested in your loosing no time & how convinced I am of the urgency of the case— Is Lady B. well? You must not forget to remember me respectfully in that quarter. I shall send the autograph of the Prince de Ligne<sup>3</sup> which I promised— Ever yours,

*John Hobhouse*

1. Claughton had reopened negotiations with Byron and Hanson, but again the discussions came to nothing.

2. Thomas Davison Bland.

3. See H to B, 27 February 1815 (enclosure).

Whitton. 15th February [1815]

Many thanks, my dear Byron, for the prologue<sup>1</sup> which I takes very kind of you— You must know when my request had gone I did repent me of the deed and figured to myself you pesting and exclaiming “the deuce and the March wind take him—he thinks I can draw verses out of my mouth as conjurers do ribbons.” The verses are gone off to Gayhurst<sup>2</sup> without any alteration except that I have put *wits* for *wags* and *form* instead of *pen* the scene. Not that I like *wits* and *form* better than the other words or perhaps quite so well but that I think a Bedfordshire audience crasso aëre natum<sup>3</sup> will understand the force of a plain word rather better than of a *recherché* phrase—this I apply to *wits* and *wags*. As for *form* I put it for the same reason, thinking that *pen* the scene would raise doubts in dunderheads. What *alter omit add amend* [thrice underlined]? No, the lion will not touch the true Prince.<sup>4</sup> In truth and in faith I know my business better! I expect Harry Cavendish to be overwhelmed with obligation & I have desired him to answer my letter that *I may have his gratitude under his hand*— So Newstead is sold for 110,000£, bating perhaps the 1600£ mentioned in Hanson’s letter—<sup>5</sup> This leaves near 50,000£ surplus above the 60,000£ or rather the 65,000£ which is to be left on mortgage, for the settlement. I understand from H. 30,000£ was to be paid in signing and 15,000£ on the Xmas of 1816— You are quite right as to laying hands on the sum yourself, and also as to placing it in *three* bankers hands,<sup>6</sup> provided always that neither of the three are Hanson’s bankers— You had better write to Claughton telling him that you wish him to pay the money to *yourself* or *friends* as you may chuse to appoint, not to Hanson— Send this letter to me & I will take care it goes to Claughton. To morrow according to your wish I shall try to see Hanson and find out where Claughton lives. I have said *friends* because if you chuse to say that Kinnaird for example and myself shall receive the money and lodge the sums with the three bankers the

matter will be done just as securely as if you came to town yourself. You must to be sure sign the papers yourself—but it seems to be as easy for an attorney's clerk to make the voyage to Durham and back with the papers as for you to go to London and back after them—I say this because I know your aversion (well founded enough god knows) to a long journey and because I wish well to Lady Byron's comforts and she I know must be loth indeed to part with you— Do not fail to tell Hanson by letter directly that you have appointed Winthrop. It is possible that in examining Hanson's accounts it may be necessary to call in another solicitor to give his opinion as to the charges—this Winthrop hinted to me and I told him you would have no objection to any scheme that might facilitate his researches. I must repeat that Winthrop can do nothing until you *order Hanson to wait upon him with all his papers*—ever your's truly

John Hobhouse

I inclose Hanson's letter—be sure that you keep it. I hope you took a copy of Claughton's letter to H—he had no business to say he had not time to copy it and to request to have it again— It is impossible to be certain that Claughton may not say that the sum was so & so—& if H turns rogueish what are you to do? There is no harm done yet, however.

—I sent this letter to Hanson to day—

Tuesday, Whitton.

Dear Sir—

I have heard from Lord Byron. He does appoint Mr. Winthrop to be his *confidential counsel*, and I write to that gentleman by this post to put him in readiness to receive you. He lives in Stone Buildings Lincoln's Inn, No. 4, the area— Mr. Winthrop will have the examination of the whole of Lord Byron's monied concerns, but I agree with you in thinking that it will be advisable at first to go into the Rochdale question.

His Lordship tells me he has mentioned his appointment of Mr. Winthrop to you. He is exceedingly eager to have the whole of his affairs brought to some settlement immediately. Allow me to hope that you have made some progress, as you were good enough to promise, in arranging and arraying your account against him—I remain your's &c very obediently,

*John Hobhouse*

1. See H to B, 9 February 1815.
2. A Buckinghamshire country house and village not far from the Bedfordshire border.
3. "Born in a dense air." Cf. "Boeotum in crasso jurares aere natum" (Horace *Epistulae* 2. 1. 244).
4. I *Henry IV*, 2. 4.
5. See B to H, 11 February 1815, where Byron announces that Claughton is about to close the bargain.
6. Hoare, Kinnaird, and Hammersley.

Whitton. Tuesday, Feb. 21, [1815]

My dear Byron,

Your letter and inclosure<sup>1</sup> came this morning—the latter I return—According to your desire I waited on Hanson by appointment on last Thursday when he read to me his correspondance with Claughton and yourself including a copy of the letter inclosed. I think he has been right in coming to some understanding respecting the interest for the intermediate space of time. The sum is large and worth looking after, and, whether given up by Claughton or not, will be an exceedingly good set off against giving up the 1600£ of rent. You will have *yourself* finally to determine whether, under all circumstances, you choose to close with the old purchaser at these or any other terms. Certainly it seems to me that he will not stick at 1600£—at any rate when he has received the hint respecting the interest. It will behove you of course to wait until you have Claughton's answer to Hanson's last proposition as to that interest. Should you sell to him, I will take care in case he comes to town to see him, and, of course, to do every thing you may think advisable for securing the purchase money. Before any thing is settled about Newstead it is not improbable you may have had a favorable opinion as to the Rochdale affair from Winthrop. This might have some influence upon your inclinations to accept or refuse the Claughtonian terms—and I am therefore anxious that the said Winthrop should have an immediate consultation with Hanson—You must positively *order* Hanson to produce without reserve all his papers before Winthrop beginning with the Rochdale accounts and case. I told Hanson in my last Thursday's meeting that you would probably appoint Winthrop—I shall write to the latter stating that you have transmitted directions to your solicitor and that I expect he will be called upon to act immediately. To the former also I shall give an intimation that he would do well to have his papers in readiness—



The solicitor spoke me fair, but fair speeches are of too old an invention to have any weight. He studiously avoided all talk both of the *counsel* and the *bill* I mean his bill—the two most important topics—on both of which I took the liberty to touch and was replied to only by *ayes* and *ohs*. Winthrop, however, will elicit answers less laconic.

Whatever one may think of that maxim of Cicero's which recommends treating friends as if they might one day become enemies<sup>2</sup> it is, to say the least of it, necessary to behave to our attorneys as if they might be our future defendants, or to think them rogues till you know they are honest. Let your man be as trust worthy as Fabricius,<sup>3</sup> he is nevertheless totally unfit to have the management of your monied concerns or those of any other man. He was literally incautious enough to own to me that he had *scarcely or ever kept any accounts against you*, at the same time that he talked of two thousand eight hundred pounds as a sum which would be sunk head and ears in the debtor side of your account. It is, I must at last under confidence say to you, however, my decided opinion that the gentleman's notions of *meum* and *tuum* are not well defined, and that he would not perhaps at all times hesitate at the amalgamation of these two pronouns into *suum*. I did not inform you that at our first meeting he opened the business with saying, "My Lord's concerns are not of great magnitude—the questions relative to them are comprised in a very small compass." This I took as it was doubtless intended as an (ill guarded) expression of pettishness at his having been written to several times by me & appointments having been made twice or thrice which he could not keep. I stopt him however by this interruption—"Whether small or great Mr. H. you must recollect that they involve the whole of Ld. B's property and are of as much importance to him as if millions were under consideration." He said no more—but what is the compass in which the affairs were comprised may be judged of by his keeping me two whole hours in explaining the matter. In the course of this talk he as often called you Lord Portsmouth as Lord Byron— You must come to an entire settlement with him whether you take your affairs out of his hands or not. Indeed in a year's time I hope you will have little or no need of an attorney— If your property is in Land you will have a regular steward at 30 or 40£ per annum to receive your rents on the spot and transmit them to your banker—if in money

you will employ your banker in London to receive and give you credit for your dividends. At all events I foresee golden days for you. Consent only to give yourself a little trouble for these few next months— You shall hear from me when I learn any thing either from Winthrop or Hanson—

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You rogue you have not read the review—by the lord I know it as well as if I were at your elbow. So you wont say a good word for me—well, well!<sup>4</sup> If you had only filled up the odd sheet with a few sentences purporting “we have taken some pains to enquire from those who have travelled in Greece & find Mr. H’s narratives &c. &c.—” This coming from you in your hand would have been worth twenty other eulogies—and would have produced an octavo edition in a year. Particularly serviceable would it have been now, as Holland’s book<sup>5</sup> will be out in March and being full of *quartz* and *limestone* and the *independant coal formation* will be reviewed and praised in the Edinburgh to a certainty. However thanks for what you are bestowing, & no grumblings for what you refuse—“The Lord hath given the Lord hath taken away blessed be the name of the Lord”<sup>6</sup> ever your’s

John Hobhouse

PS. This moment by threepenny post comes a letter from Henry Shepherd, begging me to ask you to subscribe half a guinea and allow the sanction of your name to some poems and a play published by subscription by an acquaintance of his a Miss Nooth.<sup>7</sup> Miss Nooth is to receive the money on delivery. I forward the request and intend to subscribe myself. She calls it “*Love in Sicily*.”]

1. B to H, 17 February 1815. The enclosure was a letter from Hanson to Byron.

2. “Ita amare oportere, ut si aliquando esset osurus” (“In our loving we should be prepared if love one day should turn to hate”) (Cicero *De Amicitia* 16. 59).

3. Gaius Luscinus Fabricius, a hero of the Punic Wars and a Roman consul, was renowned for his high-minded poverty and incorruptible honesty. Cicero holds him up as an exemplar of Roman virtue.

4. On 17 February, Byron had written with regard to the essay on Leake, "I like your essay vastly—but it is long enough in itself—without any additions from me—" He further explained in his letter of 24 February: "I think you will see on a little reflection that it was much better for me to be silent altogether about your 'Behemoth'—for obvious reasons—][effrey] would have looked upon it as an attempt rather to review you than the philologer."

5. Dr. (later Sir) Henry Holland (1788–1873) was a fashionable clinician, medical attendant to Caroline Princess of Wales on her travels in 1814 and later physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria. His *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia &c during 1812 and 1813* was published in 1815.

6. Job 1:21, Job's famous response to the afflictions capriciously heaped upon him.

7. Charlotte Nooth, author of *Original Poems, and a Play in Five Acts* (1815).

Whitton. Monday, 27 Feb. [1815]

My dear Byron,

On Saturday last I went to London and saw both Winthrop and Hanson. I was exceedingly pleased with the manner in which the former appears to interest himself in your affairs. He expressed himself honored with any employment from "so very considerable a person," and when I promised him all sorts of facilities on your part he said he doubted not thereof. He told me that Hanson had made *no* communication with him—that it would be impossible for him to make any further judgment of the Rochdale affair or any other than such as would appear from the papers which Hanson should lay before him. I entered (in confidence now that he is employed) into my suspicions and during some part of the detail he held up his hands & turned up his eyes, but he said that he thought you need not fear for the purchase-money of Newstead as you could have the money paid, according to your own suggestion, into the hands of your banker or your own or those of any friend. He recommended Mr. Bland the other trustee being put upon his guard. With respect to Hanson's bill he said the forms of the profession would not allow *him* to send for it, but that the procedure was for *you* to have it sent to *you* first, when *you* could send it to him, and that he would give you the best opinion as to all the charges. He recommended you *ordering Hanson most peremptorily* to lay the Rochdale business before him directly—and that he was right you will see by my conversation with Hanson. As to changing a trustee, it cannot be done without the former trustee voluntarily withdrawing, but here as I said before you have no great cause for regret. You can secure the money. Winthrop said he saw no great use in your coming up to London. He ended by assurances of exerting himself to the utmost when called upon to act: I have forgot to say that he told me you had informed him you were a *ward* in

chancery which rendered it impossible Hanson's accounts should be incurred up to your age of 21. Were you a ward in chancery?<sup>1</sup> and if you were, who was appointed by the Chancellor to pass your accounts? I thought Lord Carlisle<sup>2</sup> was your guardian—

I called on Hanson at Somerset House, and saw him for a few minutes. I asked him if he was getting ready for Winthrop—he said *no not yet he was plagued with cursed prosecutions at the Stamp Office which had prevented him, but he would begin when they were over.* I did not tell him what I might have said, “If so you will never begin for the prosecutions will *never* be over.” I said [“]for god's sake do make what haste you can. Lord B is very anxious to have the Rochdale affair quite settled”— He replied, [“] Well I will—[”] I was going away when he cried out, “Lord B desires me to do what I can about Newstead but I don't like to act without positive directions—besides I have not had Claughton's answer to my question about the Interest”— I answered, “I think you are right in not acting without a positive order from Lord B, although it is only a matter of 1600£ between Claughton and his Lordship, for I do not suppose you hope to get the 10,500£ interest[.]” “No,[”] (said Hanson) [“]we shant get that but I think Claughton will give up the 1600£. So you advise me not to act without hearing from Lord B?” Why (said I) I think I should not if I were you. At any rate you need not until you hear from Claughton—and so we parted—Now this will show you the necessity of writing *peremptorily* to Hanson ordering him to lay the Rochdale case before Winthrop directly—and ordering him to get ready your or rather his accounts. You must not indeed be mealy mouthed with him. I foresee that if you are he will never stir a step. He has not failed to hint to me that he does not find you [twice underlined] so eager as myself— If at one time he is to avoid doing your business on account of Lord Portsmouth's lunacy, and at another on account of prosecutions at the Stamp Office I see no consummation for you nor any other resource than taking your affairs out of his hands, *which I feel quite certain you will finally be obliged to do.* It will not be politic in you to show your anger until you are ready to quit him, but this policy need not prevent you from being decisive, which I again intreat you to be— Should Hanson turn out to be the honestest man in the King's dominions you have a right to be decisive with him and to complain, if need be, of the most wanton neglect of your interests— If you do not give a piece of your mind to him all my

applications will be totally useless and indeed ridiculous—ponder thou this, mon ami, and believe me now as in the beginning it was & ever will be, your very faithful

*John Hobhouse*

PS. I inclose the autograph of the Prince de Ligne for Lady Byron[.]

[Enclosure]

Whitton Park Feb 27, 1815

When at Seaham I promised your Ladyship an autograph of the Prince de Ligne and I now take the liberty of inclosing it with the following fair copy of the words of the billet doux which I should not presume to add were it not that I would willingly save your Ladyship the trouble of the many painful reperusals which it has cost me to decypher the hand writing of that divine old man. I must premise that I spent the last evening of my sojourn at Vienna (Nov: 28, 1813) at the House of the Prince de Ligne<sup>3</sup> who, when I was about to take leave of him with a formal but very sincere expression of thanks for all his kindness, intercepted me at once and walking with me in silence to the door of his little Saloon, took hold of my hand and saying "C'est avec beaucoup de peine que je vous quitte...je ne puis pas vous parler"<sup>4</sup>...retired into his apartment leaving me with this piece of paper in my grasp, of which, so much was I taken up with gazing for the last time at his majestic gentlemanly figure, I did not examine the contents until I returned to my lodgings. In addition to this history it is necessary to mention that the party at the Prince's had on that & the preceding Evening been relating stories of ghosts amongst which some English Spectres, arranged in such terrors as my scanty knowledge of the French tongue would enable me to give them, were honored with looks and exclamations of peculiar horror—hence the play on the word "Revenant." Excuse this marvellously tedious introduction which will make you dread the apparition of any second note from your Ladyship's faithful humble serv't

*John Hobhouse*

Je ne veux pas dire adieu a mon cher et bien aimable Monsieur H...mais je veux qu'il sache mes regrets de le voir partir, et combien Toute ma famille et moi, nous l'aimons. Sa société nous faisoit tant de plaisir sa gaité nous (en) inspiroit[.]  
Soyez vous même un "Revenant" cher Monsieur H... en attendant n'oubliez pas celui qui vous assure de son amitié, et consideration distinguée<sup>5</sup>

Ligne

Vienne cc28 Nov. 1813

Your Ladyship will see that the Prince knew how to say an agreeable thing, by the pains I have taken to transcribe his kind but unmerited compliments.

1. "I do not know who *passed* the accounts—but *ward* I was to my cost—." (B to H, 28 February 1815).

2. Frederick Howard (1748–1825), fifth earl of Carlisle, was a kinsman of Byron's, his father the fourth earl having married Byron's great-aunt the Honorable Isabella Byron. Carlisle had indeed been appointed Byron's guardian but had interfered little in his charge's affairs.

3. Charles Joseph, prince de Ligne (1735–1814), an Austrian appointed a Russian field marshal by Catherine II, had distinguished himself as a soldier, diplomat, and man of letters.

4. "I painfully take leave of you—I am not able to speak to you."

5. "I do not wish to say goodbye to my dear and very amiable Mr. H...but I want him to know my regret at seeing him depart, and how all my family and I love him. His society has given us so much pleasure, his gaiety has enlivened us. Do be a 'revenant,' dear Mr. H...meanwhile, do not forget one who assures you of his friendship and special regard."

Whitton. March 8 [1815]

My dear Byron—

I can only say that if you will come to Whitton you shall have all the beds and books in the house at your disposal.<sup>1</sup> You shall also and moreover have a sitting room altogether to yourself—shall have no staring at you—shall get up & go to bed when you please—“dine late or not at all”<sup>2</sup> as the poet says—In short shall have no complaint to make against any thing but dullness & ennui, the inseperable companions of a country life. You will be able to go up to London every day on business or what not if you like we being *only ten miles from Town*—

So here comes another letter from you,<sup>3</sup> saying you do not set off on Monday—well, set off when you will & come here if you can[.] I pant for a sight of you as the hart after the water brooks.<sup>4</sup> I do not think you could do otherwise than tell Hanson a piece of your mind, and though you seem to have given him a good slice of it, yet perhaps it is just as well that “all confidence should cease between a client and his attorney”—and it may only be regretted that any confidence has before subsisted between the two.

Mr H. cannot be more neglectful than he has been, though I dare say now that he is become a great man & that young Spooner is to be member for Andover he will be a little smart in his responses. Order again his laying the Rochdale affair before Winthrop, and tell him to get ready his accounts directly. If he demurs change your solicitor at once & get at your affairs by threatening a suit. You have tried all fair methods.

I believe I told you before that the forms of the profession render it impossible for Winthrop to move until Hanson comes to him with or sends his papers. I have written & spoken repeatedly, but the solicitor stands like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved—



The Duchess of Devonshire's house<sup>5</sup> is to be lett for 700£ per annum, which some consider to be a bargain. S.B. Davies has been enquiring for you in those quarters and probably you have had from him a statement of facts and fictions. If I can however be of any service employ me.

Mr. Jeffery's letter is certainly very handsome but I hope to god I shall not be obliged to exclaim with poor Ruff, "Indeed there has been such cutting and lopping here, I scarce know my own work again[.]"<sup>6</sup> If much is retrenched from the review of Leake's review it will be a great disservice to me, as it will be supposed that the strength of my case is taken and that nothing farther can be said than what is found in the Review, whereas I did not insert several instances of unfair blundering criticism which I should have subjoined had it not been for a due consideration of the nature of a Review— The more I read the more I am convinced of Leake's total incapacity—he is even wrong in dating back the Romaic to the twelfth century & I find in Coray a support of the very opinion which I had advanced in favour of the date of the 16th century for the epoch of the *present* form of Romaic. Even later than that period the Doric infinitive of the passive aorist was made use of, and the Greeks said *θέλω παραχθῆν* instead of *παραχθῆ* with the elision of the *υ*.<sup>7</sup>

I have had sad news from Greece. The editor of the *Hermes Logios*<sup>8</sup> has written me a long letter from Vienna, and tells me that "*la pauvre Grèce*" has suffered so dreadfully from a two years' plague that the progress of literature has been retarded by the care for life & health. Whole districts are become desolate— The lot of Athens has not been so distressing as that of the rest of Greece. Some Englishman<sup>9</sup> has founded and endowed a school— Mayhap this may have been done with your monies. So Kinnaird has been blabbing. It was not my intention to have mentioned the affair of Lord John's insolence until the close of the proceeding.<sup>10</sup> Had you been in the way I should of course have trusted you with my confidence on this occasion. He (Ld. J) wrote to Cambridge sometime ago, saying my conduct & that of my friends had been "unfair & unhandsome in the extreme" because I had applied to his dearest friends and nearest connexions without telling them that his son might some time or the other stand for the University." On learning this I wrote to Lord John to ask him if he had used the expression & if he had why or on what grounds, & told

him likewise that I had taken care to give it a contradiction as "totally unfounded & therefore unwarrantable" at Cambridge— He returned for answer that he presumed I had applied to the D. of Devonshire, after I knew his son would stand, but that if it was *before*, "he acknowledged his error, & offer'd his apologies"— I returned to this reply that it *was before* & that I consequently claimed his *apologies* for myself & friends. I forbid him at the same time to tell me what his opinions would have been in the supposition of the other case in a letter which with the whole of the correspondence I will show you when we meet—whether the affair is over or not yet I can not say— You shall hear all particulars as they rise. Adieu mon ami—ever your's truly

J. C. Hobhouse

—Did the autograph come to hand?

1. In his letter of 28 February, Byron had proposed a visit: "& if I come up to London—you will perhaps give me a bed & a book at Whitton—."

2. I have not been able to locate the quotation, but the sentiment is echoed in John Ray's *English Proverbs* (1628): "Who depends on another man's table often dines late."

3. B to H, 3 March 1815.

4. Psalms 42:1.

5. In his letter of 3 March, Byron had asked Hobhouse to make inquiries about possible rental of the duchess of Devonshire's house at 13 Piccadilly Terrace.

6. Jeffrey had told Byron that Hobhouse's essay would require "but a few retrenchments" and that "I shall probably abridge the part in which he responds to Mr. L[eake] as the critic of his former publication," Hobhouse being too interested a party to be entirely trusted as a judge. Byron had relayed these comments, along with Jeffrey's praise of the review, in his letter of 28 February.

7. "I wish to have been troubled."

8. A Romaic journal published at Vienna.

9. In 1814 Frederick North, later Lord Guilford, became the first president of a Society for the Promotion of Culture at Athens.

10. See H to B, [21 July 1814].

[19-24 March 1815]

My dear Byron—

Three weeks nearly are past since I have had a single line from you and it was from others I learnt you were on your transit to the South. The house in Piccadilly will I think suit you. It is large enough[,] commodious enough, and has all other sufficiencies. The hearing you were coming to London would have filled me with delight had I not been at that moment meditating a journey to France, which at present stands in force as far as leaving England goes for I actually exit this island as it were on Sunday next. I feel therefore a spite at that arrangement which will give others a chance of that gratification which in all common luck I ought to have enjoyed myself. Last week I applied for dispatches and in the midst of the general joy here at the expected demolition of Napoleon learnt with surprise on Monday last that our government did not choose to risk the persons of English Gentlemen at Paris & consequently the King's Messengers, vile damnum,<sup>1</sup> were to be hazarded instead of myself. From this moment I felt secure as to the event and I have since seen sundry from Paris who tell me that after the first five days all hope for the Bourbons has been even in the metropolis entirely extinguished.<sup>2</sup> However I go from London on or about Sunday morning next and shall wend my way to Belgium— In god's name give me one line wishing me well on my way and direct that line to the Cocoa Tree. I should tell you that I have called on *Winthrop* once or twice, since I last wrote to you but have not found him at home. I did not appoint him nor do I know that I had anything to say except to enquire if Hanson has made any communication to him. The last mentioned gentleman has been in the north, so I despair of his having stirred a step. It is my earnest recommendation that you *forthwith change* your solicitor and, from all I have heard of a Mr. Williams from D. Kinnaird and others, I know of

no man who will serve your turn better— The appointment of a solicitor into whose hands the whole of your concerns may at once be transferred from the lazy hands of H will simplify your own business, and Mr. Winthrop will then have some solicitor who will make all communications with him without reserve. Allow me to refer you to Kinnaird for a character of Williams and an opinion on this head, and let me add that if you think any point can be gained by my staying until you arrive in London I shall be most happy to attend to such appointment. The possibility of Belgium being at once over run by Napoleon, who they say must enter Paris to day, makes me in a hurry to move towards Brussels which I have never seen & wish to look at. I know not that I shall stay long abroad— God preserve you my dear Byron nobody loves you half so well for nobody knows you half so well as your very faithful

*John Hobhouse*

1. "A cheap loss."

2. Louis XVIII had fled from Paris the night of 19 March, and Napoleon had entered the city the next evening.

Saturday Cocoa Tree [25 March 1815]

My dear Byron—

I shall not go to morrow, being, like S.B. Davies, in waiting for letters and most especially for one from you which to be sure you do not mean to let me leave England without receiving. When on arriving here this day I found no letter from you I was only to be comforted by the many enquiries which have been made me respecting your movements which assured me that you have been equally silent to others. However I must make a humble petition for one line by return of post directed to the Cocoa Tree so that I may see your hand by Monday Morning.

You will come to London in time to meet a world of wonderment and I should certainly stay to make one of the gapers and gazers were it not that I think the short way to the Continent will be shut up in a day or two[.] My best respects to Lady Byron & believe me your's very faithfully,

*John Hobhouse*

Dover. Thursday [30 March 1815]

My dear Byron,

This place is full of miserable French who however are not so miserable as the English who likewise swarm in this dirty port de mer—No packets sail for France—and only one French ship is on return for that country, which ship having the conscience to ask me twenty five Louis for a passage instead of five, and to treat me as if I was running away from instead of towards the enemy I have declined accompanying the Gallic charabouchero and am here in waiting for an English vessel sailing to Ostend from which place I shall go to Ypres to see my brother the Captain<sup>1</sup> & thence to Brussels, and, if possible, thence to Paris. The folk here consider war as already begun and talk of providing against French privateers so that my project is looked upon as not a little absurd by all except one, and that one the worthy Pig Dalrymple,<sup>2</sup> the rejeffé of two schools, the husband of two wives, who to back his opinion of the security of staying has come away himself. *Dal* is a clever fellow but, I humbly suppose, [a] greater liar than Annannias and Zaphira<sup>3</sup> put together. By comparing, however, what he says with what I hear from General Scott<sup>4</sup> and others who are here I make out that Napoleon is seated for ever and that not even his death would place the Bourbons again on the throne. The change which has most delighted the Parisians is that which the most tickled you, the opening of the Sunday, and the restoration of the festivities of *Mi-Carême* or *half-Lent* the day for which, as *Dal* says, all the women made up their intrigues and were therefore in the very oestrus of disappointment and rage when the Duchess of Angoulême<sup>5</sup> put it down without due warning. The day on which Napoleon landed at Cannes was employed by the court at Paris in grubbing for the bones of the Dauphin and in burying those of an Archbishop of Paris who died some 24 years ago. It was necessary that some event should put a stop

to such terrible mummeries, and though the sort of change which has happened may not be quite so agreeable for "us that sell ales" when such monarchs fly despairing we should rejoice. The enthusiasm with which Napoleon was received by the soldiers and the ladies was never equalled—it drew iron tears down the cheek of the great conqueror himself[.] When he kissed the eagles presented to him by the chasseurs of the old guard the officers rushed round him and by a sort of involuntary emotion which might have daunted a less military mind drew their swords and flourished them in the air with shouts that shook the windows of the Tuilleries. The squadrons could not be prevented from galloping past him in the same enthusiastic fit of fervour and as if in the act of charging the enemy—although the Emperor repeatedly begged them to walk their horses that he might recognise the features and honorable scars of each of his old comrades. Whatever are his intentions he talks only of peace and Drouot<sup>6</sup> has been sent to Vienna with terms similar to those offered to him at Chatillon,<sup>7</sup> and also, it is said, with an offer of giving up all the French colonies to the House of Orange in exchange for Belgium.<sup>8</sup> Half a dozen packets are arrived from Ostend and bring no news except that Louis the Desired is still at that town and talks of a journey to Brussels. Dalrymple has talked me too late for the Thursday's post so you shall have this letter to morrow.

Friday afternoon

I was unable to go last night as the formalities of the accursed custom House prevented me. There have been no arrivals to day either from France or Flanders, nor as I hear, any reports of any kind. My chattels are shipped and I hope to depart to night. There is not a French ship in the harbour—flood tide and very little wind any way. It is a great bore, as it was, staying here, as it was—but I must wait the Lord Wellington's pleasure[.] I shall walk out a short time to collect reports if any there be.

There is none except that a Spanish messenger is arrived from Vienna and brings intelligence that the allies are arming fast—two boats from Boulogne bring passengers a few French but neither paper nor news, all reports tend to speak a pacific tendency in Napoleon and his government.

Farewell my dear Byron. I shall trouble you with another letter when I

reach Ostend. In the mean time with best compliments to your Lady believe me yours ever,

*John Hobhouse*

PS. If you see Lady Melbourne<sup>9</sup> you may say if you please that her letter is received and will be forwarded.

1. Captain Benjamin Hobhouse, the next eldest brother after John Cam, was then serving with the British forces in Belgium. He was orderly to General Sir Colin Halkett, and died shot in the neck at Quatre Bras. See *RLL*, 1:298-302.

2. John William Henry Dalrymple (1784-1840), later (1820) seventh earl of Stair. In 1808 Dalrymple had married Laura Manners, sister of the duchess of St. Albans. Subsequently Joanna Gordon brought suit charging that the marriage was illegal because according to Scottish law Dalrymple was still married to her. Sir William Scott held that the second marriage was invalid; the first was also eventually annulled.

3. Ananias and Sapphira were a husband and wife who lied to the Apostle Peter and subsequently fell down dead (see Acts 5:1-11).

4. General Thomas Scott (1745-1842).

5. Marie Thérèse Charlotte (1778-1851), the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antionette, was imprisoned with her parents in the Temple. After their deaths she was known as the "Orphan of the Temple." She married her first cousin, Louis Antoine de Bourbon, duc d'Angoulême.

6. Antoine Drouot (1774-1847), general and aide-de-camp to Napoleon, was called by him "le sage de la Grande Armée." Drouot accompanied the emperor to Elba.

7. At the Congress of Chatillon in February 1815, the plenipotentiaries of the Allies negotiating with Caulaincourt offered France peace on the conditions of a return to the borders of 1792, and the evacuation of French garrisons outside France and in certain French fortresses. Dissatisfied with Napoleon's counter offer, the Allies broke off negotiations on 19 March.

8. The head of the house of Orange was stadtholder of Holland. The Congress of Vienna had made Willem Frederik (1772-1843) the first king of the Netherlands, which consisted of Belgium and Holland.

9. Elizabeth Milbanke (d. 1818), daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke and sister of Byron's father-in-law of the same name, married in 1769 Sir Peniston Lamb, afterward Lord Melbourne. A beauty in her youth, Lady Melbourne won Byron's lasting regard with her charm, intelligence, and discretion. She was his confidante during his liaison with her daughter-in-law Lady Caroline Lamb and his courtship of her niece Annabella Milbanke.



Ostend. April 2, Tuesday, [1815]

My dear Byron,

We had a short passage of only 11 hours arriving by 8 this morning. My whole time since I have come to this pause[?], as the Frenchman said, has been spent in walking about the town and ramparts and hearing intelligence from sundry compatriots, but more especially Ld. Sligo and Rich'd: Prime<sup>1</sup> who are sanguine in the allied cause and think that, sooner or later, Napoleon, more or less, must succumb. They left Naples only three weeks ago, and I assure you, that his Lordship's account of the goings on of one or two of our illustrious females at that capital would be worth your hearing—amongst other things Lady Oxford frequented public places with your name stuck upon the front of her girdle or as some noble native said, *le nom de son dernier amant*<sup>2</sup>—which, by the way, is rather incorrect as you know—Ld. Sligo lived so Prime tells me very much in the King's (Murat's) confidence. The stories relative to the poor Lady to whom you introduced me at Kensington<sup>3</sup> are most incredible but the narrators say most true—Every one sane about her has left her except the Albanian, & she has taken a house on the Lago di Como, dit on, to lie in. The last lover is a courier, or huissier seven feet three inches high<sup>4</sup>—and the whole Italian world have cried scandal. The English are well received in Switzerland and Italy and generally speaking everywhere except in France, where they are pursued with cries of Roast Beef and other intolerable exclamations.

Such a state of affairs therefore they say cannot last long. The Queen of Naples<sup>5</sup> asked Lord Sligo whether it was true that the English had indeed let loose Napoleon upon France—They believe as much everywhere. Hostilities are supposed about to commence immediately and only to be waiting for some slight preliminaries on the part of the King of the Netherlands. Lord Wellington has not arrived at Brussels but is

expected daily— The King of France left this place on Thursday morning as did the Pere Elysée<sup>6</sup> and as I shall to morrow for Courtray near which place I hope to find my brother, & whence I shall proceed if possible thro' Brussels to France. Otherwise I go on to Aix La Chapelle, cross the Rhine at Cologne, proceed through Frankfort into Switzerland & thence to Italy, avoiding the Lago di Como by the way—"Ah amico se tu fosti meco"!!<sup>7</sup> But that's impossible— At this moment some one has fired a pistol shot in a neighbouring room of this sordid inn and I go to see if any one has shot himself. The door is locked of number 8. I send downstairs for the key. The door is opened and I see stretched on the bed a man his coat, but no man. The noise must have proceeded from the room above where a damn'd dragoon sleeps but will suffer no one else to sleep when his pistols want scaling. Ostend is crammed with military and knowing your aversion for every thing tainted with garrison manners I shall give you no more which may flavour of them—but conclude with threatening you with another missive from Brussels and with assuring you I am most truly yours,

John Hobhouse

1. Richard Prime (1784–1866), of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn, served as a magistrate of Sussex and as Conservative M.P. for West Sussex 1847–54.

2. "The name of her last lover." Elsewhere Hobhouse reports that the picture of Byron was said to have ornamented Lady Oxford's girdle (see RLL 1:231).

3. Princess Caroline.

4. Bartolomeo Pergami (or Bergami) had entered the princess's service in October 1814 at Milan. The tall (not to say seven-foot), handsome former military man served her as courier, traveling companion, and, it was widely believed, lover. Princess Caroline made him a Sicilian baron, a Knight of Malta, and head of an order of her own devising, the Knights of St. Caroline. She further rewarded Pergami with appointments and honors for his family, with whom she surrounded herself at Pesaro from 1817 until her return to England in 1820. Pergami died in a tavern in 1841.

5. Caroline Buonaparte (1782–1839), Napoleon's youngest sister, had married Joachim Murat. After 1815 she was styled comtesse de Lipona, an anagram of "Napoli."

6. Marie-Vincent Talochon (1753–1817), known as le père Elisée, was a Brother of Charity, surgeon, and professor of anatomy. He had emigrated in 1791, was appointed physician to Louis XVIII in 1797, and became known as an enigmatic, slightly sinister influence at court.

7. "Ah, my friend, if only you were with me."

Brussels. Monday, April 10, [1815]

My dear Byron,

Since I wrote last little progress has been made in my journey. I have gone down to the frontiers to get a sight of my brother and I have come up to this town of Brussels from which I depart in half an hour for France against all advice—even that of the Duke of Wellington whose positive exhortation against such a measure I received just now. I will tell you that if I am detained I shall not much grieve—what can I do better than loose my time in a country much finer and under a finer sky than I should do were I to stay at home. I have no occupation nor a chance of any. A man quite idle and taking no part either in the business or amusements of his fellow citizens becomes an eye sore—However I shall not assume an air of melancholy Christian resignation as if I was already caught and on my knees before a file of musqueteers, for by him that made me I apprehend no sort of difficulty or danger. If you should ever think of coming abroad I think I could recommend Brussels as a pleasant residence as far as the town is concerned—the company is just that which you may get at the West End being chiefly composed of English. At present it swarms with soldiers red blue and grey a sort of biped not much in your good graces. The King of the Netherlands, whom by the way I have not had the curiosity to see although I sat over him & his box at the play house the other night, calls himself in his proclamations *Le Bon Roi* which I think pretty well for a man whose reign commenced on the 28th of last March and whom I saw or rather left in the theatre quite deserted by the 250 people who were in the house & who never waited to applaud him as he retired. His goodness I presume rests like that of his ancestor William (of whom you know what Burnett says) upon his having only one vice and upon being in that extremely secret and cautious.<sup>1</sup> His majesty's troops of Belgium will not it is thought trouble him long with

their allegiance. The Prince of Orange<sup>2</sup> has had his ugly little head quite turned by his command— He sent the other day to young Charles Somerset<sup>3</sup> and said "So Sir I hear you said Napoleon is a great man[.]" ["Yes your R. Highness I did." Well, continued the Orange, if you say so again I shall bring you to a court martial. He sent a message to the guards the other day to tell them that he understood the young ones at the bottom of the table were in the habit of drinking *Vive Napoleon* and that although they might drink *Vive la Guerre* he would punish them if they toasted the Emperor. His poor father is shreds and patches. As for Louis the Desired, four deserters are the only souls alive who have come over from Napoleon to join him since he entered this kingdom—201 troopers came over either the same day or the day after he escaped into the frontier. I call it an escape because the Duke de Berri<sup>4</sup> told an officer who told me that Mortiers<sup>5</sup> had positive orders to stop the King at Lille and communicated the same to his majesty with an exhortation to make the best of his way to a place of safety. My brother received him at the frontier being quartered at Menin and delegated to be the French dragoman of the Colonel of his regiment. All he said was, would your Majesty like to have a guard to accompany you to the next post (for he had not a soldier with him)[.] "Certainly,["] the King replied, ["and I should thank you to send an estafette and order 30 post horses at the next stages. I thank you for your attention"— At this time the fugitive was sitting in his carriage waiting for post horses at the Inn door where he remained half an hour. Some of the officers of the 69th said he was crying but Ben tells me he saw no tears, although I cant think he (Louis) could have had any more decided proof of his return to private life than his being obliged to wait for post horses, and that at his very first departure from the territory in which he had been acknowledged as King. I have got to arrive at Mons before dark which makes me close this letter with all usual not insincere assurances of regard and affection on the part of, my dear Byron, your very faithful friend & servt:

John Hobhouse

PS. I commend myself to her Ladyship's prayers—if you have not taught her to omit them, and if you see Lady Jersey<sup>6</sup> ever do tell her I am risking liberty and life for the sake of conveying her parcel & letter to the Marquise de Coigny.<sup>7</sup>

1. Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Sarum, says of William III of England, prince of the House of Orange, "He had no vice, but of one sort, in which he was very cautious and secret" (*Burnet's History of His Own Times* [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1823], 3:125). William was reputed to have had homosexual affairs.

2. Willem Frederik George Lodewijk (1792–1849) was king of the Netherlands 1840–49. He fought in Spain under Wellington and commanded the Dutch army at Waterloo.

3. Hobbhouse seems to have confused Lord Charles Somerset's two eldest sons. In RLL, 1:238, he writes that the encounter with Prince William involved "young Charles Somerset, eldest son of Lord C. of that ilk." The first son, however, was Henry (1794–1862), a soldier later knighted, who rose to become a lieutenant general and commander-in-chief at Bombay. Charles Henry (1800–1835), the second son, later attained the rank of lieutenant colonel in the army.

4. Charles Ferdinand de Bourbon (1778–1820), duc de Berry, was the second son of the comte d'Artois (Charles X) and a nephew of Louis XVI.

5. Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph Mortier (1768–1835), duc de Trévise, was a marshal of France and a member of the Chamber of Deputies (1816) and later the Chamber of Peers. He served as premier of France 1834–1835.

6. Lady Sarah Sophia Fane (d. 1867), eldest daughter of the tenth earl of Westmoreland and heiress to her grandfather Robert Child's great fortune, married in 1804 George Villiers (1773–1859), who succeeded as fifth earl of Jersey in 1805. A beauty and arbiter of fashion, Lady Jersey remained a loyal friend to Byron during the scandal of his separation.

7. Louise Marthe de Conflans d'Armentières, wife of François Marie Casimir de Franquetot (1756–1816), heir presumptive to the duc de Coigny.

Paris the 13 April 1815

My dear Byron,

The journey to this place was performed without difficulty and with very little interruption—only the people stared all the way that an Englishman should venture to come in when all his country men had gone out. The custom House at Valenciennes was not quite so polite as could be wished but delayed me only an hour and a half. The sole difference I find in France in 1815 and France in 1814 is in the “bits of striped bunting” which the facetious personage of our ministry at home has with such decried[?]<sup>1</sup>— Every body here breathes peace, which our wiseacres I suppose will think a reason for going to war, and which, indeed, if the overthrow of the government here be possible at all will be a sufficient reason. The soldiers will fight until not a tithe of them is left.

The people I doubt, but I am sure they will not take part with an allied army under any pretence[.] Under all circumstances I own to you, although any predictions in this age of miracles are ridiculous, that I do not consider the success of these second[?]<sup>2</sup> allies as altogether impossible, except they talk of restoring the Bourbons. If they should propose the Duke of Orleans<sup>1</sup> or any state of freedom to the French people I imagine no movement would be made to assist the military and their chief.

Napoleon has made himself to say the least very suspect by banishing the King's Household troops to 30 leagues from Paris. Kinnaird will tell you all Lord K. [Kinnaird]<sup>2</sup> says—but, *entre nous*, his Lordship is a little mistaken and Madame La Duchesse de Bassano<sup>3</sup> has bitten him to some purpose. I heard a man say publickly at a table d'hôte, By god if I had had the management of things, that man should have been knocked on the head before he got to Grenoble— The poor King, who by the way is caricatured here just as I recollect Napoleon was last

year, was determined to fight it out at the Tuileries, and it is a fact that he was lifted into his carriage by force by some of the national guards—it is no less true that the Duke de Berri and the Duchesse d'Angouleme have lost him his throne to say nothing of Monsieur<sup>4</sup>—the Duke d'Angouleme<sup>5</sup> was doing well in the south when his wife wrote to Spain for troops and caused every Frenchman to leave the standard that was to be supported by foreigners. I will give you a speech of that pious lady—some generals were talking to her of what they would do to defend the King when she interrupted them “plus de vos belles paroles Messieurs *je veux du Sang.* [”]”<sup>6</sup> Her bloody Highness would have caused a revolution in spite of all the goodness of the King if Napoleon had never appeared. I have not seen that great man yet and shall stay until Sunday, when he reviews the national guards, on purpose to see him. I am promised a ticket to the Tuileries. Afterwards I shall set out on my way to Geneva, if I can. There has been no detention yet but I own I expect there will when war begins, which I think inevitable—At Brussels as I told you in my last it is thought to be certain by the person who will have the principal hand in it I mean the D. of Wellington—

I am far from thinking that the issue will certainly be favorable to the new Empire. The crown which was positively offered to the Duke of Orleans six months ago by those principally concerned in bringing in or rather in aiding, for he brought himself in, Napoleon may at least last be pried from him against his will. The annihilation of the present military i.e. of about 300,000 souls must intervene—that is not impossible but is not very likely you will say and I agree. Farewell—do give me one line directed to me at Poste Restante, Geneva.

1. Louis Philippe (1773–1850), duc d'Orléans, was proclaimed “Citizen King” in 1830 on the deposition of Charles X and reigned until the revolution of 1848.

2. Charles Kinnaird (1780–1826) succeeded as eighth Baron Kinnaird in 1805; he served as Whig M.P. for Leominster prior to inheriting the peerage.

3. Marie Madeleine Lejéas (1780–1827), daughter of the mayor of Dijon, married Hugues Bernard Maret, later duc de Bassano, in 1801.

4. Charles de Bourbon (1757–1836), comte d'Artois and later (1824–30) Charles X.

5. Louis Antoine de Bourbon (1775–1844), duc d'Angoulême, was the elder son of Charles X. He renounced the French throne in 1830 but was held by the Legitimists to be Louis XIX. His wife was Marie Thérèse, daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

6. "Enough of your pretty speeches, gentlemen, *I want blood.*"



Paris. April 16, [1815]

My dear Byron,

I had the good fortune to day to see the Review of the National Guards by Napoleon, being taken in to the apartment of the Queen Hortense of Holland<sup>1</sup> by Mr. de Flahaut the Emperor's aide-de-camp. The said queen was at one of the windows, and behaved so little like one of her rank, that I stood by her for some time without discovering her majesty, and only supposing that she was an exceedingly well-bred, discerning, polite personage of the court. She asked me if I had ever seen the Emperor? I told her I had not. On which she said, you had better get up on this chair behind me. I excused myself out of fear, as I expressed myself, of spoiling the velvet coverings of the chair; when Madame the Duchess of Vicenza<sup>2</sup> said, "he need be under no alarm, for the Duchess of Serrent<sup>3</sup> (whom you may recollect was a great favorite of Louis XVIII and went away with him) has left them and all the furniture in a most miraculous state of nastiness." About 30,000 of the National guard were to be reviewed, and two thirds of them had entered into the place de Carrousel when we heard the cry of *Vive l'Empereur*. Mr. de Latour Maubourg<sup>4</sup> hurried me off to get a place near him when he mounted his horse; but we came too late—he was gone—we had not however waited five minutes before we heard the same cry, and lo I saw galloping on a grey horse, in front of the first line of the troops, a soldier waving a sword. It was the Emperor. No, it was not the Emperor,—for a hundred paces behind him came Napoleon, cantering on a white horse, followed by the Marshalls and generals of his staff. I was standing on the steps of the great staircase. Napoleon suddenly made a halt: an old soldier, who was leaning over me, exclaimed, "Look there! how he stops to see a petition of the meanest private in the army." In fact, he was talking to one who gave him a paper.—I should tell you, that great apprehensions were

entertained of the event of this day:—from well informed persons, I had heard that the republican party would strike a great blow. Even when in the Queen of Holland's apartment, the Duchess of Vicenza (Madame Caulincourt) said half to me half to Mons. Maubourgh, "I fear nothing from the military—I only don't like the looks of those men in plain cloathes upon the steps."— Mons'r: Maubourgh replied, "pray don't be alarmed—I assure you I have not the least fear." On which the Duchess, who, let it be said, is just the sweetest woman breathing, returned, "Oh, Sir, it is natural you should have more courage than I."—

So much is now said of a republic, that Madame Caulincourt's apprehensions were reasonable enough, especially as common report had fixed this Sunday for that which Bellingham<sup>5</sup> called playing a trump card. But to go on with the adventures: Napoleon rode at the same pace before all the regiments of the guards, and having finished his review of them in line, he advanced in to the middle of the Square, and the principal officers of the Guards National being called out, he spoke to them a few sentences, which were interrupted by shouts; I was close to him, but could not hear a word, nor see his face— Afterwards, however, he placed himself nearer the palace and dispositions were made for the troops passing him in review order— Monsieur Latour Maubourg gave me in charge to two Officers of the line, who put me within ten paces of him— A regiment or so had passed him, when he suddenly flung his foot out of the stirrip, and, dismounting, put himself on foot in front of his staff, the chief part of whom got off their horses also.— He, however, stood several paces on each side, apart from any attendant, and in front of the cortege— It was then I had the best, and indeed a complete, opportunity of gazing at him, from top to toe:—he & I were in the same posture & place for at least an hour.— Of the thousands near him, he was the only one drest with the most entire simplicity, he had on the uniform of a colonel of the national guards, a small white star on his left breast, & one cross hanging from his button hole— His hat had neither feather nor tassel, but only the small tricoloured cockade with which he is usually drawn— He stood always with his arms either knit behind his back, or folded before him, except when he altered his position to take snuff, or to play with his nose or to turn round to speak, or to take a petition— He is in face a most complete counterpart of Sir James

Crawford:<sup>6</sup> I think I have never seen brothers so much alike. The upper part of his body is not large nor has he what we call a paunch, but towards the abdomen he swells out certainly in an unseemly manner so much so indeed that an interregnum was visible between the vest & smallcloathes. I observed he spoke very little: he had the air sometimes of whistling, sometimes he gaped a little—then he looked about him, rather joining than knitting his eyebrows. One or two ridiculous scenes, such as *children* marching before him in uniform, occurred at which time he adroitly contrived to be looking another way. Once, however, he thought proper to second the universal laugh, by taking from the hand of a young creature (dressed out with a false beard & battle axe to represent a pioneer) not nine years old, & who marched before the band of one of the regiments, a petition with his own hands, & to appear to read it attentively[.] Another time, a man rushed from the ranks up to him;—two grenadiers of the old guard laid hold of the intruder; but Napoleon made signs to him to advance, and spoke to him for two minutes. I could not hear what he said, but the poor fellow had his hand on his heart, & spoke with the utmost eagerness, & departed with the most apparent content.— There was some little confusion when he advanced, except in the face of Napoleon, which remained pale & unmoved. Napoleon has exactly the same habit of apparent *chewing*, which is remarked and reprobated in Kean—<sup>7</sup> He smiled now and then, but showed no particular signs of satisfaction, except at the end of the review, when the boys of the *ecole polytechnique* marched by him, roaring and throwing about their hats in an agony of delight, & when he turned himself on both sides to those near him, & seemed charmed with their enthusiasm.— Many hundreds of petitions were given into him, and generally handed over to a grenadier of the old guard, who stood on his left hand— Young general Flahaut his aide de camp brought Lady Kinnaird<sup>8</sup> amongst the officers behind him, in the middle of the review: the movement made some bustle[.] Napoleon turned round, and seeing Lady K. who blushed and dropt curtsies, made her a most polite bow. He is the idol of the women— I forgot to mention, that he has a sort of *ashmatic* movement in his neck, or appearance of compressing some emotion rather mental than bodily, although I have no doubt it is entirely bodily— It is a half-sigh.— I have reason to believe, that, knowing the predictions as to the event

of the day, he chose to put himself on foot, to show his unconcern; and certainly had any one wished him ill, & chosen to [torn page] *be-deciarise*[?] himself, he might have done it easily—I might have done it myself. But the man has no fear of any kind.— The story goes, this great deed is to be done by a woman:— But Paris is now like the trumpet, which, having been frozen a long time and at last thawed, throws out a thousand discordant, senseless sounds— 'Twill be impossible to pronounce respecting the [torn page] government of France until the allies either make or refrain from a movement, and until the meeting of the electoral colleges in May. Every body talks of the new constitution, which will assure the peace of France, or at least her unanimity. *If Napoleon were to die to morrow, Louis XVIII. could never mount the throne.* Lord Castlereagh thinks otherwise—and he is a dunce, the common scorn & laughter of the continent—: tell him so in Parliament—ever your most faithful

John Hobhouse

1. Hortense de Beauharnais (1783–1837), daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband the vicomte de Beauharnais, married Louis Bonaparte, later king of Holland, in 1802. Their son became Napoleon III.

2. Adrienne Hervée Louise de Carbonnel de Canisy (1785–1876) was the wife of Armand, marquis de Caulaincourt and duc de Vicence (1772–1827), a general and diplomat who served as amabasador to Russia (1807–1827), and minister of foreign affairs in 1813–14 and during the Hundred Days.

3. Bonne Marie Felicité de Montmorency-Luxembourg, wife of Armand Louis, duc de Serent (1736–1822).

4. Marie Victor Nicholas de Fay (1768–1850), marquis de Latour Maubourg, was a soldier distinguished in the Egyptian, Spanish, German, and Russian campaigns and a statesman.

5. Presumably William Bellingham (d. 1826), secretary to William Pitt, commissioner of the Navy, and M.P. for Reigate.

6. Sir James Crawford (d. 1839), second baronet, of Kilbirney, Stirlingshire.

7. Edmund Kean the actor.

8. Lady Olivia Letitia Catherine Fitzgerald, youngest daughter of William Robert, second duke of Leinster, married Lord Kinnaird in 1806.

Paris. April 27, [1815]

My dear Byron,

It is not all together off the cards that your ode<sup>1</sup> with some little alteration may go through twenty more editions. Dreadful alarms prevail amongst the friends of the court, and one or two English admirers<sup>2</sup> think of formally denouncing a suspicious character or so close to the Imperial person from whom in their wisdom they apprehend great danger. I have done my utmost to learn the truth from all parties, and assure you that such is the present state of uncertainty about every thing, that I defy Solomon himself in all his glory to make a probable prophecy. One dreadful truth appears daily more evident, that blood will be spilt at least in the capital but do not mistake—not one drop for the Bourbons—on the contrary their partizans will be the first to fall—The Imperialists may sacrifice them to the vengeance of the republicans or the republicans to the fears of the Imperialists. The Imperial guard is still at Paris—and the Emperor also. They talk of his taking the field directly but I believe it not, first because he has declared and all here declare that the French will not strike the first blow, and secondly because Bertrand<sup>3</sup> Grand Marshall of the Palace is to send to day five or six tickets for some English to see Napoleon at Mass on Sunday next—I have seen this Micromegas<sup>4</sup> twice since I wrote to you. All cry out for Peace with England, Peace with England. The politicians may think this the very time for making war, and wading through slaughter a second time to the French capital. I feel secure that half a million of Frenchmen would at this moment willingly resign their lives under the hands of the executioner for the sake of securing the man of their choice. What will they not do in the field of battle? I do not say they may not be beaten, on the contrary I rather think they will. The republic however is the cry even of his partizans, for the sake of union against the general enemy, and

even of many royalists for the same reason. I know several who have entered into the Imperial Guard merely because they think it their duty to defend their country under Cromwell as well as Charles—<sup>5</sup> A most unfavorable change has taken place for the Imperialists since the publication of the new constitution on Sunday—they let fly a joke at it on Monday in a paper— A man goes to a bookseller's shop [and] asks for the constitution of 1815. The shopman replies, "Very sorry Sir! but we don't sell *periodical publications*.""] The good people here really expected that the Emperor would say that he waited for the meeting of the Electoral colleges on the 26th of May to receive his crown from the hands of the people. Instead of that, he confirms every one of the old constitutions of the Empire which his abdication & the constitutional charter of Louis had annulled—

The hereditary nobles, and the personal representation of the army, shock every body. It is grown *mauvais ton* to say a word in his defence, but the soldiers will not fight a bit the worse, and barring domestic treason, the allies are not a whit advanced by these faults, for faults they are, and so great that I think Napoleon had better have declared at once that the army had given him his throne & by the army he would keep it. Not that the people will rise against him if the allies enter France. I hope our stupid bloodthirsty ministers do not expect that. There will never I think be a French sword drawn for the Bourbons again except perhaps by the shop keepers of Marseilles.<sup>6</sup> Farewell. I beg my respects to My Lady and am very truly your's—

JCH

1. *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, published 16 April 1814, seven days after Byron had received news of the emperor's abdication.

2. Possibly Hobhouse's friends Lord and Lady Kinnaird or Mrs. Bailly Wallis, who were then at Paris and who frequented public ceremonies and private gatherings where the emperor and his circle appeared.

3. Comte Henri Gratien Bertrand (1772–1844), a general who served throughout the imperial campaigns and accompanied Napoleon to Elba and St. Helena.

4. "Little great man." The name belongs to the title character of Voltaire's satire (1752).

5. That is, under usurper or legitimate monarch.

6. Marseilles had been the center of the duc d'Angoulême's resistance. For Hobhouse's account of the reduction of Marseilles, see *RLL*, 1:258.

Paris. May 9, [1815]

My dear Byron,

A letter this day arrived has brought me news which induces me to contemplate a male counterpart of Pamela or virtue rewarded, divested of all servile conditions and comparisons. The Peer is defunct, and the lady, as those must wish to be who love their Lords.<sup>1</sup> Well, I always said so, and considering probabilities, no great credit for me neither— This letter incloses a small ring which I beg her Ladyship will condescend to accept, fausto omine, “a young Napoleon—” “*Torquatus volo parvulus*”—<sup>2</sup> The Dictator, as he now stiles himself, is making advances in popular favour, and the promptitude with which he has listened to public opinion in convoking the representatives of the people simultaneously with the electoral colleges, which are to meet at the end of this month, contrary, it must be owned, to his original intention at the publication of the new constitution, has convinced the people of their own power and of his good sense, the best guarantees for a future establishment of all things on a liberal basis. It is natural to suspect the intentions of such a person, but as we know of no safeguard against the perversities of Princes but an uninterrupted exertion of popular influence, and as the world is too old to trust to any other virtue except that which originates from wholesome restraints, I do not see what wisdom there is in wishing to find, or waiting for, in Napoleon that self controuling principle divested of all selfish inclinations which regulates the conduct of no human individual much less of any sovereign— If our sage government have any desire to prescribe just bounds to the internal capacity for exertion in the Emperor, they must not go to war, & they must leave him and his subjects to settle the terms upon which his present dictatorship is to assume the shape of regular authority. A contrary conduct insures the chance at least of wresting from the admiration

and gratitude of a nation whom he may save from dismemberment that absolute power which alone forms all the pretext of the present aggressive system on the part of the allies. Already there are symptoms of a wish on the part of the military and a portion of the republicans themselves to leave unshackled the hands of the executive until the great question of national independance shall be settled by an appeal to arms. I recollect well that the day after the constitution appeared a very liberal person<sup>3</sup> who had been in the King's household, and was banished by the Imperial edict on that account, and who moreover was the very man who prevented the blowing up of Paris upon the entry of the allies, upon my asking him his opinion on the new plan for national liberty said, "Oh we have one thing to do first—to fight you gentlemen." In the same spirit there appear every day, in the midst of the various remonstrances against the form and the articles of the constitution, pamphlets and single sheets appealing to the people of the necessity of trusting the sovereign power to the man who can the best ward off foreign invasions, and this line of argument is adopted by an additional number of reasoners and in stronger terms in proportion as the expectation of war becomes more general and decisive. As long as there remained any hopes of England retaining her friendly demonstrations in favour of France, no one dared to oppose the cry of liberty, or to advance any other demand as a requisite preliminary, but since the majority of 273 in support of war or rather against peace, increasing alarm has suggested the necessity of confiding supreme power to the hands in which it has been, by the fortune & predominance of a great man, already placed. Several brochures have appeared with these & similar titles—"A Dictator is requisite"—"The People and a Dictator will save our honour and our country—Let us talk of a constitution afterwards"—

It cannot be said that the Emperor throws difficulties in the way of peace for the sake of encouraging that state of warfare which may suggest these excuses for despotism for if ever a government was sincere, and had reason to be so in wishing for peace, it is that of Paris at this present moment— Whatever may be the inclinations of Napoleon or his future views, no doubt can be thrown upon his immediate efforts for the establishment of peaceful relations with all the powers of Europe— Convinced of the augmented influence which would be bestowed upon himself personally by any great military



success, he is too good a judge of the chances of war to put his crown & life at once to such a test. Add besides that it is absolutely indispensable that he should keep the first promise he made to his subjects in reentering upon sovereign power, that he would do his utmost to maintain the peace. The unrestrained liberty or rather license of the press & of conversation prevents the possibility of an immediate recurrence on his part to his ancient principles of military despotism—which however, I repeat, may be forced upon him by the emergency of foreign invasion. If upon no better grounds than those alledged by the allies, France is attacked, every friend to freedom must wish her success. The question of Napoleon's character need not be considered by us, for in the present state of this country it concerns France alone. We have nothing to dread from it except we begin the attack. Nothing indeed can be more preposterous than the conduct of England—she sees a snare in that moderation in which Napoleon now places all his glory; and if he were otherwise would go to war with his intemperance. The same acquaintance with the versatility of military fortune which is one of the inducements that prevent the Emperor from staking every thing on that die should surely have some weight with the allied cabinets. With all their good wishes for action I presume that the reason which has kept them from immediate operations has been a fear of being matched in the field by a preponderating force—but if this fear (and there could be no other) had any influence before, it should augment rather than diminish in importance as the completion of the French regiments proceeds with reduplicating vigour— The King left the army at about 85,000 men—there are now at least 220,000 in the field & within these ten days, 10,000 have marched daily through Paris, at least so says the minister at war, and I can answer for unceasing drums and chauntings of the Marseilles hymn by long lines of recruits through all the streets at every hour in each day— This army may be beat, the days of Rosbach<sup>4</sup> may return, all is possible but I suppose that all of you are agreed we shall be ruined by the victory—*κλαίει [ὁ] νικηθεὶς, ὁ δὲ νικήσας ἀπώλolen.*<sup>5</sup>

Pray let me know whether you think we shall have peace or war, and direct to Perregaux & Co. Paris—ever yours,

J.C.H.

May 15, 12:00 [Raga]muffins of the fauxboroughs St. Antoine & St. Monceau passed before the Emperor at the review yesterday—as they marched through the streets they cried *a bas la canaille a bas les royalistes*<sup>6</sup>—the fellows looked like our dustmen. After what is contained in the *Moniteur* of yesterday (14) I suppose Castlereagh will be hanged.<sup>7</sup> I shall see the original papers.

Let me request you will send these letters to their address.

1. Thomas Noel (1745–1815), Viscount Wentworth, had died on 17 April; he had lost his wife on 29 June 1814. When Hobhouse had attempted to encourage the newly married Byron about his financial prospects, reminding him that Annabella was after her mother the heiress of Lord Wentworth's fortune, Byron had replied, "... The Baronet is eternal—the Viscount immortal—and my Lady (*senior*) without end." (B to H, 26 January 1815).

2. "Fausto omine" ("a favorable omen") appears in Ovid *Metamorphoses* 6. 448–49: "... *dextra dextrae / junqitur, et fausto committitur / omine sermo.*" "Torquatus volo parvulus," is the beginning of the passage in Catullus (*Carmina* 61. 209), where the poet says that he would like to see a little Torquatus, cradled in his mother's arms, reaching out and smiling to his father.

3. Jerome Annibal Joseph Renaud de Bologne (1761–1835), baron de Lascours, a magistrate and legislator.

4. A Prussian village where, on 5 November 1757, Frederic II crushed the French troops commanded by the prince de Soubise.

5. "The vanquished weep, but the victor is utterly destroyed" (source unidentified).

6. "Down with the mob, down with the royalists!"

7. On 2 May, Castlereagh had addressed Parliament with a false circumstantial narrative intended to demonstrate the treachery of Murat. In his diary entry for 14 May, Hobhouse reports the *Moniteur's* "cunning account" of Castlereagh's use of the forgeries (Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations).

Paris. Tuesday, May 23, [1815]

My dear Byron,

I cannot let any opportunity pass of writing, as I feel, without any affectation, an indescribable comfort in the only sort of communication which remains for me. Not that this regard, like what is called the tender passion, arises from idleness, for, without doing one useful thing on earth, my time is pretty much filled up here—what with visiting & receiving of visits, walking & staring and giving and taking of news, together with my crying sin of scribbling brochures in bad French, I fill up my measure of daily existence with something less of ennui than usual. I have besides one or two little bye jobs on my hands which I will explain when we meet. The Edinburgh Review is arrived<sup>1</sup>—I am much pleased except with the perpetual blunders in the Greek types—The argument respecting the εἶμαι is entirely lost by the printer leaving out the accent ζ.<sup>2</sup> I hope to all heaven the critic is not guessed at, if he is the whole weight of the censure is lost—I rather guess that the wags have begun operations upon the new committee.<sup>3</sup> & I think I recognize our friend Douglas in a paragraph of the Chronicle May 16 in which a wiper is given in Italic type against the author or authors of the said pleasantries. I opine the Pie Voleuse<sup>4</sup> will answer well especially if got up immediately. It is worthwhile to read a horrid anecdote in the Journal de l'Empire of May 19—if that French paper reaches you look at an account of a young man of the name of St. Clair a capt'n of Grenadiers Member of the Legion of Honour, who being condemned to the galleys & to loose his cross for the unpremeditated homicide of a poor girl called La Belle Hollandaise, on the judge beginning to pronounce sentence in these words, ["St. Clair, vous avez manqué a l'honneur"<sup>5</sup> started from the bench and crying out, *never never* plunged a knife in his left side. He fell instantly but being raised from the ground quietly took his cross and

ribbon from his button and handing it to his guards said at least I have the satisfaction to deliver this up with my own hand. It has not been torn from me. Comrades, I entreat you finish this sad business with your swords—I have left but little for you to do. I am dying— He was carried off to prison weltering in his blood but strange to say although the wound was an inch broad and eleven or twelve lines deep it is said he will recover— The Emperor has pardoned him— His case was argued before three tribunals—the first condemned him to death, he appealed, the second acquitted him, the judge advocate then appealed, the third gave the sentence you have heard. The girl was found dead with several wounds of a penknife in her throat—St. Clair was seen to go out of her room the last and when it was known no other person had been with her. There can be little doubt of his guilt. I find all are agreed upon it, and I see nothing strange in a man resolving to go out of the world with a good reputation and an oration of innocence. Nothing is more compatible with the most violent passions and with a mind truly bent towards every honorable action. It has even been hinted that the girl fell a sacrifice to a horrible species of luxury of which the famous Marquis de Sade, who was imprisoned therefore and died amongst the madmen at Charenton, was the first inventor and recommender in his novel of Justine.<sup>6</sup> These dreadful vices are known to have received a sort of currency since the publication of that book and I can not help thinking there is some foundation for the suspicion— Eight and twenty years of existence leave little pretence for scepticism on any subject touching the moralities of man—I can believe any thing bad and any thing good of him— I recollect now your prophecy as to Miss Mercenary, but am not the less astonished at this extraordinary match which has not one single recommendation.<sup>7</sup> However I see nothing of it in the *Couriers* or *Chronicles* up to the 16th— By the way what tremendous fibs the first mentioned paper palms upon the evening readers of London— It says that the populace here express a decided dislike for every thing imperial— All false and just contrary to the fact. Also that a Madame Corbin was obliged to pull off a gown of imperial purple and was forced away for that purpose from before the Emperor's windows in the Tuilleries. If you see or hear any thing of Perry<sup>8</sup> do tell him to contradict this in the *Chronicle*. It is a lie from beginning to end. There never is any thing like mobbing in the Tuilleries' gardens, the alleys of which are occupied by as much military as any other

company—and by clusters of quiet folk reading the newspapers and the Emperor does not live at the Tuilleries. Nor does any one know here what imperial purple is— The conjectures of the courier as to the reason of Napoleon's remaining at Paris are equally gross and ridiculous as well as all his account of the state of parties here who are in fact uniting very fast and firmly as the danger of war and invasion approaches. I do not believe it is any exaggeration to say that there are at present at least a million of men if not actually in arms in training. I am assured by General Caffarelli<sup>9</sup> that the number of troops immediately in face of Wellington's army is a hundred thousand every man of whom may be depended upon. Royalists, Republicans, Imperialists, all talk of the declaration of war and the overthrow of Belgium as events that must be simultaneous. The levies are carrying on with prodigious vigour and success— A letter in the *Courier and Chronicle* says that the shops at Lille and Paris and all other cities are kept open by military power—this writer is right enough as the apprentices are all soldiers. However I defy any one to guess here that any thing besides a plenteous harvest is expected for the ensuing autumn— The greatest sensation has been produced here by a box in the ear which Etienne<sup>10</sup> the author of several plays gave to Mlle: Burgogne<sup>11</sup> behind the scenes at the Français because she made a face at the pit upon being hissed and so produced a screaming & whistling which disturbed Mr. Etienne one of whose productions was about to be played. The box on the ear was a blow with a hat. Miss cried out murder and ran across the stage like one of the furies in *Orestes*<sup>12</sup>— nothing else was talked of for many days. We are here in waiting for Friday next—but strange as it may seem no one appears to know whether the electoral colleges will meet or not. If they do their numbers will be proportionally small— The deputies of course meet— very many people hang back and make no effort to be chosen—there are many military & many imperial employés, yet there is a rumour that there will be some very decisive steps taken in favour of liberty by this new convention—for a convention it will be if there are no peers—and as yet there is no talk of any. Pray write a line to me—remember me to Lady B.

1. The February 1815 number, which contains Hobhouse's review of Leake on pp. 353–69.

2. See *Edinburgh Review* 24 (February 1815): 360.

3. Both Kinnaird and Byron had recently become members of the committee for the management of the Drury Lane Theatre.

4. A French romantic melodrama translated by Concanen as *The Magpie, La Pie voleuse* opened the 1815-16 Drury Lane season on 12 September 1815. On 25 September, Byron wrote to ask Murray to publish the translation.

5. "St. Clair, you have dishonored yourself."

6. Donatien Alphonse François de Sade, *Justine* (1791).

7. Presumably Hobhouse refers to a rumored engagement for Margaret Mercer Elphinstone (1788-1867), the great heiress (later Baroness Keith and Baroness Nairne *suo jure*) who was Princess Charlotte's confidante. Matched by society gossip to various English lords, among them Byron and the duke of Devonshire, the spirited Miss Mercer ultimately married a Frenchman, the comte de Flahaut, on 20 June 1817.

8. James Perry (1756-1821), the owner and editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, the principal organ of the Whig party.

9. François Marie Auguste Caffarelli (1766-1849), a general under Napoleon, was one of four brothers prominent in the service of the empire.

10. Charles Guillaume Etienne (1777-1845), a writer of comedies and political pieces, served Napoleon first as censor for the *Journal de l'Empire*, then as censor general.

11. Of Mademoiselle Burgogne, Hobhouse writes in his journal of 29 April: "She is the actress who lived with Oudinot & who in reply to a letter sent to her by Madame Soult, signed Elizabeth de Dalmatie, signed Iphigenie d'Aulide. Her cat had eaten one of the Duchess's birds" (Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations).

12. Hobhouse may have had in mind either the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus or *Orèste* (1750), a drama by Voltaire.

Paris. May 31, 1815

My dear Byron,

Although I cannot say that I ever expected a more sensible result from the discussions relative to peace and war in your two houses, yet I confess myself exceedingly shocked with the turn which politics seem to have taken in England,<sup>1</sup> and that merely on the gratuitous assertions of the most deceived or deceiving pseudo-statesmen that ever triumphed over common sense. How was it possible to give a vote in face of the arguments adduced by that truly noble person Lord Grey,<sup>2</sup> who has in some measure redeemed his country from the stigma which would otherwise attach to it, and shown that all principles of policy of honour and of justice are not entirely lost in George's days? I felt a pride and delight in reflecting that I belonged to the country which has produced him and these feelings were much heightened by the notion that he was now appearing in his first and most brilliant character, the true friend of Whig principles, unembarrassed by any men or any measures which might impede him in his honorable career. The return of Lord Grenville to his old doctrines I consider as fortunate in the last degree.<sup>3</sup> It will prevent the possibility of his making a peace with Bonaparte any more than the present minister. This peace must be made and be made by Lord Grey seconded by all the supporters of the democratic part of our constitution unmixed with baser matter. His Lordship's arguments will shortly receive a dreadful confirmation, a confirmation which even he and his friends would forego. It is expected that Napoleon will leave Paris about the beginning of the next week and this conclusion is drawn from the Champ de Mai<sup>4</sup> being fixed for to morrow instead of a later period. The fact, however, is known to no one. When he does join the army it will then be the time to look at that last reasoning which is to confirm all the ministerial logic and to confound Lord Grey and his

glorious forty-five. How delighted I was to see your name in that list. I wish you had spoken not that I can flatter you with thinking or saying that the numbers would have yielded to your facts. If they hear not Moses and the Prophets neither will they be persuaded through one more from the dead.<sup>5</sup> As for the commons it is honorable for them to have gained 20 votes since the last division, but it is highly discreditable that there should be found amongst them a man who could make such a speech as that of Henry Grattan,<sup>6</sup> which, to say nothing of its ridiculous bombast, and Irish eloquence, is a string of falsehoods from beginning to end. It is the last froth and rattles of an agonized orator—Who can have communicated all his lies to this palsied patriot? Perhaps Mrs. and Miss G who have been living in the south have received sundry assiduities from some sous prefet of the ancient regime and do him the favour in return to transmit all his novelties through the readiest channel to the British parliament—The assertion that Napoleon was not hailed by the people on his return is perfectly untrue. Grattan mentions Grenoble—"See him at Grenoble" he says. Had he seen him at Grenoble he would have seen that on entering the town he was pushed by the violence of an applauding multitude into a tavern where he was in the midst of a crowd who pushed about to kiss & touch his cloathes for two hours. Not a soldier nor even an officer could approach to guard him, so much so that the Colonel of his Polish horse and Marshall Bertrand after struggling near him were thrown back and tried in vain to put the chairs and tables against the folding doors which were knocked down. He never was guarded throughout the route nor in any town—his carriage was often embarrassed by the crowds of peasants and he was perpetually obliged to empty at one window the bouquets of flowers which had been heaped in upon him at the other. The house at which he rested was distinguishable by the multitude in front shouting and crowding into the door, up stairs and penetrating even into his presence. There was only one exception to this which was at Macon—as his Polish Colonel Jermanouski<sup>7</sup> told me, Macon was the only place at which he found it necessary to enquire for the Emperor's quarters—And after this comes Harry Grattan with his madness and method and method and madness—posh!!

It seems perhaps more strange that there should be found people bold enough to give the lie to what is passing at this present moment as well



as to what are notoriously past facts. The ministers and their madmen affirm that the liberty of the press is only nominal—now I give you my honour that I bought only yesterday a pamphlet which has been in circulation some days, and which after defending the Bourbons against all the imputations which have been cast against them and pointing at him whom the writer supposes the real cause of all the evils ends with telling Napoleon that there is nothing left for him but to retire to the island of Elba. The pamphlet is called *Discussion des torts qu'on impute a Louis XVIII, des intentions qu'on lui suppose, et réfutations des reproches qui lui sont adressés*.<sup>8</sup> The book is a complete libel & would be punished as such by Lord Ellenborough.<sup>9</sup> As to the News Papers they are so far from being at the disposal of government that more than one are actually suspected of being in the pay of the Bourbons and the *Gazette de France* is, as well as the *Journal General*, called "*Le Journal de l'Eteignoir*"— This extinguisher is the imputed symbol of royalism—and as you may conceive, means "extinguisher of les nouvelles lumières." A newspaper called the *Independant* is the journal of the republicans and not at all devoted to the court. On Saturday last it contained a very strong remonstrance against the supposed nomination of Lucien Bonaparte to the presidency of the chamber of Deputies; so strong that I hear no more talk of that nomination. But a complete proof of the liberty of the press is that it is notorious that the immediate convocation of the chamber of deputies contrary to the original intention of Napoleon was the consequence of the innumerable brochures which in the course of one week attacked the bases and many of the articles of the new Constitution and demanded its reform by the legislative body. I can safely assert that political discussion is as free and frequent as at London; & even in the saloons of the Emperor's generals and ministers you may hear canvassed the transactions of the court no less than in our drawing rooms— This liberty is of the greatest service—as might have been expected the passions of the royalists have thus exhaled. Their numbers diminish certainly in Paris, and diminish because the foolish inflammatory proclamations of Ghent<sup>10</sup> have been copied into the French papers. The Bourbon party is I allow to be found here if any where, amongst the shopkeepers—but the Paris shopkeepers are not the *partie agissante*<sup>11</sup> of France. It is a great mistake to suppose that the national guards are latent royalists—part of those at Paris are, but

it is not so in the departments. In La Garde 10.000 national guards were assembled in 48 hours upon the intelligence of the insurrection, and General Gilly<sup>12</sup> has collected in almost as short a space of time 24,000, and has put them in march in that quarter. The troubles in La Vendée are not supported by the national guard, nor do they increase—on the contrary they are dissolving before the gendarmerie and a few regular troops. A royalist read to me with great delight a letter which gave an account of 50 soldiers of the 26th regiment of the line being killed in a tumult—to this are their triumphs confined. Besides do we not know that in 1793 there were two millions of men in revolt in La Vendée and that at that period the French republic had fourteen armies on foot. I do not pretend to judge of the right or even the policy of the war with France, but I say that *all the arguments of ministers are founded on the assumption of data which can not be granted*—on supposed facts which are all false, false as the letters from Napoleon to Murat.<sup>13</sup> By the way the opposition have not made so much as they might of those falsifications. I have seen the original minutes of the letters, they were shown me by a Mr. Jean secretary of the Emperor's private cabinet who took them down from the Emperor's mouth and who was the person that happening to recollect the strange expression "the lion is not so dead qu'on peut pisser dessus"<sup>14</sup> which was cited by Lord Castlereagh, told the ministers here that he was positive he had written by the Emperor's orders some such letters, but not the same nor of the date assigned by Lord Castlereagh. This led to the search and to the discovery of the very minutes of the letters which I assure you bear every mark of authenticity and I may say could not have been forged. The Duke of Bassano<sup>15</sup> came in whilst I was looking at the papers and answered every question in a manner to me quite satisfactory as well as to Luttrell<sup>16</sup> who was with me and who affirmed that Lord Wellington's letter was in his own hand writing. We compared the original minutes with the forgeries in the Abbé Fleurich's<sup>17</sup> hand writing which were cited by Lord C as genuine and which he ought to have suspected could not be so from one circumstance which is this—according to the supposed date of the falsified letters they were all written in 1814 after Napoleon had left Paris for the last time—how then came they to be found at Paris? did Napoleon take care to send them there to be taken by the allies instead of taking them with him to Elba with his other papers of the same date none of which have

yet been pretended to have been found at Paris? This is quite enough to prove Castlereagh a most egregious dupe and a dupe to his own desires which is not quite honest. The Duke of Bassano likewise showed us a copy in Fleurich's writing of the letters which had been shown to the duke of Wellington and which he had found after a long search the day before our visit, Tuesday May 23d. These papers consisted of a letter from the Princess Eliza Bonaparte,<sup>18</sup> of one from Eugene Beauharnais,<sup>19</sup> of one from the French consul at Incona, two from Fouché,<sup>20</sup> & one from General Clarke.<sup>21</sup> The perusal of these papers addressed to Napoleon during the campaign of 1814 in Italy could not but leave exactly the impression in our mind which they left on the Duke of Wellington's—"They contain no proof against Murat" judge then of my surprise at seeing these very papers quoted by the *Courier* of the 19th as proof sufficient against the King of Napoleon [Naples], supposing, as he says, for argument sake, that the other three letters are forgeries—

The *Courier* takes care not to mention General Clarke's letter as one of *the papers* for if he had mentioned it as one of them, the public would have seen that these damning documents, as the *Courier* calls them, were the very documents which Lord Wellington had seen and thought nothing of— It is a most disgraceful trick of the *Courier* to attempt to pass off these papers as not being those shown to the Duke of Wellington. *They are the same*, so that of the papers brought against Murat: three are acknowledged forgeries and the others have been pronounced by the Duke of Wellington as inconclusive— It is no wonder that the Duke changed his mind if Castlereagh sent him the three forged letters and if he believed them authentic. I am astonished that no one has pointed out the identity of the *damning documents* with the letters rejected by the Duke. Farewell dear Byron my best remembrances to her Ladyship—believe me ever your most affectionate

John Hobhouse

—You never write in return for this eternal blazon.<sup>22</sup>

1. The prevailing opinion in England was that peace with Napoleon would be impossible and therefore that a vigorous offensive should be launched as soon as possible.

2. Charles Grey (1764–1845), second Earl Grey, was a noted Whig statesman, leader of the party after Fox, secretary for foreign affairs 1806–7, and prime minister 1830–34. On 23 May, when the prince regent had sent Parliament a letter urging active Allied engagement against France, Grey proposed that Parliament support the prince and Allies in measures likely to secure European security but argued that declaring war on any person to whom the French nation had granted sovereign power would be unjustifiable. Grey's amendment was defeated 156 to 44.

3. William Wyndham Grenville (1759–1834), Baron Grenville, had acted in concert with Grey in opposing ministerial treatment of Ireland and favoring Catholic emancipation, but he supported the prince regent's stand on Napoleon and voted against Grey's amendment.

4. An assembly convened by Napoleon on 1 June 1815 to proclaim the popular vote ratifying the *Acte additionel aux Constitutions de l'Empire* and to swear his fidelity to the Constitution.

5. Luke 16:31.

6. Henry Grattan (1746–1820), Irish orator and statesman and member of the British parliament 1805–20, actively supported Irish independence and Catholic emancipation. His son had been Hobhouse's traveling companion on the 1814 journey to Paris. In the debate on Napoleon, Grattan had broken with his liberal colleagues and argued that war with France was inevitable, just, and necessary.

7. Colonel Jerzmanouski (variously spelled) commanded the Polish lancers stationed with Napoleon on Elba. During the Hundred Days, he was an aide-de-camp to the emperor.

8. "A Discussion of the Offenses charged to Louis XVIII, the designs alleged against him, and the refutations of the reproaches addressed to him."

9. Edward Law (1750–1818), first Baron Ellenborough, served as lord chief justice of England 1802–18.

10. The exiled Bourbons had made Ghent their headquarters.

11. "Active party."

12. General Jacques Laurent de Gilly (1769–1829).

13. Lord Castlereagh had read these and other forged letters in Parliament on 2 May.

14. "The lion is not so dead that one can piss on him."

15. Hugues Bernard Maret (1763–1839), duc de Bassano, was a diplomat who served as ambassador to England (1792, 1797) and Naples (1793). He was Napoleon's minister of foreign affairs 1811–13 and minister of state during the Hundred Days.

16. Presumably Henry Luttrell (1765?–1851), natural son of the earl of Carhampton, celebrated wit, and habitué of Whig society.

17. Abbé Fleuriot was a secretary to the duc de Blacas, who, a powerful influence on Louis XVIII during the first Restoration, was the man who had caused the correspondence to be published in the *Moniteur*.

18. Maria Anna Elisa Buonaparte (1777–1820), married in 1797 to Felice Pasquale Bacciocchi, became princess of Lucca and Piombino (1805) and grand duchess of Tuscany (1809).

19. Eugène de Beauharnais (1781–1824), son of Josephine and her first husband the vicomte de Beauharnais, was the adopted son of Napoleon, viceroy of Italy, and

heir apparent to the crown of Italy. In 1816 he retired to Bavaria, where he became duke of Leuchtenberg and prince of Eichstatt (1817).

20. Joseph Fouché (1759–1820), duc d'Otrante, was minister of police 1799–1802, 1804–10, and 1815. He was leader of the provisional government formed after Napoleon's abdication, and was exiled from France in 1816.

21. General Sir Alured Clarke (1745?–1832), who was to become field marshal on the accession of William IV.

22. *Hamlet*, 1. 5: the Ghost to Hamlet.

Paris. June 13, 1815

My dear Byron,

I never fail to give you regular intimations of my proceedings just as if you cared a pin about them, and so I inform you by these presents that I am about to leave Paris and even on this day shall quit this capital for Geneva where I shall not stay long but to which place under cover or rather under direction to Messrs. Hentsch & Co. any letter which you may in your infinite charity send me will reach its wretched object. This wicked war is about to begin in spite of every consideration of prudence and common justice. The Emperor in his address to the address of [sic] the chamber of deputies on Sunday last said "I go this night." Of course he went. My good wishes attend him or rather his cause. Indeed I am not sure that a sneaking kindness for the man himself has not lately grown upon me partly owing to the gigantic perils with which he & his are threatened, partly owing to several anecdotes which do infinite credit to his heart or at least his temper and conduct, and partly also because I have remarked myself in him one or two little personal peculiarities of behaviour & appearance which recall to me the person whom in spite of all late neglects & forgetfulnesses I love plus quam oculis—<sup>1</sup> When on his throne on last Wednesday at the opening of his parliament his employment during the tedious hour occupied by the members of the two houses taking individually the oath of allegiance was opening a little silver box and helping himself out of it to some cut lozenges or for ought I know strips of tobacco. His pensive pale face the sentimental quiet working of his lips and a little labouring with his bosom, added to the box and its contents made me think myself in Albany opposite your arm chair—Whatever can be done by military genius and military enthusiasm, he and his army will perform. The attachment which that man inspires is

perfectly incomprehensible as are the means vastly singular to which he has recourse to secure this attachment. I saw him with my own eyes at a great review in the court of the Tuilleries walk up to a common soldier who had a petition in his hand & was presenting arms to him, and after laughing and talking to him for two minutes at least end by pulling him smartly by the nose— Not five seconds afterwards I beheld again I say with my own eyes [his?] reply to a Colonel who came running up to him by a sound box on the ear which I thought given in earnest[.] I saw the officer retire laughing and showing his cheek which was red from the blow. Napoleon was close under the window in the palace in which I was standing— These are not the favours which princes usually bestow but they have ten times more effect than customary royal benefits. A melancholy proof of the force of those feelings which are communicated to all those who move within his circle has been displayed in the sad end of Berthier. This friend and companion of Napoleon having retired with Louis to Flanders and having thence withdrawn himself to Bamberg, a bankrupt in reputation & friends and even in fortune, taunted and almost despised by the members of that family with which, by the Emperor's recommendation, he had allied himself,<sup>2</sup> was reduced to the last despair by hearing that Napoleon on his return to Paris made it his first question, "Where is Berthier? where is my brother? why does not he appear to embrace me?" He is said to have thrown himself from a balcony into the street just as a corps of Prussian troops was marching under his windows.<sup>3</sup> What an end for the old soldier whom Bonaparte in his dispatch from Lodi<sup>4</sup> designated as the intrepid Berthier. The cause of Louis was fatal to him[—]I hope to God it may be so to Castlereagh. Sick of the prospect before us I shall endeavour to let the world go on without me until it is restored to a state promising better times and regulated by better men. The Cossacks nor the Kings will hardly haunt my slumbers at Lausanne, although I see Stratford<sup>5</sup> has been doing what he calls *conferring a benefit upon Switzerland* that is putting arms into the hands of her peasantry to cut the throats of their neighbours to the right and to the left— Farewell dear Byron my kind respects to Lady Byron for whom I have preserved two or three autographs and shall endeavour to increase the collection[.] In the mean time I hope she will accept the following French translation given to me by a Parisian friend of your verses to the Princess C. [Charlotte]<sup>6</sup> I have said

following but there is no room for them here so they must go on a scrap by themselves—ever your most affectionate friend,

John Hobhouse

1. "More than my eyes"; stock phrase for deep affection. See, for instance, Catullus *Carmina* 3.5 and 14.1.

2. Berthier's wife was a Bavarian princess of the house of Birkenfeld.

3. Berthier died in a fall from a window. The fatal mishap was variously attributed to suicide, murder at the hands of six masked men, and loss of balance.

4. An Italian town where Napoleon vanquished the Austrian army on 10 May 1796.

5. The diplomat Stratford Canning (1786–1880), first Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, had been first secretary at Constantinople when Byron and Hobhouse had been there and later ambassador to Turkey. As envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Switzerland (1814–17), Stratford negotiated a guaranteed neutrality of Switzerland to substitute for the Napoleonic act of mediation binding the Swiss to France and organized the federal army.

6. Byron's "Lines to a Lady Weeping," published first anonymously in the *Morning Chronicle* on 7 March 1812, and later with *The Corsair*, commemorated Princess Charlotte's tears at her father's desertion of his former friends the Whigs.



Paris. July 12, [1815]

My dear Byron,

The columns of our gazette will account for my having no spirits to write a long letter to you and even if I were not forced to add my mite to the mass of misery accumulated in the most wicked cause for which brave men have ever died,<sup>1</sup> I should not feel exalted by that humiliation of a whole nation which must end in fresh scenes of vengeance and bloodshed. After a fruitless attempt to cross the frontiers and a journey of seven hundred miles I returned to Paris the day before it was declared in a state of siege and after being shut up here for a week was of course a witness to the ferocious triumph of the Prussians—I say the Prussians in contradistinction to the English whose conduct is universally esteemed and from the little I have seen does merit every approbation. Blucher<sup>2</sup> has demanded an immense contribution 130. millions, and was prevented only by Lord Wellington the day before yesterday from blowing up the bridge[s] of Austerlitz and Jena. The Duke sent repeated messages but in vain until at last he ordered sentries to be placed on the bridges with positive directions not to stir. The miners were ready but they did not dare to destroy the Englishmen who thus saved these monuments by risking their own lives. The column of victory and the Louvre have been also denoted but it is presumed the arrival of the King of Prussia<sup>3</sup> will save them and perhaps prevent the contributions— Four thousand Prussians bivouack in the place du Carrousel & kill their bullocks under the King's windows. Madame Ney<sup>4</sup> has been robbed of all her horses and carriages by General Thielman<sup>5</sup> and twenty two grenadiers are quartered in her house with orders to complain every morning how ill their table was served the day before. Three days ago there were serious threats of pillaging the whole of the fauxbourg St. Germain<sup>6</sup> if the contribution was not paid. If Paris had been taken by assault all this might have

been expected but in face of a capitulation it is abominable. Royalists Napoleonists republicans all join in one cry and foretell a Sicilian Vespers[.]<sup>7</sup> Indeed the case is not at all altered by the fatal victory of Waterloo, as it seems to me, the final establishment of the Bourbons is as impossible as ever. Nothing but an entire conciliation & a consummate prudence of which they appear incapable can secure them. It is strongly asserted that Louis has refused the submission of the army who only asked for entire & unconditional pardon. The Governor of Vincennes<sup>8</sup> within four miles of Paris, still holds out, and proclaims that he and his fortress shall fall together— I feel uncertain and careless now what to do— I wish I could see you—farewell my dear friend & believe me for ever your most affectionate

J. C. Hobhouse

Be good enough to remember me to Lady Byron & to Kinnaird.

1. Hobhouse learned of his brother Benjamin's death at Quatre Bras on 7 July and, disconsolate, recorded in his journal, "The whole loss of the British army in that fatal victory is in my mind reduced to one soldier" (Broughton holograph diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations).

2. Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher (1742–1819), prince of Wahlstatt, was a Prussian field marshal. He defeated Napoleon at Laon in 1814 and commanded the Prussian forces in Belgium in 1815.

3. Frederick William III (1770–1840), who reigned 1797–1840.

4. Aglaë Auguie (1782–1853), a beauty and schoolmate of Hortense de Beauharnais and Caroline Bonaparte, married Michel Ney (1769–1815), marshal of France, duc d'Elchingen, and prince de la Moskova, in 1802. Ney joined the Bourbons in 1814 but rallied to Napoleon during the Hundred Days. He was shot for treason on 7 December 1815.

5. General Baron Johann Adolf von Thielmann (1765–1824) commanded the third Prussian army in Belgium in 1815.

6. The aristocratic quarter of Paris.

7. A massacre. The term derives from the annihilation in 1282 of all the French in Sicily, a bloodbath commenced at the first toll of the vesper bell.

8. A chateau and sometime prison, chiefly famed for being the place where Henry V died in 1422.

Whitton Park. May 26, 1816.

My dear Byron,

I did not write before because I conceived you would not be arrived in Geneva time enough for my letter to be spick and span—<sup>1</sup> Your three<sup>2</sup> and the one from the Doctor<sup>3</sup> are very lively outward and visible signs of your inward grace and amendment since the days of no answers and initial notes—and I trust that as you continue your tour you will not go through the country like a bale of goods directed to some destined mart but let us hear of your well doing and evil speaking. You shall record your malice and the Doctor your health—I have been at this place ever since I left you except for three days when I attended in town solely to be present at the birth of Bertram—<sup>4</sup> The new actress and some homicide, you may recollect in the fourth act, gave a decent chance that the operation might be cesarean—but lo and behold the wonderful works of man! all things went off to a wonder even from the beginning to the last fall of the heroine's petticoats who died happy but must have pitied those who had to speak on amidst the thunder that followed her demise— From the outset there was a notion that the play was yours—and these lines in the prologue,

Through dark misfortune's gloom condemn'd to cope  
With baffled effort and with blighted hope

occasioned a great allusive roar—as if forsooth there was no greater misfortune in life tha[n] being left at peace to take a tour up the banks of the Rhine— D. Kinnaird told Mr. Upton<sup>5</sup> to write the prologue in formã pauperis<sup>6</sup> which he did in all conscience—so much so, that Perry in his damn'd Chronicle put that the author wrote his play to pay for coal and candle next winter!! actually true— However he may light up as many candles as would have been used if King William had

been churched at Notre Dame for he has already, say they, made 750 pounds British and has yet to pocket more— We were quite right in thinking the drama fell off at the 4th & 5th acts—so it does, but Kean falls on so lustily afterwards and falls down so well at the close that the interest is kept up tho' in a scrambling manner— It has now run 15 nights consecutively. Adelaide at the other house is an old-new play rejected in Ireland<sup>7</sup>—and even here the leavings of Smock Alley<sup>8</sup> would not have gone down had it not been for Miss O'Neal—<sup>9</sup> So much for our Circensians—<sup>10</sup> Now for our other belles lettres and *beaux lettrés*—Caroline Lamb!! Glenarvon!!<sup>11</sup> Yes, B, who would have thought that a new Lord B. should figure in a new Atalantis? and such an Atalantis!! This time she has knocked herself up—the Greys the Jerseys the Lansdownes and of course, the Princess of Madagascar<sup>12</sup> have done with her— You will hardly believe it but there is not the least merit in the book in any way except in a letter beginning “I love you no more” which I suspect to be your's—<sup>13</sup> Indeed she had the impudence to send a <letter> paragraph to some paper hinting that the whole novel is from the pen of Lord B.—I do not like to contradict it for fear of selling the book by propagating the lie— Her family are in a great quandry and know not what to do. I presume she is actually a personal terror to them. She sent for Brougham<sup>14</sup> when her page's head lay open and upon his telling her that matters would look a little queer with her at the Old Baily took up the poker and was about to furnish materials for a new trial when my lawyer decamped— She told me she had a novel of which your hapless friend my unworthy self was the subject, on which I told her that if she came out with her trash I would toss her in a blanket under her own door at full parade just as Curl was tossed by the Westminster boys.<sup>15</sup> Her sole enmity to Lady Holland arose from the Princess writing a note to her desiring her to consider for the future that she involved the wounding & cutting of her friends as well as her pages by such inconsiderate noddle cracking— God go with her, or, as the man said, rather let the t'other fellow take her— The Quarterly is out—you are not in it but the letter writer is, and is called an atheist a murderer a rogue a fool a wag and a stay maker<sup>16</sup>— not an argument answered not a fact invalidated[.] My friends tell me it does not signify a damn, perhaps they mean, not to them. Rimini<sup>17</sup> is bedevilled. Also—you have a compliment paid you by a side wind in another article— You have been tried and honorably

acquitted at the British forum—as you had predicted—and some anonyme has undertaken a gratuitous defense of you in a pamphlet which he lets his friends and the public have for a shilling—<sup>18</sup> Pray write to me directly telling me where you go on leaving Geneva, but do not stay for me there, because my brother<sup>19</sup> has written to us to say he is coming from India and I must stay a month longer than I expected, to see him— This is a real brother from India not one of Davies's— Nothing but this would detain me, and as it is I hope to be off by the first of July—leave a letter for me also at Geneva[.] Lord Holland desires me to say that if there is any thing he can do for you he is at your command. Every body enquires and is delighted to hear you are well. The correspondence<sup>20</sup> is all copied and ready for the press—but I trust there will be no necessity for publication—all things are at rest— Your child<sup>21</sup> thriving, and your sister getting better daily— God bless you Byron and believe me always your's—

J. C. Hobhouse

Great riots in the midland counties,<sup>22</sup> all the dragoons and lord lieutenants moving down to their posts— Remembrances to the Dr. Davies will come...he is chosen at Brookes.<sup>23</sup>

1. Byron had left 13 Piccadilly Terrace with Davies and Hobhouse on 23 April. He sailed from Dover to Ostend on 25 April, toured the Netherlands and the Rhine, and arrived at Secheron, near Geneva, on 25 May.

2. Presumably Byron's letters of 27 [26?] April, 1 May, and 2 May.

3. John William Polidori (1795–1821), son of an Italian emigrant, received his medical degree from Edinburgh. Byron engaged him for the tour abroad but, finding the doctor fractious and egotistical, was forced to dismiss him. Polidori returned to England after some adventures in Italy. He poisoned himself in 1821.

4. *Bertram, or The Castle of St. Aldebrand*, a drama by the Reverend Charles Robert Maturin (1782–1824), known for his Gothic novel *Melmoth*, opened at Drury Lane on 9 May 1816 and enjoyed a successful run. Byron had done much to see that *Bertram* be staged; Kean acted in it; Murray published it.

5. William Upton, the prologuizer Byron refers to in verses he sent to John Murray in a letter of 11 April 1818.

6. "As a poor man"; the phrase appears in rules governing application for certain university scholarships.

7. *Adelaide; or The Emigrants*, by Richard Shiel, an Irish barrister, opened at Covent Garden on 23 May 1816.

8. Smock Alley, one of Dublin's leading theaters during the eighteenth century, opened in 1662 and closed in 1787.

9. Eliza O'Neill (1791–1872), later Lady Becher, made her London debut as Juliet at Covent Garden on 6 October 1814. Especially acclaimed for her tragic roles, she enjoyed great popularity on the stage until her retirement in 1819, when she married William Wrixon Becher.

10. This term for stage folk derives from the Roman Circus Maximus.

11. On 9 May 1816 Henry Colburn published *Glenarvon*, whose hero with "one virtue and a thousand crimes" is a Lamb's-eye view of Byron and whose supporting characters are the denizens of contemporary Whig society. Lady Caroline subsequently repented of, and revised, the indiscreet first edition.

12. The princess of Madagascar, who displays the celebrities of the day at her Barbary House salon, is an unflattering portrait of Lady Holland.

13. The letter of dismissal that *Glenarvon* writes to his old love, Calantha, at the direction of his new one, Lady Mandeville, appears in 3:82–83. This Byronic letter exists in its entirety only in the novel, but certain phrases are drawn from two surviving letters (one of them fragmentary) that Byron sent to Lady Caroline. See LJ, 2:222 (B to Caroline Lamb [Oct 1812?]) and 242 (B to Caroline Lamb [Nov 1812?]).

14. Henry Peter Brougham (1778–1868), first baron of Brougham and Vaux, was a Whig lawyer and politician. He was cofounder of the *Edinburgh Review*, and served as defense counsel at the trial of Queen Caroline and as lord chancellor under Grey (1830–34). Lady Caroline Lamb had sought his advice when, in a fit of temper, she had injured her page by hurling a ball at his head.

15. Edmund Curll (1675–1747), the bookseller chiefly remembered for his quarrels with Pope, was in 1716 tossed in a blanket by the Westminster boys after his unauthorized publication of a Latin funeral oration delivered by the captain of the King's Scholars. Pope commemorates the incident in the *Dunciad*, 2. 143–48.

16. A half-faceticious, half-hostile criticism of Hobhouse's *The Substance of Some Letters Written from Paris during the Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon . . .* appears in the *Quarterly Review* (January 1816): 443–52. The epithet Hobhouse alludes to ("the famous atheist, renegade, stay-maker, and patriot") is found on page 445.

17. *The Story of Rimini* (1816) by the poet, critic, and liberal journalist Leigh Hunt (1784–1859) is a retelling of Dante's story of Paolo and Francesca. Hunt dedicated the piece to Byron.

18. *A Narrative of the Circumstances Which Attended the Separation of Lord and Lady Byron; Remarks on His Domestic Conduct, and a Complete Refutation of the Calumnies Circulated by Public Writers* (London: R. Edwards, 1816).

19. Henry William Hobhouse.

20. Hobhouse refers to *Byroniana*, the detailed account of the Byron separation which he completed on 28 May. *Byroniana* appears as chapter 15 of RLL (2:191–355).

21. Augusta Ada, born 10 December 1815.

22. The postwar depression, one of the worst recorded harvests, and strict Corn Laws combined to produce widespread rioting by the Luddites and other factions in 1816. Manchester, Nottingham, Cambridge, and Norwich were centers of the insurrection.

23. Brooks's, the premier club for the Whig aristocracy, had elected both Davies and Hobhouse to membership in May 1816.

Whitton. June 8, 1816

My dear Byron,

I shall be exceedingly vexed if this shall prove the first letter you receive from me—I wrote more than a fortnight ago at very considerable length and do hope to have that communication acknowledged in your next. In that letter I told you every thing necessary for you to know. I repeat by this occasion that what you desired has been & will be done, as it was in Picadilly, is now & ever shall be, world without end, amen. The drafts I have got a note of in your draft book which you gave me not locked up—The corresponding drafts at Hoares shall be examined—I will bring out your money with me—My brother from India is not yet arrived but I expect him every day and after shaking hands with him shall set off to your quarters—Do not stay at Geneva—but leave word where you go and when exactly so that we may not miss you. I say we because Scrope *will* come—he has reduced his body pecuniary of late at the Union,<sup>1</sup> “sleek as he came he must go out”<sup>2</sup> & he has brought himself round to the point whence he started this season—However he comes in search of you and light French wines—All your letters have come to hand, and most acceptable they are—perge, perge,<sup>3</sup> not in the medicinal sense. I trust however you have yet not seen the best. Sir James B. Burgess<sup>4</sup> told me yesterday that he had himself picked up a Burgundian thigh bone<sup>5</sup> at Morat but had been induced much to the scandal of some clergymen of the country to bury it in a fair field in Lombardy. Did I tell you that I have allowed Murray to publish your poems, leaving out the Sketch but inserting the Fare thee well.<sup>6</sup> I wrote a short advertisement for them mentioning that the universal dispersion of the Fare well had rendered it unnecessary to make an excuse for its publication[.] I myself was against including it, but Ld. H. [Holland] & Rogers were decisive the other way. So in it went. All the world thinks of the other things, as I do—The Superb Murray tells me that you are at a rising premium and

he will tell you so in his journal which he is keeping for you—Glenarvon has done nothing but render the little vicious author more odious if possible than ever—she is excluded from the Greys & Jerseys & other decent houses and has dropt down to Lady Asgol.<sup>7</sup> Things go very hard with her at home I can tell you and if she comes on her legs this time she is more feline and felicitous than ever. The *Antiquary* is decidedly worse than Waverly & the Guy<sup>8</sup>—so told me classic Hallam<sup>9</sup> & more classic Heber<sup>10</sup> whom I met at Henry Drury's<sup>11</sup> on Thursday last, Speech Day. An immense party dined with him, and after dinner, after drinking *Harne[ss?]*<sup>12</sup> he gave Lord Byron—these were the only toasts—he is a glorious fellow and I need not add *tui amantissimus*<sup>13</sup>—both his toasts were equally well received. Do you know they are selling Coleridge's cursed *Cristabel*<sup>14</sup> with an advertisement consisting solely of your ipse dixit,<sup>15</sup> ("that wild and singularly beautiful visionary poem"—Ld. Byron)[.] "Sir Leoline the Baron rich/Hath a toothless mastiff bitch," are the opening lines. Why bitch Mr. Wild?<sup>16</sup> wild indeed—Galley Knight is out with the *Ilderim*<sup>17</sup>—it is in the Spenserian measure—Further I know not—our possets have been drugged<sup>18</sup> a good deal from the East of late. Your child is very well and very large—remember me to Dr. Polidori—and to D. Baillie if you see him, telling him that he owes me a letter—Good fortune attend you and believe me ever your's

J.C.H.

1. A nonpolitical club noted for its comfort and good dinners, the Union was founded at Cumberland House in 1805. Byron and the dukes of York and Sussex were among its members.

2. The phrase closely resembles the beginning words of Job 1:21, a biblical passage Hobhouse quotes elsewhere.

3. "Proceed, proceed."

4. Sir James Bland Burges (1752–1824), a politician and miscellaneous writer, was later to inherit the estate and take the name of his friend Sir James Lamb. Brother-in-law to Lord Wentworth and Lady Milbanke, Burges was executor of Wentworth's will and a trustee of his estate.

5. In his letter of 26 May, Byron had told Hobhouse, "From Morat I brought away the leg and wing of a Burgundian:—"



6. "A Sketch from Private Life" is a bitterly contemptuous portrait of Annabella's nurse and governess Mrs. Clermont, whom Byron blamed for the separation. The "Fare thee Well" is a sentimental address to Annabella written after the signing of the preliminary deed of separation.

7. Sophia, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, and wife of General Sir Charles Agill.

8. *Waverley* (1814), *Guy Mannering* (1815), and *The Antiquary* (1816) were Walter Scott's first three novels.

9. Henry Hallam (1777-1859), mocked in *English Bards* as "classic HALLAM, much renowned for Greek," was a frequenter of Whig society and an eminent historian.

10. Richard Heber (1773-1833), the famed book collector, was M.P. for Oxford University (1821-26) and a founder of the Athenaeum Club.

11. Henry Joseph Drury (1778-1841), son of Dr. Joseph Drury, the headmaster of Harrow in Byron's day, had been Byron's tutor and later became his friend. A noted classicist, H. Drury served as master of the Harrow Lower School 1833-41.

12. Presumably the Reverend William Thomas Harness (1790-1862), who had been at Harrow with Byron.

13. "The dearest of friends to you"; cf. "Ad nos amantissimos tui veni" (Cicero *Epistulae ad Familiares* 16. 7, "Ad M. Tullius Tiro").

14. Although he ridiculed Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) for his metaphysics, Pantisocracy, and "Lines to a Young Ass," Byron admired *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Having read and esteemed *Christabel*, Byron at Coleridge's request persuaded Murray to publish it along with "Kubla Khan" and other poems. See B to Coleridge, 31 March, 18 October, and 27 October 1815, and B to Murray, 4 November 1815.

15. As Cicero relates, the Pythagoreans used this invocation of authority to settle disputes or refute attacks (see *De natura deorum* 1. 5).

16. Henry Fielding, *Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild*, 3:chap. 8: "But pray, Mr. Wild, why b\_ch?" Byron too was fond of using the tag.

17. The antiquary Henry Gally Knight (1786-1846), after graduation from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, traveled in the East 1810-11. John Murray published his poem *Ilderim: A Syrian Tale* in 1816.

18. Cf. *Macbeth*, 2. 2.

July 9, [1816]

My dear Byron,

I have received your letter of the 23d of June and all your letters for which "ago tibi gratias Domine"—<sup>1</sup> Your commissions shall be punctually fulfilled whether as to muniments for the mind or body—pistol brushes, cundums, potash Prafsanias<sup>2</sup> tooth powder and sword stick—<sup>3</sup> Your potash shall not ferment—but if it does not I dare say you will intermediately at the want of it— *Sulphuric acid* indeed!! What the deuce does one such as you do with brimstone and sorrel sauce? These are pretty times for you to look out for something hot and sour. However to what ever degree you may effervesce for God's sake do not think of cooling yourself in the Genfer See of which report says that there is considerable danger during the course of your Argonautics upon the lake— Nothing of that or any other curious kind is to be done until we come up with you to see fair play and a proper record thereof—for be assured that whatever you do now comes so distorted through the prism of prattling ignorance & the fogs of the Jura that it will require some efforts of credible eye witnesses to put it into the straight line of truth & reason— I have some delectable things to tell you when we meet, things, which, though they now form the modes of action of that ειδιωλον<sup>4</sup> which passes for yourself, you have I dare say never as yet heard of— Your having written so much goodly verse<sup>5</sup> is to me a sufficient security for your conduct being at least seemly and decent— Scrope Davies & I set off on or about the 20th of this month and I think I shall be your Jack Rugeby<sup>6</sup> as your steps seem worth following. My brother<sup>7</sup> will come with me as far as Geneva and then return to a lady whose company he will quit for that time, and who, though she happens to be his wife, is so far from disconcerted at his projected absence that she commends his design mightily. I have no news for you except that Sheridan is dead<sup>8</sup> and has had more

handsome things said of him in four & twenty hours than were before predicated of him in four & twenty years. "Who hath honor? he that died on Wednesday[.]"<sup>9</sup> There is as yet no talk of any one helping to bury him but the Prince has sent his wife 240£. Not his own wife, who by the way it is positively asserted has been brought to bed of a thriving infant in the harem of the Dey of Tunis to which place she resorted alone, say they, upon the persuasion that no Moslem evidence is admissable in our courts. She is out there however. [Three and one-half lines obliterated.]

The gentleman with whom you tell me you are completely unacquainted is your own sweet self<sup>10</sup>—joy! although I must say that it seems to me you were ill used, like the Irishman, and charged at nurse.—Glenarvon however on the strength of the resemblance is come to a second edition in the preface to which the inn[ocent] author talks of having written the novel under affliction. If her broken headed page had written it there might have been some sense in such an excuse. You should read it for as the poet says *e caelo descendit γυνῆι νεανίῳ*[.]<sup>11</sup> A copy was sent to Brussels for you— This will probably be my last letter and all deficiencies will be supplied by word of mouth when we meet to which consummation I look forward with considerable delight—as witness my hand

J.C.H.—

1. "I give thanks to you, O Lord."
2. Pausanias's *Description of Greece*.
3. In his letter of June 23, Byron had requested that Hobhouse bring along all these things.
4. "Phantom."
5. B to H, 23 June 1816: "Tell Murray I have a 3d. Canto of *Childe Harold* finished—it is the longest of the three—being one hundred & eleven Stanzas—"
6. John Rugby, the attendant of Dr. Caius in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.
7. Henry Hobhouse.
8. Sheridan had died on 7 July 1816; Hobhouse attended his funeral on 13 July.
9. Falstaff's catechism on honor in *1 Henry IV*, 5. 1: "Who hath it? He that died a-Wednesday."
10. Byron had asked in the 23 June letter, "What—& who—the devil is 'Glenarvon'. I know nothing—nor ever heard of such a person—"
11. "Know thyself comes down to us from heaven" (Juvenal *Satires* 2. 22).

Offenburgh. Tuesday August 12, [1816]

My dear Byron—

We are so far on our way to join you at your godsend villa,<sup>1</sup> and I put these few lines in activity to give you that important intelligence. We are going to Schaffausen by way of *Donaueschingen* which will take us two days— We shall stay two days at Schaffausen— Thence we plot a route by the *Boden See*, Zurick, Zug, & Lausanne, which last place I would thank you to give me one line—*poste restante*, letting us know where to drive and which side of the lake you have immortalised— Scrope is with me, and only Scrope! you who know him want no other. Unfortunately Newmarket speculations call him homewards by certain days not recognised in our calendar. He has ninths and twentyfifths<sup>2</sup> and the Lord knows what other epochs unknown to baser matter— He is eager to see you believe me that I am no less so and am ever your affectionate

John Hobhouse

1. Byron had leased the Villa Diodati (whose name translates as "God-given") to be his headquarters on Lake Geneva.

2. Presumably race-days, for Scrope tended to regulate his affairs according to the *Racing Calendar*.

London. June 5 [1818]

Dear Byron—

You send me your missives on such cursed paper and in such a damn'd scrawl that I can't get through your questions and commands with any tolerable precision— However, I will send to or see Spooney and signify your orders to Murray. That Gentle flourishes exceedingly and the Canto<sup>1</sup> sells prodigiously. The Illustrations<sup>2</sup> go on & off so he tells me very well, 1000 about of the sec edit gone already— Beppo<sup>3</sup> a fifth edition. I give you these items to calm your conscience. Don't be afraid, draw away—you have made the man's fortune.

Parliament positively dissolves on Tuesday next—this is Friday, and our world here is more mad and silly than ever[.] 6000 gs given for a seat, and not one to be had for 5000 gs—argal I do not come in— Douglas Kinnaird was yesterday put in nomination for Westminster: his opponents are Orator Hunt<sup>4</sup> and Major Cartwright:<sup>5</sup> and it is my belief that he will certainly succeed— Sir R. Wilson<sup>6</sup> has a very good chance for the Borough of Southwark— Here would be honours for the Club<sup>7</sup> to turn out two members, one for West'r: and another for the Borough in six months— As to myself it matters not—plain prose must be my fate to the end of the Chapter. The famous Jeremy Bentham<sup>8</sup> whom you may have read of in the Edinbro' Review has engaged me to put some political work of his into English.<sup>9</sup> The original gibberish is very difficult but I shall try. Murray is to have the volume. William Spencer<sup>10</sup> wrote to me the other day desiring me to transmit to you his *eternal gratitude* for the fourth canto, and yesterday I heard from Dr. Clarke<sup>11</sup> not the organist but traveller who begged me also to transmit his opinion that the IVth is the finest of all. These are not opinions that come within the meaning of your prohibition, and are duties which I have to discharge.

The Scrope is occasionally amorous and has intrigues Sir, intrigues

with Milliners who scratch his face and make him look unseemly— He was appointed one of the committee for managing Dug's election at Westminster—but took a solemn oath that he was going abroad in two days— I fear he has not been doing well lately, but no one can by searching find out Scrope.

Mr. George Adam Browne<sup>12</sup> of Trinity College Cambridge has requested that I will make to you the following request— A Mr. John Bowes Wright<sup>13</sup> is going into Albania— *read!!* he met at Naples with *un tale*<sup>14</sup> whom I take to be the *ψευδο* Colonel Finch<sup>15</sup> who mentioned what use your letter to Ali Pasha had been of to him— The said John Bowes Wright writes then to Mr. Browne and begs him to get a letter from your Lordship to his Highness. Hence the application to me. I have ventured then to say that if Mr. Wright goes to Albania via Venice he may wait upon you and will find that you have been warned of his wishes. You may do as you like—but I could not refuse a Cambridge voter. How the deuce came you to seduce young Albrizzi<sup>16</sup> into sending me such an autograph you treacherous young man you? By god I have before me the satisfactory simper with which you sealed down his kakography. A year and a half have not enabled him to surmount the difficulties of "*to do*" and there he is where we first found him— I have transmitted to his mother<sup>17</sup> a copy of the IVth C. cum notis, by the hands of one Mr. Smith<sup>18</sup> who if he meets you is charged to convey my obeisances. He will stammer with any king of France [who] ever clapt his — on the lillies, but is an excellent man: so Palm be civil.<sup>19</sup> I would not give him a letter of introduction knowing your "*fuga seculi*"—<sup>20</sup>

I have just given your message to Lord Kinnauld who envies your roba<sup>21</sup> and thinks her the best thing he saw on his travels— He has been writing a letter to the Duke of Wellington which I shall transmit with the tooth brushes. I shall also send you a letter to George Canning<sup>22</sup> which made a monstrous noise this session: it has completely silenced G.C. who has never been heard to joke since. The glorious Burdett commends himself to you—he longs to see you. Devil go wid ye—why dont ye come among us— Curse your palace I wish you was in my garret.

When Spooney's man sets off you shall know<sup>23</sup>—ever your's

J.C.H.

1. Canto 4 of *Childe Harold*, carried to England by Hobhouse, was published by Murray on 28 April 1818.

2. Hobhouse's *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold* appeared as a separate volume, also brought out by Murray.

3. Published by Murray on 28 February 1818.

4. Henry Hunt (1773–1835), a Radical politician and demagogue, presided at the Manchester reform meeting on 16 August 1819, where what came to be called the "Peterloo Massacre" took place.

5. Major John Cartwright (1740–1824) was a political reformer whose early advocacy of annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and use of the ballot gained him the title "Father of Reform." He also became active in the causes of Greek and Spanish independence.

6. Sir Robert Wilson (1777–1849), an officer who served admirably in the Napoleonic wars, was a noted Whig partisan of Queen Caroline. He was M.P. for Southwark 1818–31, and served as governor and commander-in-chief of Gibraltar 1842–49.

7. A precursor of the radical Rota, this club first met at the Piazza Coffee House on 21 February 1818. Members were Hobhouse, Burdett, Sir Robert Wilson, Davies, Douglas Kinnaird, Bickersteth, and, *in absentia*, Byron (RLL, 2:94).

8. Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832), the jurist and philosopher best known for articulating the utilitarian ethic in his *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation* (1789).

9. The "difficult work" is Bentham's *Book of Fallacies*: the editorial project, suggested to Hobhouse by Bickersteth, was completed by Francis Place and John Stuart Mill in 1824.

10. The Honorable William Robert Spencer (1769–1834) was a society wit and poet. Byron admired his taste, talk, and verse, declaring them to be "perfectly aristocratic."

11. Edward Daniel Clarke (1769–1822), mineralogist and traveler.

12. George Adam Browne (1774–1843), Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and clergyman.

13. John Bowes Wright (1780?–1836), of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn, was known as a linguist and traveler.

14. "A bum."

15. The "false" Col. Finch was Rev. Robert Finch (1783–1830), who went abroad in 1814 and became something of an antiquary, and whose collection is now housed in the Ashmolean Museum. Byron and Hobhouse met Finch in Milan and later Venice. Hobhouse found him "a very tiresome man, telling me his feelings, which are selfish; and his information, which is confused" (RLL, 2:47, 51, 60–64).

16. Conte Giuseppino d'Albrizzi, whose poor English was a standing joke with Byron and Hobhouse.

17. Contessa Isabella Teotochi d'Albrizzi (1761?–1836) was an Italian writer known for her *Ritratti*, which portrayed distinguished contemporaries, and for her literary salon at Venice.

18. Presumably one of the sons of William Smith (1756–1836), Whig M.P. for

Sudbury (1784–90, 1796–1802), Camelford (1791–96), and Norwich (1802–6, 1807–30).

19. Palm was Hobhouse's attendant on his travels in 1813 (Broughton Papers, British Library). Byron and Hobhouse were fond of taking such liberties with their servants' names.

20. "Aversion for the race" seems to be Hobhouse's sense of this phrase.

21. Arpalice Terucelli (variously spelled), an opera singer, was Byron's mistress of the moment. He had written to Hobhouse on 19 May 1818, "Tell Ld. Kinnaird—that the lady to whom Vendiamini would not introduce him—and to whom Rizzo might have introduced him— . . . within the last ten days has become as far as a Cappricio—Roba mia."

22. George Canning (1770–1827), a Tory statesman who entered public life as the protégé of Pitt, served as foreign secretary 1807–10, succeeded Castlereagh as foreign secretary and leader of Commons in 1822, and became prime minister in 1827.

23. Hanson's messenger was to deliver legal papers concerning the sale of Newstead Abbey to Byron at Venice. In April, Charles Hanson had suggested that Byron meet the messenger at Geneva, a proposition Byron strongly rejected. See B to Charles Hanson, 15 April 1818, and B to H, 17 April 1818.



Thursday, June 25, [1818]

Dear Byron,

Be assured "that shall be done that Dick doth say" and to day also. I beg you to be assured also that immediate application was made by me on the receipt of your last letter but one,<sup>1</sup> to the parties concerned—Murray told me he should immediately pay in part of the balance due to you, and Kinnaird instantly said that you might have whatever you liked. Although I write this without seizing him I will take upon myself to say that 1000£ shall go off by this post. C. Hanson has been seen and shall be now written to by me.— I again beg you to feel certain that I do not omit to do any thing that you wish me—I shall do so, though I am "*mersus civilibus undes*"<sup>2</sup> and have worn myself down to a mere stock fish in this cursed election—

Kinnaird in spite of all prognostics was mismanaged out of his chance of Westminster and gave up or rather was given up in three days—The Whigs played him a scurvy trick by starting Romilly against him. The Government thought any thing better than Burdett and helped Romilly and seeing itself so strong and the Burdettites so divided between Kinnaird and Cartwright, started Captain Sir Murray Maxwell<sup>3</sup> fresh from the Lewchew islands—<sup>3</sup> Romilly & Maxwell in three days were 800 ahead of Burdett, Kinnaird had hardly any votes 80 I believe— It was resolved to withdraw Kinnaird— He was withdrawn—Cartwright who had till then been obstinate, also withdrew[.] Hunt remained but was reckoned for nothing. He had lost the mob by accusing a man of sodomy from the hustings. The remaining three proposed were Romilly Maxwell and Burdett—the latter, as I said before, 800 behind on Saturday last, the 3d day. Michael Bruce, S. B. Davies and myself were the only gentlemen on the Committee—all things looked vastly serious for our patriot. Sunday however was employed in rousing the Electors— On Monday B pulled nearly

800—on Tuesday 908, on Wednesday 612, and to day 448, which has put him on the whole 248 above Maxwell and only 220 beneath Romilly. We hope to have him in the head of the poll by Monday. He has, however, had a terrible squeak for his life. Kinnaird is our hustings orator since his resignation and really does admirably. He has lost Bishop's Castle as well as Westminster but deserved both. Wilson has come in for the Borough—but has turned out to be no great things—Government has lost two members in the city—Ned Ellice will come in for Coventry—On the whole government will loose about 10 votes perhaps—I have been worn out and do not know how I shall possibly last until the end of the poll which Hunt swears he will keep open till the last—Scrope makes the Committee laugh and discomposes the staid intelligent ironmongers and curriers of our party—Captain Maxwell's face is daily covered with saliva from the patriot mob—Scrope says it reminds him of *Spit-head*!!<sup>5</sup> I shall send to Spooner to know what the devil detains his lawyer from commencing his journey—ever your's

*John Hobhouse*

1. Probably B to H, 8 June 1818.
2. "Plunged in the tides of public life" ("Nunc agilis fio et mensor civilibus undes") (Horace *Epistulae* 1. 1. 16).
3. Sir Murray Maxwell (1775–1831) was a naval captain and explorer.
4. The islands now called the Ryukus.
5. Spithead was the point from which Maxwell's ship, the *Alceste*, had departed for the Eastern voyage on 9 February 1816.

July 3, 1818

Dear Byron,

I shall be exceedingly mortified if by this time you have not received the remittances. Letter after letter has been written to tell you to draw for the life and soul of you—Kinnaird's bank shall be as exhaustless as the horn of Odin—<sup>1</sup> Circular letters have been also sent—Murray has disbursed—but even if he had not you might draw to any amount—I have Kinnaird's authority for telling you this—and he tells me he has sent a credit of two thousand pounds to Siri et Wilhalm<sup>2</sup> for you—You cannot be more angry with Hanson than I am for the unaccountable request to force you to migrate—It was impossible to suppose that when he gave me a solemn assurance of the day and hour he would have his Mercury at Geneva he did not intend to be ready with the papers until July—

I have stolen a moment from the horrors of the Westminster election to write to him, Hanson. We are still in the hottest water—on yesterday the 13th day of the poll, the numbers were Burdett..350. Romilly..333. Maxwell..266. and the total numbers were Romilly..4789. Burdett..4648. Maxwell..4324. Hunt..81. You see that Romilly by having the second votes of Maxwell in the beginning of the election, and of Burdett, now, is at the head of the poll by 141—almost all Burdett's votes are plumpers—<sup>3</sup> Maxwell is still too near to make us feel quite safe—The story is too long a one to tell you now but such a scene of iniquity on the part both of Tories and Whigs was never in your imagination brilliant as it is and fruitful, as the *Morning Post* says, of horrors—Kinnaird has played a most distinguishedly obnoxious part in the eyes of both factions and is our great hustings orator. The poll closes to morrow and if no sham votes are made up by the court candidate, Burdett is, I think, safe. But we have every thing to dread from the bold profligacy of these fellows who

go about buying votes openly—Burdett bears up gallantly, but I see is far from indifferent to the event. If we beat the two parties, for there has been a complete coalition, the triumph will be very glorious although Burdett should not be at the head of the Poll—Did I tell you that Wilson is come in for Southwark?

What do you mean by saying that you have heard nothing of the IVth Canto—What does Murray write about? Now you have barred his dinner histories, he can only talk of your poeshies—<sup>4</sup> As for the Illustrations, di Breme<sup>5</sup> may be damned—I have not said a word about the Romantic<sup>6</sup> except that the dispute was an absurd one and as for Foscolo<sup>7</sup> I have done nothing but quote from Italian reviews, and put down a criticism which you and I once made at Venice on his *Ortis*.<sup>8</sup> It ill becomes me to talk, but ask Murray what is said of the Illustrations & notes, and Murray that's all—No Sir if you do not say that the essay &c<sup>9</sup> is a masterpiece I will consent to be flayed and let you write a criticism on my skin—Breme is vexed because I have ventured to tell some disagreeable truths about poor dear Bonaparte,<sup>10</sup> and because I have said nothing about his behissed comedy.<sup>11</sup> You had better tell him so and then you will succeed to your heart's content in making him hate me as much as you have made me hate him—Lewis<sup>12</sup> is dead—the poor fellow went off very tranquilly after a fit of sickness at sea and calmly wrote his will on his servant's hat—he said nothing about White Obi.<sup>13</sup>

1. According to Norse mythology, the drinking horn of Odin was continually replenished by virtue of one end lying in the sea.

2. Byron's bankers at Venice.

3. A "plumper" is a vote given to but one candidate when the voter has the option of choosing two or more.

4. Piqued by the silence of his London friends and associates, Byron had written to various quarters that he wished news of "nothing but business" from England.

5. Luigi (or Ludovico) Arborino Gattinara di Breme (1781–1820), second son of the marchese di Breme, took holy orders. He became abbé of Caluso at the age of 22 and later served as almoner and councillor of state to Eugène Beauharnais, viceroy of Italy. A man of some prominence in Italian letters and a defender of the Romanticists, di Breme objected to the *Historical Illustrations* on account of the offhand dismissal of the classic-romantic controversy, his own exclusion from the "six major figures" discussed

in the account of modern Italian literature, and the prominence accorded to Foscolo, whose hand in the undertaking was discernible.

6. The birth of the Italian Romantic movement was signaled by Madame de Staël's essay "*Sulla Maniera e l'usita delle traduzioni*" (1816), which urged Italian writers to revitalize their literature by reading and translating foreign works. Liberal, concerned with contemporary social and political realities, antiheroic in choice and treatment of subject, the Romantici opposed, in varying degrees, the classical school.

7. Ugo Foscolo (1778–1827), an Italian writer who deplored both Napoleonic and Austrian domination, fled his country for Switzerland and subsequently England, where he attained celebrity as a writer and speaker, mingled in fashionable society, and died in debt.

8. The passage alluded to (*Historical Illustrations*, pp. 452–55) states that the learned of Italy "speak neither well nor ill" of Foscolo's *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*, describes the novel as an imitation of Goethe's *Werther* with exclusively political ends, and commends it as the first book to make Italian females and general readers interest themselves in public affairs. By discussing Foscolo in such a way in his letter, Hobhouse, though he does not misrepresent facts, does encourage Byron to draw a false conclusion. See note 9 below.

9. Roughly one-third of the *Historical Illustrations* (pp. 347–485) is given over to the *Essay on the Present Literature of Italy*. The materials and critical judgments in this essay come from Ugo Foscolo, whom Hobhouse had commissioned to help him; the language and applications to English literature are Hobhouse's. Hobhouse did not mention to Byron or the public Foscolo's part in the undertaking; Foscolo actively denied his involvement. For a full discussion of the matter and the correspondence it engendered, see E. R. Vincent, *Byron, Hobhouse, and Foscolo: New Documents in the History of a Collaboration* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1949).

10. Although Napoleon destroyed the Venetian republic in creating his kingdom of Italy, he did confer "all the benefit that a country divided and enslaved could possibly expect from a conqueror. To him she owed her union; to him, her laws and her arms: her new activity, and her recovered martial spirit, were inspired by his system" (*Historical Illustrations*, p. 482).

11. *Ida*, hissed at Mantua in 1815 (Vincent, p. 21).

12. Matthew G. ("Monk") Lewis (1775–1818), famous at twenty for his sensational Gothic novel *Ambrosio, or the Monk*, was a prominent figure in aristocratic and royal circles and a friend of Byron, whom he had visited at Diodati in 1816 (when he translated *Faust* aloud to Byron and thereby influenced *Manfred*) and at Venice in 1817. In 1812 Lewis had inherited his father's Jamaican estates, and he subsequently had made careful arrangements to secure the welfare of his slaves. Lewis died on 14 May 1818 of yellow fever as he was returning from his second Jamaican trip of inspection.

13. *Obi*, or *obeah*, is West Indian sorcery, the use of charms to cause sickness or death. Lewis speaks of the practice in his *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor* (1834). The Jamaicans called Christianity "White Obi" (Broughton Papers, British Library).

July 16, 1818

Dear Byron—

I have received a great many letters from you—all in the same strain and requiring only one answer—namely that what you require has been done long ago— The money has been sent and if you want any more you have only to specify the sum and the form in which you wish to have it conveyed. I have called twice on Mr. Hanson within these few days, and have received for answer that never was any business done so quickly and so satisfactorily as your's; and that when the messenger is ready to start he will let me know. That which has delayed every thing and every body, has, it seems, impeded the progress of the deeds—I mean the general election which caused Mr. Hoare of Durham to be a little tardy in his part of the survey— Lady Byron, as in duty bound, wrote to hasten and do the decent thing on the occasion—

All our turmoil has ended. Burdett has beaten the court candidate by four hundred and thirty, and though Romilly has by partaking the second votes of both parties come in 101 ahead in the poll, it is clear that the patriot has lost none of his popularity— He polled more votes than in the great election of 1807—<sup>1</sup> On the whole no body has been a gainer by the contests except Murray who has put forth another edition of the account of the Loo Chew islands<sup>2</sup> with a portrait of Sir Murray Maxwell in frontispiece. The chairing of Burdett on Monday last was the finest sight I ever saw—it beat the Champ de Mai hollow. It is supposed that so large and orderly a crowd were never before assembled in London. The car was Kinnaird's taste—the horses were furnished by Scrope the Great— A slight confusion occurred at the dinner by reason of want of victual—for, when the doors were opened, some two hundred and fifty guests were found already at table very much to the detriment and disappearance of the various articles

provided for the refec[tion] of the company— The question was how and why the devil they got there: and our short commons were seasoned by loud shouts of Burdett for ever but damn the Committee— Standing armies never put the cause of liberty in so much danger as these forerunners of ours at the dinner table. Tranquillity was not restored in less than two hours when we proceeded to the bad port and speeches of the day, and the sober part of the company separated about midnight— So you think of going to the Longman<sup>3</sup>—Vorsignoria e padrone<sup>4</sup>—but I think you will do ill. His beef and carrots which I have had the honor of tasting this year are very poor grub indeed. Murray is, as far as his words go, your most humble servitor—and faithfully delivers all the messages which your maliceship commands to be conveyed to me.<sup>5</sup> I should recommend you to convey de Breme's critique by the next post, and perhaps it may come in time for the Quarterly or at least to stop the pending arrangement for something that I have been prayed to write on the Italians.<sup>6</sup> By the Lord you are an amiable fellow, and, all things considered, want nothing but a little encouragement to complete your social qualities—ever your's

John Hobhouse

The corn-rubbers have been ordered.<sup>7</sup> Any thing else?

1. Burdett had been elected for Westminster at the head of the poll with 5,134 votes; and Lord Cochrane, also a Whig, had been elected with 3,708 votes. The defeated were Sheridan, John Elliot, and James Paull.

2. In 1818 Murray published *Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-choo Islands*, by Captain Basil Hall (1788–1844).

3. See B to H, 28 June 1818: "I shall positively offer my next year to Longman— & I have lots upon the anvil—"

4. "Your Lordship is master."

5. "Tell Mr. Hobhouse that he has greatly offended all his friends at Milan by some part or other of his illustrations—that I hope (as an author) he will be damned—and that I will never forgive him (or any body) the atrocity of their late neglect & silence at a time when I wished particularly to hear (for every reason) from my friends—" (B to Murray, 18 June 1818).

6. Hobhouse planned, with Foscolo's paid assistance, to write a history of Italy since 1796, including a survey of the classic-romantic controversy.

7. Requested in B to H, 25 June 1818.

Brighton. August 17, 1818

Dear Byron,

I have been waiting for more than ten days to be able to announce to you that Spooney had sent his messenger or had set off himself with the papers to you—this was his last intention but how long it may have been his last I know not he weathercocks it with such ease and quickness— I trust, however, that he will not long delay. I have presented myself to Chancery lane so often as to be a nuisance and an eye sore to his retainers below stairs and the sweaty paw of Charles [Hanson] is moreover no such pleasant welcome after admittance— Thank heaven, however, my importunities have reduced it to three fingers— If old Spooney crosses the Alps I have promised to give him a march route; and considering the dance he has led me, have a good mind to send him round by the Caucasus. I anticipate the combing down he will get from you—although, to be sure, I must say that in propria persona you are a mighty mitigable devil, and do not at all answer to the Jupiter of your own distant storm— Having received no letters from you, I conclude the money is come safe to hand and may, I presume, count upon your silence until the approaches of exhaustion persuade you again to be clamorous. I am happy to hear from you at any rate so would rather be scolded than scorned. I have done my best that the messenger whether Hanson or Hanson's man shall leave nothing that you may want or he may take behind— I have lately seen nothing of Murray—the rumor of his being a traveller not as usual by proxy but in person may be true—<sup>1</sup> If so you will know how to account for not hearing from him, if you do not hear. At any rate don't plot against his peace or pence—believe me he is your poor slave for ever. He swears you are the first of poets and he feels he is the most fashionable of booksellers— The Edinburgh is out—as I imagined and, if you recollect, foretold—the IVth is said to be the finest of all you



have written and above any other production almost of any age.<sup>2</sup> Of course it will make part of Hanson's baggage so I shall say nothing—The Edinburgh incites you to do something that shall raise [our] age to a level with any Augustan period of literature. The Morning Chronicle humbly requests you would come home and consent to save this sinking country—<sup>3</sup> The poetry is but poor but the wish as good as any thing even I could indite. Sam Rogers says in his amiable way that "*Wayte*<sup>4</sup> is our only chance." Sam presumes to shake his wry vinegar-cruet neck at me for comparing him to Pindemonte<sup>5</sup>—now this is the fate and folly of talking of these small poets at all. By the goles I meant him nothing but supreme honor. I have received the queerest letter from di Breme you ever saw— I will be judged by you, and if you do not say the essay on Italian literature is "*merum sal*,"<sup>6</sup> I will burn it— I assure you I have had the unsolicited testimony of all the best judges (Hallam, Payne Knight,<sup>7</sup> Wilbraham,<sup>8</sup> Lord Glenbervie<sup>9</sup> &c) which are very few for I flatter myself there are not three people in England capable of deciding on its merits— Seriously tell me what you think when you have read the articles, and tell me, as you wont, with sincerity— You know you promised not to make a fool of me except I wrote an oratorio— I am on the list of proscribed made out by Tierney<sup>10</sup> Brougham & Co and the other cubs at H. [Holland] House for my conduct at the Westminster Election—that is for doing my little most to put Burdett at the head of the poll—they wrote ballads against us, which were sung or said at Lady Jerseys— Oh how we sighed for you. If B was here said Scrope by god he would scalp them— The insolence of Brougham to all men increases daily and I foresee his want of wit will run him into a filthy puddle. He was shamefully beat in Westmoreland, and talked over the mob to be against him— Adieu— Your's

J.C.H.

1. Murray was traveling to Scotland, where he visited Walter Scott at Abbotsford on 9-10 September; he returned home on 16 September.

2. *Childe Harold*, Canto IV is assessed in the *Edinburgh Review* 30 (June 1818): 87-120.

3. See the *Morning Chronicle* of 10 August 1818. The "Invocation to Byron" (indifferent verse that, like Hobhouse, we need not quote) calls the "Bard of Liberty" to return to his native shores and to take a leading role in the struggle against British despotism.

4. Mr. Waite, of 2 Old Burlington Street, was a much patronized and apparently skillful dentist. Byron often asked Hobhouse and other friends to send or bring him a supply of Waite's "red tooth powder."

5. Ippolito Pindemonte (1753-1828), one of the six writers discussed in the *Essay*, is described as more a man of taste than a genius and is awarded the first place in the intermediate class of poets. Rogers objected to the following explanation of this rank: "The English reader will understand this place by recurring to the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, and perhaps that gentleman may accept as much of the comparison as the just ambition of a poet will allow him to think consistent with the pretension to unqualified excellence" (*Historical Illustrations*, 1st ed., p. 421). Hobhouse omitted the offending passage in the second edition.

6. "Pure good sense" (Lucretius *De rerum natura* 4. 1162).

7. Richard Payne Knight (1750-1824), an antiquarian and collector specializing in bronzes, coins, and gems.

8. Roger Wilbraham (1743-1829), a Whig M.P. known for his literary dinners. Hobhouse had met Ugo Foscolo at one such gathering on 23 March 1818.

9. Sylvester Douglas (1743-1823), Baron Glenbervie, M.P. for various constituencies 1796-1806.

10. George Tierney (1761-1830), Whig statesman and M.P. 1789-90 and 1796-1830, was acknowledged leader of the opposition 1817-21.

28 Septemb. [1818]

Dear Byron—

I have received the letters which you sent to me through Davies—both your own and de Breme's<sup>1</sup> and have edified highly by the perusal of both— I had before received a similar epistle from the unfrocked Abbé and was expounding the said when your own packet was delivered by the Scrope— The force of censure can no farther go, so to make a third I've joined the other two and considering them as one have made a reply in what I flatter myself is a becoming style— I take the liberty of sending you a copy of this letter,<sup>2</sup> of which I do not say read and burn—but do not give yourself the trouble to read it, but send it to Rizzo<sup>3</sup> or to Madame Albrizzi or to any one who will make it public— a translation in the gazette will please me most, the Lugano I recollect to be your favourite— When the Albrizzi has done with it perhaps you could contrive to send it to Acerbi who I am sure will swallow it with more glee than he ever did the small tit bit of blubber in his voyage towards the North Pole.<sup>4</sup> I conjure you by all my coal mines in Cornwall<sup>5</sup> to further this little piece of mischief. The Copy is written in a fair hand—some vengeance should be taken of this masturbator for calling poor dear Madame Albrizzi's *Ritratti*<sup>6</sup> "*a list of her stallions*"— You may see that I have taken care to quote this in the letter in order to qualify it for the meridian of St. Mark's— It is, indeed, though I say it, as pretty a piece of malice as could well be hatched, and would become even your embroiling spirit— I have quoted de Breme's own words against Monti,<sup>7</sup> so I am in hopes of a squabble even there whence the whole has originated—this makes me wish to see the thing in Acerbi's hands— I did not know how to send this packet when Missiaglia<sup>8</sup> of the library at Venice came in, "*sic me servavit Apollo*"—<sup>9</sup> What the deuce has kept you so long from Hasty?<sup>10</sup> I trust you have not been setting up shop again—nothing but

passades—no draughts on bankers ear rings and the like o' they—  
 What a dreadful fright you have been in for fear some one should  
 interpose to save you a few pounds in England— Were you on your  
 death bed you could not be more alarmed at the hideous prospect of  
 leaving something unenjoyed. By this time, however, you may be  
 assured that nothing has been done for you and your mind be at rest—  
 I have been living since the beginning of August at Brighton,<sup>11</sup> so  
 have not seen the superb Murray who is speculating with an Edin-  
 burgh dealer for a magazine—Wilson the plague man,<sup>12</sup> who he says is  
 full as clever and ten times more hearty than Jeffery. A fortnight since  
 I came to Brighton has been taken out and spent at Burdett's Wiltshire  
 house— There was Scrope and there also came Tom Moore. This  
 latter you are quite right about—he is a most charming fellow and  
 certainly one of the better brothers— Poor fellow, he has lately got a  
 twist about the aristocrats, and cant forgive Lord H[olland] for saying  
 "we will show Lord B that another of us can write verses" nor George  
 Vernon<sup>13</sup> for observing at Bowwood<sup>14</sup> that "there were three poets in  
 the room"— I dont know whether you ever observed this before in  
 him— Moore told me that you were in alarm about the IVth Canto.<sup>15</sup>  
 Why so? and why did you let him know? I tell you again and again  
 there is but one opinion about it. It is the "opt-max,"<sup>16</sup> and in sober  
 sadness I tell you that your influence in this country is what I should  
 think without a parallel—you might positively do what you pleased—  
 If Murray throws doubts or cold water he is a neger, but I can not  
 imagine such perfidy in him— Your friends here, I mean England, are  
 ceaseless in enquiries about your health and wealth and so forth and I  
 feel secure I can report progress in both. But dont swim for four hours  
 again<sup>17</sup>—now dont. You can not think what serious harm these  
 exertions bring about. Hanson's folk are tired of my repeated visits and  
 I myself am almost sick of asking for the fiftieth time if either father  
 son or company is set out with the papers. Mind you sign nothing  
 except the mere deeds, no private papers, no releases acquittances or  
 any thing but the bond, the bond. Pray be cautious—Dug. bid me tell  
 you this and he is a clever fellow for all his speeches— The Scrope is  
 well in physics and still preserves the five points— His addresses have  
 lately been divided between the Lady Anne Harley and Miss Susannah  
 Burdett—<sup>18</sup> He makes your poshies pimp for him for I caught him  
 ventre à terre<sup>19</sup> under a beach tree expounding you to the latter—

where types fail he brings out an MS from a scented Morocco pocket book and a palpable hit<sup>20</sup> egad— How his concerns go on no soul alive knows— his being in love looks suspicious for he was never known to be so when in money. He is still, however, very grand and will not stir without his “*dormeuse*”<sup>21</sup> Sir[.] I have left off my wig and my Whig principles together[—]had I a seat in the den I should have abjured them both by throwing the former on the table as Burke<sup>22</sup> did his dagger— It is impossible to bear the arrogance selfishness and surliness of a party that has elected Bruffam<sup>23</sup> for their bully. Lord Holland-House calls me a rat for asking for single votes for Burdett and disregarding that charming piece of perfection Sir S. Romilly—this is the head & front of my offending and has put me on the proscription list so my patriotism has brought me into a filthy puddle—ever your’s—

J.C.H.

1. See B to H, 3 August 1818: “Enclosed is Breme’s scrawl—answer him if you like but I have given him a Siserana I promise you in mine already— I have no notion of his airs—he has brought all Italy into a squabble about his damned doctrines—.” Di Breme’s letter does not survive.

2. Hobhouse’s reply to di Breme (28 September 1818) is quoted in part in Vincent, pp. 32–36, and in full in Ludovico di Breme, *Lettere*, ed. Piero Camparesi (Turin: Giulio Einaudi, 1966), pp. 653–62.

3. Conte Francesco Rizzo-Patarol, a frequenter of Madame Albrizzi’s and other Venetian salons, had the reputation of being a gossip.

4. Giuseppe Acerbi (1773–1846), writer and director of the classical *Biblioteca Italiana*. His *Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, to the North Cape, in the Years 1798 and 99* had appeared in English (London: J. Mawman, 1802).

5. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. 19.

6. “Portraits.”

7. Vincente Monti (1754–1828), a poet with mutable political convictions, was widely known for his blank verse translation of the *Iliad* (1810). Monti is described in pages 423–49 of the *Historical Illustrations*. The pertinent passages from Hobhouse’s letter to di Breme appear on pages 656–57 of the *Lettere*: “Pour me convaincre de mes torts envers M. Monti vous me dites ‘qu’il est imitateur dans les images et créateur dans la manière de les exprimer’. . . . Quant à son caractère public je ne nierai point ce que vous m’en écrivez ‘que M. Monti est d’une débilité morale qui va jusqu’au ridicule.’”

8. G. B. Missiaglia, proprietor of the Apollo Library at Venice.
9. "Thus Apollo has accommodated me" (Horace *Sermones* 1. 9. 78).
10. "Hasty," in Cambridge slang, means a rash generalization. Perhaps Hobhouse refers to Byron's habitual and often unjustified complaints that his financial requests and affairs were not being tended to.
11. On 11 August, Hobhouse had settled with his brother Henry at Westcliffe Lodge, Brighton.
12. John Wilson (1785-1854), shortly to become famous as "Christopher North" of the Tory organ *Blackwood's Magazine*, had published "The City of the Plague" and other poems in 1816.
13. George Charles Vernon (1779-1835), fourth Baron Vernon.
14. The Wiltshire seat of the marquess of Lansdowne, a gathering place for Whig politicians, writers, wits, and scientists.
15. See B to Thomas Moore, 1 June 1818.
16. Optimum-maximum, "the best and greatest."
17. In his letter of 25 June, Byron describes swimming against Alexander Scott and the Chevalier Mengaldo from the Lido to the end of the Grand Canal, a distance of four and one-half Italian miles. Byron was in the water from half past four until quarter past eight. This was his second such natatorial adventure at Venice; see also B to H, 15 or 16 June 1818.
18. Susannah, or Susan, Burdett (d. 1886), the second daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, was admired by Hobhouse. She married (1830) J. B. Trevanion, Esq., of Coerhays, Cornwall. Lady Anne Harley (b. 1803), of Lady Oxford's "Harleian Miscellany," became the wife (1835) of the Cavaliere San Giorgio.
19. "At full speed."
20. Cf. *Hamlet*, 5.2. ii: "A hit, a very palpable hit."
21. As its name suggests, a *dormeuse* is a traveling carriage with adaptations for sleeping or reclining. For the history of Scrope's *dormeuse*, see Burnett, pp. 53-54.
22. Edmund Burke (1729-97), the Irish Whig statesman famed for his eloquence on the American Revolution and the repressive politics of George III, dramatically broke with his party and his friend Charles James Fox on 6 May 1791, in a speech on the French Revolution. The Whigs deplored his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* and *Letters on the Regicide Peace*, which supported the old regime.
23. Though not designated leader of the opposition, Henry Peter Brougham was the most prominent voice of the Whigs in Commons.

November 4, [1818]

My dear Byron,

I have this instant come from Spooner the younger: with whom I had as many words as the surprise and horror consequent upon seeing the suicide of Sir Sam'l: Romilly<sup>1</sup> in the paper would permit. He cut his throat in a paroxysm of madness at the death of his wife, a solitary instance of so dreadful an act in a sexagenary— I expressed my discontent to young Hanson at his father's unaccountable conduct—he told me that he presumed some means might be taken to forward the papers—he hinted that perhaps you might move. I told him never, and I do think you are quite right in not stirring. The fellow must be insane. Do not, however, come quite to blows with him, until your purchase is complete and the money all safe— When you do commence, you may depend upon being stoutly backed by all of us— I have seen Kinnaid, he is in a deadly rage against your courier— So is your sister whom I saw this morning and who is looking very well— She tells me the Typhus Fever is at Kirkby together with Lady N.[Noel]<sup>2</sup> The prudent daughter has removed the child— I have heard of you and your long hair—<sup>3</sup> I trust you are well and do not suffer this fellow to vex you more than needful to correct his vagaries. I saw Murray this morning—he has nothing to communicate, I believe, but has set me upon translating some Italian<sup>4</sup> sent by you— I am pleased at your opinion of the Essay which I did think would hit your fancy—<sup>5</sup> It is but a compilation indeed, but I think the style is good— I have sent over four copies by Missiaglia of the Apollo library, pray favor me by taking one— The same man carries you my letter to Breme, who is not to be pardoned— I have heard from Hoppner<sup>6</sup> and am very much obliged to him for his correction of my two blunders. I will take care that the errors shall not stand in the next. When I saw St. Luke's it was filled with lamps and I have some excuse for

misconstruing *Imbrenati* for I asked an Italian the meaning of the word the other day and he could not tell me—<sup>7</sup> I presume you are at Mr. Gibbon's work<sup>8</sup>—pray it may be so and "write next winter more essays on man"—<sup>9</sup> There is no literary intelligence of any kind at least not of any kind that has met my ear this morning. S.B.D. is got into the hands of Lady C. [Caroline] L. [Lamb] and is deep in with Lady F. [Frances] W. [Webster]—<sup>10</sup> As they are in some measure *de tiennes*, I suppose he makes love to one and hate to the other with your poetry—If I hear any thing from Chancery or any other Lane worth telling, I will write again soon—farewell—always your's truly,

J.C.H.—

1. The despondent Romilly had cut his throat on 2 November.

2. Under the terms of Lord Wentworth's will, his heirs the Milbankes assumed his surname, Noel.

3. English visitors to Venice in the autumn of 1818 brought back descriptions of a fat, unkempt, middle-aged, long-haired Byron; see Marchand, *Byron*, 2:746.

4. A note on Parisina, extracted from a history of Ferrara and sent to Murray; see B to Murray, 10 July 1818.

5. B to H, 30 September 1818: "I saw the other day by accident your 'Historical &c.'—the Essay is *perfect*—and not exceeded by Johnson's Poets—which I think the type of perfection.—"

6. Richard Belgrave Hoppner (1786–1872) had been appointed consul at Venice in 1814. He became friends with Byron in 1817.

7. Hobhouse had supposed that St. Luke's church had been converted into a warehouse for lamps. "*Imbranati*" is the nominative plural of an adjective meaning "awkward" or "clumsy."

8. Hobhouse apparently alludes to Gibbon's *Memoirs of My Life and Writings* (1796). Byron was then at work on the autobiographical memoir he eventually gave to Thomas Moore to sell for posthumous publication to Murray. This is the famous manuscript burned at Murray's on 17 May 1824.

9. The last line of Pope's "Epilogue to the Satires."

10. In 1813 Byron had engaged Lady Frances, wife of his friend James Wedderburn Webster, in a "Platonic" flirtation, found her susceptible, but "spared" her from further involvement. Byron describes the affair with amused detachment in his letters to Lady Melbourne.



Xmas day, 1818

Dear Byron—

Your letter[s] to Kinnaird and myself, and Hanson the bearer have come to hand—<sup>1</sup> If Kinnaird has not written to tell this, which, I believe he has, I write to say that you may depend upon every exertion on my part, and that no stone shall be left unturned to pay all as it ought to be paid and to secure all as it ought to be secured. I have ventured to ask my father to intervene with his sexagenary experience when Hanson has his first legal interview with K and me, thinking you would have no objection—and I believe that on Monday next the whole matter will be well talked over at a dinner made by the Douglas on purpose at which Sir B.H. Mr. John Hanson and we twain Dug & I shall be present. Progress shall be regularly reported you may depend upon it[.] I cannot see how any material difficulties can occur to prevent every thing being done as you wish within a short space of time—

I beg you to take the same assurances respecting your literary business—<sup>2</sup> Lord Lauderdale<sup>3</sup> is *not* arrived but is hourly expected. When he does come and delivers up his charge, I shall proceed exactly in the way you have prescribed and I beg you not to suppose for a moment that any concerns of my own will make me a jot less attentive to any commission with which you may gratify me— The news of the poeshy coming to me has raised me several pegs in the *dread*, another word for *esteem*, of Sam Rogers and other one or two who think their reputations may be in my hands when your verses reach them—and that a civil word or two might induce me to suspend the execution of your poetic vengeance. But be assured I will not alter a word to save all St. James's Place—<sup>4</sup> Davies has just shown me the kind letter you have written to him— Before this time you must have received what I said on the modest request to bring Mahomet to the mountain— The

attractions of a Covent Garden Hustings<sup>5</sup> are not of the most alluring kind even when one is at Hyde Park—but with Alps between!! I flatter myself, however, that your kind wishes will not be lost, for I have a sort of superstition about these things and do think that a man is the better even for a distant inclination in his favor. Things do, I assure you, look very favorable for the present. The Whigs tried hard to bitch the business, and raise up Lord J. Russell<sup>6</sup> and Sam Whitbread<sup>7</sup> in succession against me. The focus of the latter job was H. House and the chief agitator Bennett.<sup>8</sup> But it would not do, the ground was taken up and Lord Grey set his face against the attempt—Government has not yet decidedly declared for Maxwell, nor is it certain that he will receive the full support of the ministers—The betting is for me—No news except that we have had a tremendous fog which darkened our day lights[.] By the way, I must thank you for the *Scalabrino* letter.<sup>9</sup> Any similar intelligence will be gratefully received—Remember me to Hoppner & to all who honor me with the speaking to you on so poor a topic as I—ever your most faithful

John C. Hobhouse

1. B to H, 11 and 23 November 1818; B to H and Douglas Kinnaird, 18 November 1818.

2. Byron had instructed Hobhouse and Kinnaird to get a fair price from Murray or some other publisher for *Don Juan*, *Mazeppa*, and the *Ode on Venice*, which he was sending by Lord Lauderdale.

3. James Maitland (1759–1839), eighth earl of Lauderdale, began his public career as a Whig M.P. but later was noted as a Tory lord for his vigorous support of the “bill of pains and penalties” against Queen Caroline.

4. Rogers lived in St. James’s Street, the heart of Clubland. His house overlooked Green Park.

5. At the advice of his friends, Hobhouse entered the Westminster election held in November 1818 to fill the parliamentary seat left vacant by the suicide of Romilly. George Lamb won the election.

6. Son of the sixth duke of Bedford, Lord John Russell (1792–1878), later the first earl of Russell, was a leading Whig statesman. First elected to parliament in 1813, he held ministerial offices from 1830 on, serving as prime minister 1846–52 and 1865–66.

7. Samuel Charles Whitbread (1796–1879), second son of Whitbread the Whig politician and chairman of the Drury Lane Committee, was M.P. for Middlesex 1820–30.

8. Henry Grey Bennet (1777–1836), Whig M.P. for Shrewsbury 1806–7, 1811–26.

9. Scalabrino was an Italian nobleman to whom Tasso wrote several letters printed in *Historical Illustrations* (first edition, pp. 492–95, 502–5). Byron refers to him as “the Magnificent Correspondent who went between Tasso and his Washerwoman” (B to H, 23 November 1818).

Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1818

My dear Byron—

As this is post day I must write a few lines just to say that the poems are arrived. Lord Lauderdale brought them safe and unbroken. They have been perused by me and by Scrope and by Kinnaird and by Frere—<sup>1</sup> We, I mean S.B.D. Kinnaird & I will have a session thereupon to consider upon the final counsel which we your humble advisers may presume to give you[.] There is not the slightest hesitation of course upon the Caravaggio talent<sup>2</sup> displayed throughout. Moore is not in town nor Rose<sup>3</sup> so I have been content with Frere— You shall hear all in a day or two. Murray, I believe, would publish a *Fanny Hill* or an *Age of Reason*<sup>4</sup> of your's— The Hitch will not come thence—so be tranquil—

Yesterday there was a meeting at Kinnairds—present the Douglas himself—my father—Spooney and myself— We had a very satisfactory conversation—agreed that no composition is compatible with your honor, but that Spooney must wait—and that all the larger bills are to be scrupulously examined before paid— That the payment is to be made to receipts countersigned by Kinnaird and myself. Nothing can be more simple than the whole transaction—and nothing more safe than you in all the concern— Kinnaird will write more at large by the next post— I have received Fletcher's letter and will attend to the whole contents— I have made over 50£ to his wife who has received it at D.K.'s bank.

This morning I have received a letter from you—<sup>5</sup> I have given no pledge of any kind—if Galignani<sup>6</sup> says so, the fellow with the outlandish name lies— We go on well still—and it looks as if I should come in— Lord Lauderdale tells of a four frank piece<sup>7</sup> you have put into circulation— Is it so? Tell your faithful scandal keeper the truth— Farewell and believe me always your's truly,

J. C. Hobhouse

PS. Sir P. Francis dead—nothing known of the *vellum* books yet—I firmly believe in him—<sup>8</sup>

1. John Hookham Frere (1769–1846) was a diplomat, contributor to the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, wit, and man of letters, known for his translations of Aristophanes and his poem *The Monks and the Giants* (1817–18).

2. Hobbhouse alludes to the strong, inspired portrayal of things as they are and the dramatic contrast of light and darkness that distinguish the works of the Lombard painter Michelangelo Amerighi Caravaggio. Byron himself referred to the manner he employed in *The Vision of Judgment* and perfected in *Don Juan* as “my finest, ferocious Caravaggio style” (B to H, 12 <Septr> Octr. 1821).

3. William Stewart Rose (1775–1843), poet and translator, lived in Venice in 1817. His English version of Casti’s *Animali Parlanti* appeared in 1819.

4. John Cleland’s *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (1749) and Thomas Paine’s *The Age of Reason* (1795) were both scandalous publications, the one for amorous license, the other for agnostic freethinking.

5. B to H, 12 December 1818.

6. Jean Antoine Galignani, editor of the *Messenger* (LJ, 6:284).

7. In his reply to this comment (B to H, 19 January 1819), Byron asks, “What ‘piece’ does he mean?—since last year I have run the Gauntlet.” He goes on to name 23 partners supplemented “cum multis aliis . . . some noble—some middling—some low—& all whores—”

8. Sir Philip Francis (1740–1818), a Whig reformer, had died on 23 December. Intermittently a member of Parliament from 1784 until 1807, Francis had in 1816 been suggested as the probable writer of the anonymous “Junius” letters that appeared in Woodfall’s *Public Advertiser* from 1769 until 1772.

January 5, 1819

Dear Byron,

If I were not confident in your opinion of my loyalty, as the French call it, to you and my devotion for every thing touching your interests in every sense of the word, I should not certainly venture to expose myself to the suspicions to which in any other case perhaps this letter might give rise. But if I have ever been at all true to you, if at any time my small services have been usefully employed in your behalf, I intreat you to consider my present proceeding as prompted by nothing but the most strict sense of duty and the most unalterable affection towards the dearest of my friends.

The first time I read your Don Juan our friend Scrope Davies was in the room and we mutually communicated with each other from time to time on the papers before us. Every now and then on reading over the poem both the one and the other exclaimed "*it will be impossible to publish this[.]*" I need not say that these exclamations were accompanied with notes of admiration at the genius, wit, poetry, satire, and so forth, which made us both also at the same time declare that you were as superior in the burlesque as in the heroic to all competitors and even perhaps had found your real forte in this singular style. Mr. Murray came into the room whilst we were so employed and wished incontinently to insert the names of the poems in his catalogue. To this however I objected except with the previous warning that it was possible they might not be published. My motive for this warning was twofold, first on the account of the impression on Scrope and myself and secondly because I did not feel sure that Murray would be the person dealt with. In the course of the day Davies and myself had a colloquy again on the subject and our doubts as to publication were much strengthened by mutual remarks thereupon— The same day I dined with Douglas Kinnaid and read the poem to him. He did not

then see the objection to publishing—I told him our doubts, but said, that, for me, I had not quite made up my mind what to say. I do not know whether it is worth while to tell you that I cursorily mentioned to Edward Ellice, a most stout defender of his faith towards you, that Don Juan had the motto *domestica facta*,<sup>1</sup> and that these domestic facts were more English than Spanish. His reply was "I am vastly sorry for it[—]he stands so well and so high now and all is forgotten"—The next day, Monday, I left the poem with Mr. Hookham Frere—and desired he would have the goodness to mark with a pencil what he thought it might be advisable to omit and likewise to tell me candidly his opinion on the whole production. I called on Mr. Frere the day afterwards and had a long conversation with him in which my doubts became certainties—I did not, you may be sure, forget that the adviser was the author of *Whistlecraft*<sup>2</sup> nor that the counsellor might be lost in the rival: but I did not allow that suggestion to prevent me from attending to the just remarks made by a person who has considerable taste and judgment and to whom you yourself desired me to appeal. Mr. Frere is one of your warmest admirers and the greatest part of his arguments were drawn from the admitted acknowledgement that you had and deserved to have by far the greatest reputation of any poet of the day—The objections were, you may easily imagine, drawn from the sarcasms against the lady of Seaham<sup>3</sup>—from the licentiousness and in some cases downright indecency of many stanzas and of the whole turn of the poem—from the flings at religion—and from the slashing right and left at other worthy writers of the day—First, he could not imagine what could induce you to renew the domestic attack which had been totally dropt by the other party—and he particularly mentioned that being at Tunbridge two months last year with Sir Ralph and Lady Noel living hard by, not a single disrespectful word ever escaped them and when your name was mentioned it was received with the usual comment on poetical ability etc. I believe this happened but once—On this I shall observe, myself, that Frere did not know half the attacks which the poem contains on Lady B and that if he had known them his opinion must have been twenty times more strong—You will not suspect me of having two opinions on this subject. My indignation at the treatment you received is as warm as ever, and it is only to keep you on the vantage ground where your previous forbearance has placed you, that I should intreat you never to

make the slightest allusion to that person or that person's unaccountable unnatural conduct. The fact of the other party having no charge to make is rapidly though silently establishing itself: and nothing but an assault from you can possibly impede the progress of this truth. This hostility is in a manner mixed up with the whole poem and her ladyship must see it and will point it out to those who do not see it before. The story of the box and letters<sup>4</sup> you should not allude to were it only for the sake of your friend in St. James' Palace—<sup>5</sup> Let me also remark that if the case should ever be made public your story will loose half its weight by having been before half frittered away by hints and innuendoes—— Next, the immoral turn of the whole and the rakish air of the half real hero will really injure your reputation both as a man and a poet. Frere remarked, that as a noble and bold assertor of liberty, such as you have always appeared, a certain strictness at least in appearance was naturally required from you, the friends of liberty in all ages having been decided enemies to licentiousness— He then mentioned one or two poets very finished in this line, Hall Stevenson,<sup>6</sup> for example, who had great characters once but who had been as it were laid aside or rather extirpated from the libraries by a kind of common consent— You have nothing to gain in point of genius because your Beppo has already shown your power and this poem is enough. I recollect you used to object to Tom Moore his luxuriousness, and to me my use of gross words, yet your scenes are one continued painting of what is most sensual and you have one rhyme with the word, and a whole stanza on the origin of the pox—<sup>7</sup> Frere particularly observed that the world had now given up the foolish notion that you were to be identified with your sombre heros: and had acknowledged with what great success and good keeping you had portrayed a grand imaginary being. But the same admiration cannot be bestowed upon and will not be due to the Rake Juan: and if you are mixed up, as you inevitably will be, with the character or the adventures or the turn of thinking and acting recommended by the poem, it is certain that not only you will gain no credit by the present reference, but will loose some portion of the fame attached to the supposed former delineation of your own sublime & pathetic feelings— If the world shall imagine that taking advantage of your great command of all readers you are resolved to make them admire a style intolerable in less powerful writers, you will find in a short time



that a rebellion will be excited, and with some pretext, against your supremacy: and though you may recover yourself it will be only with another effort in your original manner— I need only remind you that you used to pride yourself and with great reason upon your delicacy— now it will be impossible for any lady to allow Don Juan to be seen on her table, and you would not wish to be crammed like “the man of feeling”<sup>8</sup> into her pocket— I know you may quote to me illustrious examples of this sort of profligacy—but neither Voltaire nor La Fontaine<sup>9</sup> owe their reputation to that quality—it is always mentioned as a drawback to their character as writers— But you knew all these arguments before and in fact have run riot for fun— But do not do it—all the idle stories about your Venetian life will be more than confirmed, they will be exaggerated: and I do not suppose you are one of those who “feel no joy unless the world stand by”—<sup>10</sup> I am not preaching to you of the deeds themselves but merely of the inexpediency of even appearing to make a boast of them. Our English world will not stand that— Almost all I have said about indecency will apply to the sneers at religion— Do think a moment and you will find the position indefensible even by the first poet of the age— The parody on the commandments<sup>11</sup> though one of the best things in the poem or indeed in all that sort of poetry is surely inadmissible: I can hardly think you meant it should stand. Notwithstanding the calumnies about Atheism &c which you have had to endure in common with almost every distinguished liberal writer that ever lived you have never given a handle to such assertions before— Why should you do it now? The publicity of this way of talking makes in my mind the whole difference, for you know my sentiments too well to suppose I think of anything but expediency in these matters—

Lastly the satire— Both Scrope and myself agreed that the attack on Castlereagh<sup>12</sup> was much better than that on Southey<sup>13</sup> (which by the way has the phrase “dry-Bob”!!) but we both agreed that you could not publish it unless you were over here ready to fight him— However, as you have drawn your pen across those stanzas, I conclude them given up— Frere remarked that the assault of the poor creatures so infinitely below you in poetical character would look to the world perfectly wanton and harmless except to your own great reputation which places you above even the chastisement of such grovellers— I admit the offense committed by Southey: but indeed indeed your lines will

do him no hurt. They will show you are annoyed at something and that will please both him and all those who envy you— Mr. Frere distinctly said, "Lord Byron is too great a man to descend into the arena against such wretched antagonists and however clever the satire may be the world will recollect that he has suppressed one Satire and will say that he may suppress this also at some future day[.]" Neither Southey, Wordsworth nor Coleridge<sup>14</sup> have any character except with their own crazy proselytes some fifty perhaps in number: so what harm can you do them and what good can you do the world by your criticism? I have now gone through the objections which appear so mixed up with the whole work especially to those who are in the secret of the domestica facta that I know not how any amputation will save it: more particularly as the objectionable parts are in point of wit humour & poetry the very best beyond all doubt of the whole poem— This consideration, therefore, makes me sum up with strenuously advising a total suppression of Don Juan—I shall take advantage of the kind permission you give me to keep back the publication until after the election in February: and this delay will allow time for your answer and decision. I am aware of the pains taken as well as of the extraordinary merit of the poem to which your name and, for the present, even the very defects, will secure an enormous circulation—I should tell you that Douglas Kinnaird has now changed his opinion and coincides with Frere, S.B.D. and myself. I have desired Mr. Murray to say to enquirers that you have ordered the publication to be delayed until after the Election—I should add also that he will publish but has, on my representation, the same sentiments as myself— Perhaps you may wish reference to be made to others—recollect only that Moore & Rogers are praised therein.<sup>15</sup> *Verbum sat.*<sup>16</sup> I have only to adjoin that I wait your orders and shall, of course, although *multa gemens*<sup>17</sup> proceed with the publication if you desire it— The other two poems can, if you like, be published directly: I presume one of the motives for haste to be removed by the satisfactory arrangement which will soon send so large an account into your banker's hands—<sup>18</sup> Adieu ever your's affectionately

J. C. Hobhouse

Maxwell has, I believe, given up, but we fear a more formidable

antagonist in Wilberforce perhaps, although nothing is now said of him—

1. "Common life"—& not one's own adventures" is Byron's sense of the phrase (see B to Scrope Davies, 26 January 1819), although in context it specifies Roman events as opposed to happenings borrowed from Greek history and legend: ". . . vestigia Graeca / Ausi deserere et celebrare domestica facta" (Horace *Ars Poetica* 286–87). The motto Byron actually chose for *Don Juan* is "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*" ("It is hard to write aptly of ordinary things") (*Ars Poetica* 128).

2. Frere's *The Monks and the Giants*, ostensibly the production of the "brothers Whistlecraft," had brought to England the *ottava rima* of Pulci, Berni, and Casti, the meter Byron had chosen for *Beppo* and *Don Juan*.

3. Annabella, Lady Byron.

4. See *DJ*, 1. 28: "She kept a journal where his faults were noted, / And open'd certain trunks of books and letters." Suspecting her husband of mental derangement, Annabella had conducted such searches prior to the separation.

5. Augusta Leigh, who on 6 March 1816 had taken up duties as a lady-in-waiting.

6. John Hall-Stevenson (1718–85), a close friend of Sterne, was a country gentleman with a taste for licentious literature, best known for his *Crazy Tales* (1762). A "club of demoniacks" met at his house, Skelton Castle.

7. The rhyme appears in *DJ* 1. 129; the stanza on the pox is 131. Both passages were omitted from the first edition and did not appear in published versions of *Don Juan* until 1833.

8. A novel (1771) by Henry Mackenzie.

9. The French satirist Voltaire (1694–1778) was condemned for the "looseness" of such works as *Candide* but especially for *La Pucelle*, his mock epic on Jeanne d'Arc. Jean de La Fontaine (1621–95), chiefly known for his fables, was also the author of the salacious *Contes*.

10. Unidentified.

11. Byron lists his poetical commandments in *DJ*, 1. 205–6.

12. The "intellectual eunuch" Castlereagh, hated by Byron for his opposition of liberal causes in Britain and abroad, is denounced in stanzas 12–15 of the Dedication, which was not published until 1833.

13. Robert Southey (1774–1843), who had become poet laureate on Scott's recommendation in 1813, had passed from radical youth to conservative middle age. Byron, who found additional reason to dislike the laureate in rumors he had circulated concerning Byron's alleged "league of incest" with the Shelleys and Claire Clairmont at Diodati, takes Southey to task for inferior poetry and turncoat politics in the Dedication of *Don Juan*.

14. Byron's attacks on Southey's fellow Lakers Coleridge and Wordsworth also appear in the Dedication. Wordsworth, who like Southey had transformed himself from a young revolutionary to a dependent on the *status quo*, had through the

influence of the Tory Lord Lonsdale received the office of stamp distributor for Westmoreland in 1818. His long poem *The Excursion* (1814), dedicated to his patron Lonsdale, is for Byron an example of bad poetry yoked to bad politics. Coleridge provoked Byron's anger by a passage in *Biographia Literaria* that Byron took as an envious rejected dramatist's attack on Maturin's *Bertram* and on the Drury Lane Theatre for staging it. See B to Murray, 12 October 1817.

15. See *DJ*, Dedication, 7; 1. 104; and 1. 205.

16. "A word (to the wise) is sufficient" (Plautus *Truculentus* 2. 8. 14).

17. "Heaving many a sigh." This recurrent Virgilian phrase appears in the *Aeneid*, 1. 465; 4. 395; and 5. 869; and the *Georgics*, 3. 226.

18. At the 28 December meeting to decide how to handle the £94,500 purchase money from the sale of Newstead, Byron's agents settled that he would receive the interest (£3,300) from the £66,200 set aside to secure Lady Byron's jointure and £3,000 in interest from April on the purchase money of Newstead. See Marchand, *Byron*, 2:760–61.

Feb. 5, 1819

My dear Byron—

I have received your kind letter of the nineteenth of this [last] month. You may be sure that whether I succeed or not, your sympathies will be duly cherished and remembered— At present things look very prosperous— Since Maxwell's retreat I have had no opponent and there is now no rumour except of Cartwright and Cobbett—<sup>1</sup> This may keep the poll open but I do not think it will prevent the Return. Nevertheless I feel that we tread on very slippery ground and I shall not be surprised at an accident. I remember however one of your topics of consolation, and I flatter myself that our mutual friends will tell you that whether I loose the election or not I shall not have lost any character—

Every thing I think has been done as you desire, and you may depend upon it every thing shall be. As to the poeshie I wait your final orders and have still hopes you will resolve against publishing— Tom Moore read it in my room the other day and perfectly coincided with us about the impossibility of entire publication— I suggested extracts fragments &c, of course including the stanzas to his TM's honor and glory. This he seemed to think a good plan. But since you are against mutilations I presume it will not meet your views. The more I read and think on the subject—the more I am convinced on the utter necessity of suppression. However, I add as before that I shall do as I am bidden—

I have had the most plaintive of letters from de Breme, and learn that I shall bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave— This being the case, and I a tender hearted negro, I hope this will come [in] time enough to prevent the publication of my diatribe—<sup>2</sup> I feel confident I was right in being damn'd angry, and, being so, I was right to hit as hard as I could—do you not think so? I have written a second short

letter to de Breme to prevent suicide— He thought he could joke about us Englishers as well as if we were lousy Lombards— Present my humble services to the lady of the Seraglio<sup>3</sup> and to her Giuseppe—his English is wonderfully improved since he did the acquaintance of my young ladies— Your books are gone off under care of a relative of Murray's. Hanson says he is toiling to get through your affairs— £66,000 have been paid and lodged, as you will have heard from the Douglas. I dined with Major Wildman<sup>4</sup> the other day— He adores you next to idolatry, and is really a fine young fellow[.] The minority in parliament divided 168 the other night but were still 109 in the back ground— They have tried hard to reorganize the party: but it is like galvanizing a dead horse—a kick or two and as dead again as ever. Farewell—ever your's &c

*John Hobhouse*

The writ for Westminster is moved to day—election in ten days—

1. William Cobbett (1762-1835), a political journalist and essayist remembered for his *Rural Rides* (1830), had founded in 1802 the weekly *Political Register* in which he promoted radical political and social reforms.

2. "Tell Hobhouse—his letter to De Breme has made a great Sensation—and is to be published in the *Tuscan & Other Gazettes*—" (B to Hobhouse and Kinnaird, (a) 19 January 1819).

3. Madame Albrizzi.

4. Thomas Wildman (1787-1859), the purchaser of Newstead, was a contemporary of Byron at Harrow. Wildman served in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. He retired from the army as a colonel.

April 27, [1819]

My dear Bryon—

The lord's will be done— You are resolved that the pomes shall be printed; and printed the pomes shall be; aye, and published too.<sup>1</sup> The first sheet has gone through my hands and has been transmitted to you for final approbation. The marginals are mine: and humbly I beseech you to consider them attentively, as you may depend upon it that my hook shall not be a desperate one and shall only be employed where your luxuriance is absolutely too rich. I think I have marked but three in the first sheet, including the *dry bob* and a line about a piss-bucket, and also god-damn. That I should ever have lived to see you come to this! On my stars and garters! Since I have such ill luck from the one I wish I was hanged in the other— However I shall delay dangling at the bed post until I see the Don fairly before the world and then I will lay my death at your door and leave myself to be wept by the Reformers and avenged by the Eclectic Review— What a monstrous strange letter, *grandis epistola*,<sup>2</sup> you sent to Murray from your Caprea<sup>3</sup> The rogue likes lashing I know he does “the more he be beaten the civiler he be”.<sup>4</sup> What you say of Foscolo is true as to his works but he is truly a most extraordinary man in his diurnals and has a capacity superior to his writings.<sup>5</sup> What think you of what he has said of Dante in the Edinburgh,<sup>6</sup> in which by the way he alludes à Vorsignoria—<sup>7</sup> He is now half engaged by the Great Man of Albermarle Street<sup>8</sup> to undertake a dictionary of the Italian tongue— Rose's letters from the North of Italy<sup>9</sup> being egregiously puffed at Holland and other Houses, take very well— To my poor way of thinking the literary part is the best: but I shall not conceal from you that the Essay is better than anything he has got in his two volumes— He is going to translate Ariosto<sup>10</sup> and Murray desires me to ask you whether you could do such a thing as help him to a canto[—]'twould not take you more than an

odd five minutes after your sugarless milkless tea. But then, to be sure, if you are making love to a Romagnuola<sup>11</sup> and she only nineteen you will have some jobs upon your hands which will leave you few spare moments. Dont you go after that terra firma lady: they are very vixens, in those parts especially, and I recollect when I was at Ferrara seeing or hearing of two women in the hospital who had stabbed one another in the guts and all por gelosia<sup>12</sup>—take a fool's advice for once and be content with your Naids—your amphibious fry—you make a very pretty splashing with them in the Lagune and I recommend constancy to the neighbourhood— go to Romagna indeed! Go to old Nick. You'll never be heard of afterwards except your Ghost should be seen racing with Guido Cavalcanti<sup>13</sup> in the wood & so furnish a tale to some Dryden of the day—<sup>14</sup> I wish I was near you to give you some good advice— You know there is nothing you love so much in the world as running counter to all counsel, and I should have the consolation of doing my duty by you, you vagabond— I wish, at all events, I was out of this *bel paese di no*,<sup>15</sup> and I had serious thoughts of taking a trip to America— They say Boston is a charming town and very like Wapping— If so my epitaph may run to Johnson's alteration of "Born in New England did in London die."<sup>16</sup> I trust your *Power*<sup>17</sup> has written to you respecting your per cents. The *three* per cents are not *two* per cent under the *five* per cents as you ought to know by this time as you are now and have been any time this two months a monied man. It is only another method of investing—100£ three per cents only costs for example 75£, whilst 100£ five per cents may cost a 100£ or 105£ according to the state of the stock[.] You cannot sell out now, for the three per cents are very low and you may as well keep the money where it is. Dont be afraid of a rupture— If the truss breaks all the bowels of all the nation will tumble about as well as your's—but there is no fear— They say the bank will certainly pay in gold soon. But no guineas—no only ingots of sixty ounces which no body will demand for fear of being robbed and murdered by their own brothers they are such pretty costly valuables— Our wiseacres in parliament are doing nothing— The Whigs are down & dead for ever— Thank God I have put a spoke in their wheel that they will never pull out again— The Westminster Election has settled the opinion of the nation & without caring one jot for Lamb<sup>18</sup> or me all England sees the Whigs to be the meanest & shabbiest of mankind— 'Twould have done your heart good to have seen them pelted all the way from Covent Garden



to Grosvenor Square— Oh the Buff & Blue never was so bespattered— Erskine<sup>19</sup> has written a *defence of the Whigs*, a tailor<sup>20</sup> has answered him & cut him to shreds and patches. When Murray comes over he shall bring you the two performances and a squib or two to boot— Your friend Peel is like enough to be Prime Minister for there is a division about the Catholic question and Peel is the head of the anti Catholics, and although without a place is regarded as the Defender of the Faith & so forth— He is without doubt the first man in the House of Commons and never speaks without effect. He is almost the only man on the Treasury bench who is heard, indeed so low is the Den sunk that the boy senators get under the stranger's gallery & every day at seven o'clock, dinner time, begin scraping & coughing & actually crying out "Roast Beef!! Roast Beef!!" Vide, mi fili, quam parva sapientia regitur mundis.<sup>21</sup> Farewell & dont go to Romagna—

1. See B to H, 25 January 1819: "... I acquiesce in the non publication—but I am a scribbler fond of his bantling—& you must let me *print fifty privately*—" Later Byron was to insist to Murray that the poem be published without mutilations or omissions, though he agreed to anonymity (see B to Murray, 1 and 22 February, 3 and 6 April 1819.) Cantos 1 and 2 of *Don Juan* did appear, anonymously and with some omissions, on 15 July 1819.

2. "*Verbosa et grandis epistola venit / a Capreis*"—"A great, wordy letter arrived from Capri" (Juvenal *Satires* 10.71). The letter referred to by Juvenal is the Emperor Tiberius's denunciation of Sejanus to the Roman Senate.

3. B to Murray, (b) 6 April 1819. In alluding to Caprea, Hobhouse compares Byron to the misanthropic Tiberius, who had withdrawn from Rome to the isle of Capri.

4. "The Woman, the Spaniel, the Walnut tree. / The more you beat them, the better they be" (John Taylor, the "Water Poet").

5. Foscolo and Murray had hoped for a "great work" from Byron, who replied, "is Childe Harold nothing? you have so many 'divine' poems, is it nothing to have written a Human one? without any of your worn out machinery.—Why—man—I could have spun the thought of the four cantos of that poem into twenty—had I wanted to book-make—& it's passion into as many modern tragedies—since you want *length* you shall have enough of *Juan* for I'll make 50 cantos.—And Foscolo too! why does he not do something more than the letters of *Ortis*—and a tragedy—and pamphlets—he has good fifteen years more at his command than I have—what has he done all that time?" (B to Murray, (b) 6 April 1819).

6. Foscolo had assessed F. Cancellieri's *Observations Concerning the Question of the Originality of the Poem of Dante* in the *Edinburgh Review* 30 (September 1818): 317–51.

7. "To Your Lordship." Foscolo argues that whereas Dante could find suitable characters for his poetry in his own milieu, "At present, the fair sex write so much more, and perhaps feel as much less; and accordingly, our later poets, not finding poetical characters at home, are driven to seek for them in Turkey and in Persia" (p. 345).

8. Murray.

9. Murray published Rose's *Letters from the North of Italy* in 1819.

10. Rose's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* appeared 1823–31.

11. Teresa Guiccioli (1800–1879), daughter of Count Ruggiero Gamba, of Ravenna, and third wife of the wealthy Count Alessandro Guiccioli, of Romagna, had met Byron at Madame Albrizzi's in 1818. They next saw one another at Madame Benzoni's in April 1819. Mutually attracted, they soon consummated the love that was to be the great passion of Teresa's life. She obtained a papal separation in 1820, and from that time until his departure for Greece, Byron followed Teresa and the Gambas from Ravenna to Florence and Pisa. Though she was later to marry the French comte de Boissy, Teresa continued to be known, and to think of herself, as the former mistress of Lord Byron.

12. "For jealousy."

13. Guido Cavalcanti (ca. 1255–1300), a poet of the *dolce stil novo*, belonged to the Florentine Guelph family. He was a friend of Dante, and was exiled from Florence during the struggle between the Black and White Guelphs in 1300 but recalled shortly before his death. Dante speaks to Cavalcanti's father in canto 10 of *The Inferno*. The rushing ghosts are actually Giacomo da Sant' Andrea and Lano, spendthrifts chased by hounds in canto 13.

14. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. 18. Hobhouse very likely has in mind Dryden's *Fables, Ancient and Modern*, verse paraphrases published in 1699.

15. "Beautiful country of ours."

16. The epitaph, quoted in the *Spectator*, no. 518, is "Here Thomas Sapper lyes interr'd. Ah why! / Born in New England, did in London dye." On reading the couplet, Samuel Johnson is reported to have laughed and said, "I do not wonder at this. It would have been strange if born in London, he had died in New-England" (*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1934], 4:358 n. 2).

17. Kinnaird.

18. George Lamb (1784–1834), fourth and youngest son of Lady Melbourne (by the Prince of Wales, it was widely alleged), was a writer of essays and prologues, a translator of Catullus (1821), and a member of the Drury Lane Committee. As Whig candidate for Westminster, Lamb won the 1819 election with 4,465 votes to Hobhouse's 3,861. He lost the seat to Hobhouse in 1820 but served as M.P. for Dungarvon 1822–34 and as his brother Melbourne's undersecretary of state for the Home Department in 1830.

19. Thomas Erskine (1750–1823), first Baron Erskine of Restormel, was an eminent Whig barrister and M.P. Lord chancellor under Grenville. Erskine was a sympathizer with the English supporters of the Revolution, an advocate of freeing the slaves, and a champion of Queen Caroline's cause.

20. Francis Place (1771–1854), a journeyman leather breeches maker and guiding spirit of the Radical reformers, was noted for his campaigns against the sinking fund and the reenactment of laws against trade unions and for his famous placard slogan “Go for Gold and stop the Duke,” which caused a run on the Bank of England and hampered Wellington’s attempts to form a government in May 1832.

21. “See, my son, how little the world is governed by wisdom,” an observation made by Count Axel Oxenstiern (1583–1654), chancellor of Sweden, to his son.

Whitton Park. May 3, [1819]

My dear Byron—

I have been just looking over your two last sheets of the first Canto— You will determine when you see it in print what you think will be the “*verum atque decens*”<sup>1</sup> erspecting [sic] it. I should not sit down to bother you now were it not to tell you that I have been engaged in a correspondence with Pollydolly about you— A cursed trashy tale called & entituled the Vampyre<sup>2</sup> was lately advertised in your name—with a notice that you had written it in concert with the Shelley’s who produced *Frankenstein*, a sort of Bath Easton Vase Miscellany<sup>3</sup> at the same time. I recollected your telling me something about a picnic of that kind at Diodati so I thought it possible Dolly might have purloined your tale & was now covering his nakedness with it— The moment, however, I saw this Vampyre I, who, like all coxcombs, know you by your style, swore the whole to be a vile imposture and Dolly’s whole & sole doing— And sure enough I was right, for he owned it upon my writing to him and Murray got out the whole story— Now, however, he publishes a letter in the papers stating that though the Vampyre in “*its present form*” is not yours, yet the “*ground work*” is “*certainly*” yours—<sup>4</sup> To this he puts his damned Italian polysyllabic name— He has also made a sort of bargain with Colburn<sup>5</sup> (he who published *Glenarvon*) for his *travels* of which he states the chief attraction to be your Lordship’s “*vie privée*”— So Colburn told my informant.<sup>6</sup> I wrote to Polly thereupon—he said he pretended to the rank and name of a gentleman, poor devil, and never intended such a treachery. But since his letter about the “*ground work*” of the Vampyre I think it would be advisable for you to send to Murray, or if you like, to me, a note to be published in the papers, totally depriving the Doctor of any Copy-right in *ground works*: or he will continue making use of your name— I fear he is a sad scamp, but

you know I told you that you were wrong in taking him, you know I did— No news— Catholic question lost last night in the Commons only by *two* votes. Lord Donoughmore & Colonel Bagwell fought a duel.<sup>7</sup> Lord D's pistol missed fire. Sir R. Wilson Lord D's second, decided it was a shot. Bagwell's pistol missed Lord Donoughmore— matters made up— quarrel about the Tipperary election— Come va la Romagnuola?<sup>8</sup> is that the way to spell it?

Why did you not pickle the Elephant?<sup>9</sup> I have no doubt you have preserved him in the second Canto, which by the way I have not seen— I hope it is more decenter than the first else were we all shamed—ever yours'

John Hobhouse

1. "Proper and seemly" (Horace *Epistulae* 1. 1. 11).

2. *The Vampyre*, a tale fully as bad as Hobhouse claims it to be, appeared under Byron's name in the April 1819 number of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. Byron denied authorship of the piece in a letter of 27 April 1819 to the editor of Galignani's *Messenger*.

3. In June 1816 the Byron-Shelley circle at Diodati had discussed supernatural occurrences and had agreed to write ghost stories. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* resulted from the compact. Hobhouse's allusion to the "Bath Easton Vase Miscellany" refers to Lady Miller's salon of society poets and dilettantes at Bath Easton, a weekly assembly that produced four volumes of *Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath* (1775, 1776, 1777, 1781). Contributions to be read at the gatherings were placed in a vase said to have belonged to Cicero.

4. In a 5 May 1819 letter to the *Courier*, Polidori acknowledged authorship of *The Vampyre*.

5. Henry Colburn (d. 1855), founder and publisher of the *New Monthly Magazine* and various other periodicals, is known for his series of *Modern Standard Novelists* (1835-41).

6. Presumably Murray, who had received a letter confirming Polidori's authorship from the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

7. Richard Hely-Hutchinson (1756-1825), first earl of Donoughmore and a chief proponent of the Irish Catholic cause in Lords, and Colonel William Bagwell (ca. 1776-1826), Tory M.P. for Clonmel 1801-19 and for Tipperary 1819-26, had fought a duel in the Uxbridge Road on Monday, 3 May.

8. "How is the Romagnuola?"

9. "An Elephant went Mad here about two months ago—killed his keeper—knocked down a house—broke open a Church—dispersed all his assailants and was at last killed by a Shot in his *posteriore* from a field-piece brought from the Arsenal on purpose.—" (B to H, 17 May 1819).

Whitton Park. June 16, 1819

My dear Byron—

You have got twa thousand paunds twa thousand shillings for your poeshie, and now, pox rot it what wilt thou do with the money Tam? Your treasury must be in an overflowing condition, but I doubt you have calls upon you for your low amours and the like which will swallow up your penny fee— You ask me what I think of Canto the second— What I think is no matter to any body. I have, as Handel said, *de tauts*.<sup>1</sup> What they are I shall tell if they turn out well founded, and keep to myself if I am wrong— As to my marginals I put them that you might see them and dispose accordingly of them and me— Like you and Tom Thumb, I have done my duty and have done no more<sup>2</sup>— as it is the whole will be published, and very shortly too— You are aware, of course, that the poems cannot get into my lady's chamber— were there only the *urine* rhyme<sup>3</sup> I presume that would be sufficiently excluding— Mazeppa is to be published first—I doubt not a very great sale—even the delay will have promoted this and the anonymity will also contribute to the same consummation— I will take care to let you know all the good that is said of the twain, and will leave some other friend to tell you the bad— You need not be afraid of the funds—<sup>4</sup> They have been very low lately chiefly owing to the Resolutions of the Bank Committee & to your schoolfellow Peel's speech,<sup>5</sup> but they begin, as they say, to look up now—and whether up or down there is no fear for you—unless indeed the whole system goes by the board of which some folks entertain ardent hopes and others as lively fears— The distress here is beyond all imagination—the poorer class of manufacturers can earn no more than three shillings and sixpence a week. Thousands of them are starving in all the manufacturing districts— There has been an assemblage of some thousand weavers upon the sands near Carlisle,<sup>6</sup> and as the poor devils have adminis-

tered illegal oaths to each other it is expected government will soon send the horse and a hangman amongst them— In the midst of these horrors came Nic Vansittart<sup>7</sup> and puts on 3 millions of additional taxes and is hailed by the parliament as the saviour of the country. The Whigs are down for ever— The fools said in their heart there is no minister<sup>8</sup> and Tierney tried his forces against them in a set battle. Ministers divided 357 against 179— and the Whigs were the laughter of all England in four and twenty hours—<sup>9</sup> Canning, the scoundrel, made a glorious speech in which he brought the Westminster election to play against them—"The Whigs," said he, "talk of their *popularity*, here is a topic for those just fresh from Westminster. I am myself supposed to partake of the unpopularity attached to ministers, but I have at least stood the ordeal of a contested election without such embarrassing marks of affection as overwhelmed the Whigs at Westminster. Is it long ago since we saw these favorites of the people covered with ribbons and rubbish, with laurels on their heads and *brick bats* at their heels, obliged to shelter themselves from their surprising popularity behind a troop of his Majesty's life guards; whilst the hero of their triumph was fain to prefer a file of grenadiers to the usual suite of a successful candidate!"<sup>10</sup>

This produced an astonishing effect. Canning wound up his speech with it, and poor Tierney in reply said that the Whigs at Westminster owed all their unpopularity to their junction with Tories—thus allowing a fact which they had hitherto denied— Since this division, the Whigs have become sulky, and begin now to complain of the new House of Commons just as much as they did of the old one: so that I should not wonder if they were obliged to come to the Reformers at last— I have been, in my own individual, living in the country for these three months, scribbling & correcting your Lordship's proofs— Lord Erskine has written two stupid pamphlets against me and mine—he has been answered by a tailor, and by another<sup>11</sup>— I should like you to look at the controversy and tell me your opinion— I wish to God you would be enrolled, as you say, in my corps—I am sure you have a geni for war, and if the Reformers had you they would be confident against the world in arms. *τον κοσμον αρε ει dos* [scrawl] *τον εταιρον* as the man in the Vicar of Wakefield said<sup>12</sup>—be my companion and a fig for every one else— So, take care of your self, and do not run risks in Romagna. Never go near her except as you would go to a

bawdy house, I mean with a brace of barkers—I recollect seeing in the hospital at Ferrara five patients with knife wounds in the guts & groin, two of them women. Leave the bitches to their bolognas<sup>13</sup> & come you away directly. [scrawl] &c,

J.C.H.

1. Hobhouse recorded these "doubts" in his journal entry for 14 May: "Correcting 'Don Juan,' second canto, which I really do not think clever, at least not for Byron" (RLL, 2:112).

2. Henry Fielding's *Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, 1. 3. 5.

3. "Their manners mending and their morals curing / She taught them to suppress their vice and urine," a variant of DJ 2. 10. 7–8. See T. G. Steffan and W. W. Pratt, *Don Juan: A Variorum Edition* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1971), vol. 2:162.

4. B to H, 29 May 1819: "There is a report that the Stockholders are to be called upon to sacrifice or give five & twenty per Cent [of] their principal —is this [true!]" See also B to Douglas Kinnaird, 29 May 1816.

5. On 16 June, Peel introduced a resolution that the Bank of England make no advances on government securities so as to increase the unfunded debt without special authority from Parliament.

6. A manufacturer lowered the wages for weaving gingham, and the workers assembled on 12 May, swore their oath, broke some windows, and sent a petition to the prince regent asking him to give them all passage to America.

7. Nicholas Vansittart (1766–1851), first Baron Bexley, served as M.P. from 1796 until 1823. He was chancellor of the Exchequer from 1812 until the end of 1822, and on his retirement from the post, received the chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster and a barony.

8. Cf. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," Psalms 14:1 and 53:1.

9. On 7 June, Tierney, the leader of the Whigs, attacked the resolutions on the Sinking Fund and the national debt proposed by Vansittart on 3 June.

10. Canning spoke these words on 18 May; see Hansard, 1st ser., 40 (3 May–13 July 1819): 545.

11. Lord Erskine's *A Short Defense of the Whigs* was answered by Francis Place's *Reply to Lord Erskine by an Elector of Westminster*. Erskine responded in *A Letter to an Elector of Westminster*, which Hobhouse countered with *A Defense of the People in Reply to Lord Erskine's Two Defenses of the Whigs*. Erskine then published *A Preface to the Defenses of the Whigs*, and Hobhouse's *A Trifling Mistake in Lord Erskine's Recent Preface* soon followed.

12. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. 25.

13. See B to H, 17 May 1819: "I'll tell you a story which is beastly—but will make you laugh;—a young man at Ferrara detected his Sister amusing herself with a Bologna Sausage—he said nothing—but perceiving the same Sausage presented at table—he got up—made it a low bow—and exclaimed "Vi reverisco mio Cognato." ("I pay my respects, my brother-in-law.") LJ, 6:132.



Whitton. Thursday July 15, 1819

My dear Byron—

Don Juan is this day published, and three handsome copies are come down to me by the coach— It is in quarto very superb. In order to increase the mystification there is neither author's name nor publisher's name—only T. Davison, Printer, White Friars, London—<sup>1</sup> This will make our wiseacres think that there is poison for King Queen & Dauphin in every page and will irritate public pruriency to a complete priapism— Your directions have been followed as far as they have been received and I have taken no other liberty than to leave out a stanza which did not come in my copy but was sent afterwards and called forth a critique from me which you have not received. It is about Romilly—<sup>2</sup> The man has left children whom I know you did not mean to annoy; and though we must both of us think that he has been bebuffed at a terrible rate yet the death of both father and mother has left six poor creatures and three or four of them grown up with little support except their father's reputation; and whether that reputation be overrated or not, I am convinced that at this moment you would not wish to impair the legacy as far as they are concerned— At any rate the stanza can be inserted in a subsequent edition if you please— The poet's vengeance like the King's suffers nothing by lapse, "nullum tempus occurrit &c[.]"<sup>3</sup> The stanzas giving a short biography of the pox have also, partly at your desire, been amputated—and may at your desire be inserted at any time. I think, however, the book looks as well without the said syphilis—and the asterisks are wonderfully better calculated to inflame curiosity than any display of your medical learning. And now I shall go to London this day to hear what the world say—you may depend upon a great sensation— It was announced thus. *Don Juan. .to morrow.* [twice underlined] There's a way for you!! *To morrow* [twice underlined] *The Comet! to morrow!*<sup>4</sup> Mr. Murray managed so well that Mazeppa was taken for Don Juan and greedily

bought up like "that abominable book the scandalous magazine." But *Don Juan tomorrow* undeceived those who thought they had got their pennyworth to day. You shall hear what is said if what is said is handsomely said—and so now be satisfied that you have had your wicked will of your best friends—

I have news for you—D. Kinnaird has beaten the borough-mongers at Bishop's Castle and is now M.P.<sup>5</sup> He gives a tureen of turtle to day on the occasion. This is (the return of K, not the turtle) a real triumph for the Reformers as K has commenced by carrying the war into the very camp of the Borough villians and has disgraced Lord Powis<sup>6</sup> at his very lodge gates. We expect much from your power; at least as much as an honest open spoken man can do in the den of thieves. You shall hear of his progress from time to time— As for your humble servant, I am, like the lady in the play, lying fallow<sup>7</sup>—except a little pamphleteering now and then— However I had the singular notice of being huzzaed the other night when I came into the play house at Kean's benefit,<sup>8</sup> which I take to be the third thing of the kind since Pope at Agamemnon and your Ludship at the senate house at Cambridge.<sup>9</sup> My sisters were with me &, as you may imagine, thought it quite worth while to go through the fire & water of a Westminster Election for such a demonstration of public favor, which, pox take it, might please my Lord Mayor— I tell you this because the scoundrel daily papers chose to suppress it, and left it as they do everything favourable to the Reformers to the honest weekly press where it was fairly recorded— The same fairness made all the Papers omit to mention that at the celebration of the dinner in honor of Burns<sup>10</sup> the company spontaneously cheered Sir F. Burdett and forced Sir James Mackintosh<sup>11</sup> to give his health—.. These anecdotes will show you what an uphill game we have to fight. But fight we will— I hear you tell Hoppner, you think me too violent—alas I wish I could be violent— Like the Courtier in Hamlet, I have not the skill.<sup>12</sup> My violence is milk & water to your fire and vitriol—if you had been used one thousandth part so ill publickly as the Whigs have used me you would run lava upon them— Thank god, they are lower than ever, and I flatter myself I have put a spoke in their wheel. Except the Tories, there never were such scoundrels. H. House has completely besotted the party— My lady sent her bastard<sup>13</sup> to hiss me on the hustings, so we are at open war which is the only safe intercourse with

such treacherous rascals as the modern Whigs—pray write to me—always your's

J.C.H.

1. Thomas Davison was Murray's printer.
2. *DJ*, 1. 15. 4-8. The stanza, omitted from the 1819 edition, was first printed in 1833.
3. "A king is not bound by times and seasons."
4. In early July, the *Morning Chronicle* was running daily advertisements along the lines of "In a few days DON JUAN" and daily "Authentic Observations of the Comet" (the so-called "Great Comet" of 1819), which was seen in the skies over Europe throughout the month. In connecting the two spectacular contemporary phenomena, Hobhouse echoes Letter 92 in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, where an astronomer eagerly prophesies the advent of a comet in his journal.
5. The election was held to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Robinson, M.P. for Bishop's Castle, Shropshire. Kinnaird, with 77 votes, narrowly defeated the Tory candidate Viscount Valentia, with 73.
6. Edward Clive (1754-1839), second Baron Clive and first earl of Powis, was son of the famous governor of Bengal and himself the governor of Madras 1798-1803. Powis served as lord lieutenant of Shropshire 1775-98 and 1804-39.
7. The "lady in the play" is Lady Pentweazel in Samuel Foote's *Taste*, act 1: "I have had, Mr. Carmine, live-born, and christened—stay—don't let me lie now—one—two—three—four—five—then I lay fallow—but the year after I had twins."
8. On 31 May 1819, Kean had played Rolla in Sheridan's *Pizarro* and Diggery Duckleg in the farce *All the World's a stage*.
9. On 6 April 1738, Pope had been cheered at the opening of James Thomson's play *Agamemnon*. Byron received a similar demonstration of favor from the students of Cambridge on 23 November 1814, when he appeared at the Senate House to vote for Dr. Clark, a candidate for the professor's chair in anatomy.
10. Unidentified.
11. Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832) was a Scottish philosopher and historian, a frequenter of Holland House, and a professor of law at Haileybury College 1818-24. Mackintosh served as M.P. for Nairnshire 1813-17 and for Knaresborough 1818-32.
12. *Hamlet*, 3. 2.
13. Charles Richard Fox (1796-1873) was born to the Hollands before their marriage, while Lady Holland was still wife of Sir Godfrey Webster. Famed for his collection of Greek coins, Fox was M.P. for various constituencies 1831-35 and 1841-47.

Worthing. September 10, 1819

My dear Byron—

I have written three times. Not one of the letters appear to have reached you— Although I wrote only two days ago,<sup>1</sup> I still must write again in reply to your last dated August 23. I am distressed beyond measure at your account of yourself.<sup>2</sup> Pray come home—you shall be nursed here and taken care of as no invalid ever was. I would at all times be too happy to be at hand, and, indeed, if you continue getting worse in your cursed country there, I shall not be easy until I come over to see that you are properly attended to. I know what is at the bottom of all your disorder—and upon my soul if you go on as you have done lately I shall dread the very worst you mention—but do not consume yourself in vain regrets about the past—a single exertion of such a man as you will be quite sufficient to draw you out of any temporary embarrassment— You talk of bad news—who can have sent you bad news?<sup>3</sup> and what bad news? every thing is going on well here as far as you are concerned. You know the worst about Don Juan, which worst is nothing except that some regret the first genius of the age should write parodies on the decalogue—the joke about Roberts<sup>4</sup> is worth the whole— I am sure it cannot be any such trifle as this that vexes you—and this makes me the more uncomfortable— Pray do come home—or come somewhere where I can join you and take care of you— You know I am a pitiful hearted negro and cannot bear to hear you complain seriously, which I fear you do now. Tom Moore will see you soon<sup>5</sup>—perhaps his company will do some good— Write again—write by every post to tell me how you are. I have nothing to tell or say except what I have said that I would not for the world have you think that I have not written or that I am not as anxious as ever about every thing that concerns you. Whatever so poor a thing as Cassius is can do, I will always do—<sup>6</sup> Recollect that not only my likings, but my pride, a more powerful passion is interested in your

well being—I have no alter et idem—<sup>7</sup> If you should be well when this reaches you you will laugh—but I had rather you should be well though you should laugh. I direct to Venice according to your desire, but I trust your letters are regularly sent to you— You went in to Romagna for a month—you have been there more than three I think— Make an effort—leave Italy. England is in such a state of ferment that perhaps you may find some interest in it. At any rate try even if you have to go back again— I repeat that you will find those who will be merry with you if you are well and if you are sick I will nurse you. Do not stay where you are "ipse tuum cor edens hominum vestigia vitans."<sup>8</sup> It is better to drink Clarey wines at the St. Albans as in days of old—we have six or eight honest fellows who meet and dine most days together in the season.<sup>9</sup> Try us and if you like us not, go back again—but a change is absolutely necessary— Do not forget to write— What you feel in the head is all stomach— Most affect yours,

John Hobhouse

Your letter reached me only this day.<sup>10</sup>

1. The letter mentioned does not survive.

2. In his letter of 23 August, Byron had complained of "ill health & worse nerves" and had voiced his fear "that I shall die at top first." His melancholy was largely due to Teresa's temporary absence.

3. Murray had given Byron a "tremulous account" of *Don Juan's* reception.

4. In *DJ* 1. 209, Byron playfully claimed to have bribed the Tory and Evangelical *British Review*. William Roberts, the editor, took Byron's charge seriously and answered it. Byron, in the spirit of Swift's Partridge tease, replied with his "Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review."

5. Moore arrived at Venice on 7 October 1819.

6. Cf. "And what so poor a Man as Hamlet is / May do t'express his love and friending to you / God willing, shall not lack" (*Hamlet*, 1. 5).

7. "Other self" "[Amicus est] . . . tanquam alter idem" (Cicero *De Amicitia* 21. 81).

8. "You yourself eating your heart, shunning the haunts of men." See Cicero *Tusculanarum Disputationum*, 3. 63: "Ut ait Homerus de Bellerophonte: Qui miser in campis maerens errabat Aleis / Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans."

9. The Rota Club, whose members were Hobhouse, Burdett, Sir John Throgmorton and his brother, Sir Robert Wilson, Michael Bruce, Bickersteth, and Douglas Kinnaird.

10. This letter is lost.

Newgate. Jan. 18, [1820]

My dear Byron

Do you not recollect that Sharpe<sup>1</sup> the pseudo-crepitor said that Diodati was a good place to date from? What do you think of the above?<sup>2</sup> I know you laugh heartily and think my "wit has brought me into a filthy puddle"—<sup>3</sup> Wait—wait—there is no saying what may turn uppermost— There is only one irreconcilable aggravation of the event namely that every soul says I have been damnably dealt with against all law & justice & generosity &c, so that I am in the case of a gentleman very much to be pitied— I believe this would drive you mad—but, although, seriously, not very agreeable to me, still being of a less lofty nature I bear it. You wrote to me about this time last year<sup>4</sup> saying "who would have thought when you & I were riding on Lido that Romilly should cut his throat, and who would have thought that you would be likely to succeed him for Westminster?["] Add a stranger query, "who would have thought that you would loose Westminster? and who would have thought you would get to jail?["] The latter was far the more probable of the two however—for in these times, and I assure you they get more troublesome for constables & all every day, it is an even chance that a popular candidate may step from a prison to the hustings or from the hustings to prison just as happens. I suppose you have seen all the story in the Papers—the long & short of it is that I wrote a pamphlet, that a country gentleman<sup>5</sup> not knowing what a note of interrogation meant went down to the House & swore the late candidate for Westminster had "*recommended the People to pull the Members of the House of Commons out by the ear.*"<sup>6</sup> The whole house took fire in fright— The publisher<sup>7</sup> was *had up*—my name was not to the pamphlet nor did the publisher or printer<sup>8</sup> know it was mine except by hearsay— I, however, magnanimous-like, desired Ellice to tell honorable House that I was the author & wished to save publisher

& printer, & was ready to avow myself at the bar— But what does honorable house? without a word more—without enquiring whether I would confirm what Ellice reported—without asking whether any thing was to be said—in my absence—without citing, hearing, or seeing, they make a resolve at once that said <author> J.C.H. Esquire *having avowed himself author is thereby* (the very words of the resolution) *guilty of a high contempt of the privileges of this house & shall be forthwith committed to his majesty's gaol of Newgate &c—* Ellice having incautiously made no protest against this commital & not having said that I had only promised to be forthcoming to *confirm* my avowal; & not to *be* sent to Newgate without hearing, I was in a sort of dilemma & thought myself bound in honor to make good what Ellice had said, although he had exceeded his commission very much— All my friends to a man, even the ministerialists recommended my going abroad & waiting till a few weeks before the close of the session previous to a surrender—the extraordinary time at which parliament had been assembled made this advice more sensible, considering that in all probability a seven months imprisonment would be my fate— Ellice himself behaved very handsomely, he offered to go down to the House and take all the blame by telling that he had exceeded his commission. However, I thought that it would look like shuffling & that probably much hurt might be done to the cause by showing that one of the *προμαχος*<sup>9</sup> (such accident had me) would not stand the shot—so I resolved to stay, but I tried to make the most of the case for the public by a resistance to their damn'd warrant, not in Burdett's way<sup>10</sup> for that would have been a paltry imitation & had no effect twice, but first by trying to procure constables to arrest the messengers of honorable house—but not one could be found—so I was reduced to a formal resistance in my own person & to a protest against the illegality of the proceeding— I was seized & brought here by three fellows in a hackney coach— The next day there was a stir in Westminster[.] The day afterwards a large public meeting assembled, & voted an address to me— Sir F. Burdett who was in the chair signed the address & was himself very nearly sent to the Tower for it. The House of Commons wanted it to be done—but Lord Liverpool stopt it[.] Your friend Peel said to Ellice, We'll let him out at Xmas can't he contrive to say he's ill? No, said E, he'll say nothing you may depend upon it— Let some body say it for him then answered P. Now I think

this was very handsome of P. but I do not believe there were ten men so inclined beside—on the contrary, one member Wynne,<sup>11</sup> actually told Wood<sup>12</sup> & Ellice, in order that it might come to me, that if I wrote any thing the House did not like he would move me into a dungeon— I sent him word he might be damn'd & the next day answered the Electors of Westminster & told or hinted what Wynne had said, defying the House to do it if they pleased[.] The Aldermen of the city to whom the Jail belongs assured me they should resist any such order of honorable house, so that I still continue in Sligo's rooms<sup>13</sup>—& shall be here till the Den separates. The scoundrels left me here without a word during a seven week's adjournment, a case without parallel so I hear for my consolation, and would leave me here until the day of Judgement if they could— I have been cursedly ill and have had so many visitors & so many letters to read & write & such a pothor about me that I have not had time to feel myself in prison. All my friends have been most kind—the Westminster People have backed me nobly. The Liverpool & Lancashire Reformers have met & addressed me—but the public is exhausted by the Manchester business<sup>14</sup> & oppressed by the five bloody bills<sup>15</sup> and worn out by alarm & every fiery passion which has been in agitation these six months—so that my imprisonment has, in the country at large, not made one hundredth part the sensation which that of Gale Jones<sup>16</sup> did— The time of year & the hardest weather ever known has of course worked wonders in favor of tranquillity— But I purpose next week to set the thing in motion again by moving for my habeas corpus and arguing against the warrant in person in the Kings Bench. The object is not a discharge, for it is hardly to be hoped that the Chief Justice<sup>17</sup> would be bold enough to expose himself to be sent to the Tower which he could be for discharging me, but the object is to expose honorable house to the hatred & contempt of the country. And now let me end this rigamarole which I knew, however, your kindness would exact from me, although all about self— One is not sent to Newgate every day in one's life, so that you need not fear much of this jail eclogue— I forgot to say that Lord Nugent<sup>18</sup> voted that I should be sent to the Tower—but that Alderman Wood like a damn'd ass got up & said, Oh I will take care that Mr H is well accommodated in Newgate— As for accommodation I believe I am better off than I should be in the Tower, but then "*London's lasting shame*" sounds better and is but one syllable & fits into a rhyme— I was expecting you



with the greatest eagerness for more than five weeks and did not write therefore.<sup>19</sup> I had, however, all along a sort of presentiment you would not come— It is a grievous loss to me— I do not allude to the jail, but on all accounts, I had promised myself such delight & so much to hear & to tell— I do not like to put upon paper many many things I wish to let you know. Just one word for your private ear—of course honor bright that you do not let it get round for you know my horror at explanations with booksellers—do not write any thing to Albemarle Street you do not wish to be seen by all the public offices— The man does not mean to do you a mischief—but he is vain, Sir damn'd vain—and for the sake of a paragraph with "my dear M" in it would betray Christ himself. Will you never come over— Pray write a line now & then. I am exceedingly anxious to hear from you— You have heard perhaps of the catastrophe nothing personal, of S.B.D.—<sup>20</sup> He is gone to the Low Countries Bruges I believe, and I see no possibility of a recovery for him—12,000£ at least worse than nothing—and every one of his friends in for something. This the fault rather of the profession than the man. In speaking of a very old acquaintance it is necessary to tell & say every thing for fear of being misunderstood— His fellowship remains & will be transmitted regularly— I have a great deal to say to you about him— We & all his friends affect to know nothing about the matter & I believe nobody but Kinnaird & myself are actually acquainted with the whole truth, which he kept from both of us till the very last moments. Farewell & pray write.

*John Hobhouse*

P.S. Only think, Thorwaldsen has not sent me your bust yet— You will oblige me by writing to him at Rome through Torlonia and desiring him to transmit it immediately to me.<sup>21</sup> Has the ague left you?—let me know— We have fifty paragraphs about you in the course of the month—a Taunton Diletante was our last Mercury with story of a shoe maker saved by you— St. Crispin<sup>22</sup> befriend you—I have long known your ways in that sort—

1. Richard Sharp (1759–1835), known as "Conversation" Sharp, was a habitué of Holland House and intermittently a Whig M.P. Sharp had paid Byron a visit in Switzerland during the autumn of 1816.

2. On 9 December 1820, a passage from Hobhouse's anonymous pamphlet *A Trifling Mistake* . . . was read aloud to an offended House of Commons. Hobhouse avowed authorship to save the publisher unmerited imprisonment. He was found guilty of contempt, committed to Newgate on 13 December, and under protest seized and confined the next day. Hobhouse remained in Newgate until 28 February 1821, despite his legal efforts, which he described along with the parliamentary action in his *Proceedings in the House of Commons and in the Court of King's-Bench Relative to the Author of the "Trifling Mistake"* . . . (London: Stoddart and Stewart, 1820).

3. Source unidentified.

4. See B to H, 12 December 1818: "When you and I were cantering last year along the *Lido*— and I had all the difficulty possible to persuade you back to England— what were the odds against Sir Romuel Samilly's election—against his cutting his throat—against the succeeding (& success) of yourself?"

5. James Archibald Stuart-Wortley (1776–1845), first Baron Wharncliffe, Tory M.P. for Bossiney (1802–18) and Yorkshire (1818–26).

6. "What prevents the people from walking down to the House, and pulling out the members by the ears, locking up their doors, and flinging the key into the Thames? Is it any majesty which hedges in the members of that assembly? Do we love them? Not at all,—we have an instinctive horror and disgust at the very abstract idea of a borough-monger. Do we respect them? Not in the least: Do we regard them as endowed with any superior qualities? On the contrary, individually there is scarcely a poorer creature than your mere member of Parliament; though in his corporate capacity the earth furnishes not so absolute a bully. Their true practical protectors then, the real efficient anti-Reformers, are to be found at the Horse Guards, and the Knightsbridge barracks: as long as the House of Commons majorities are backed by the regimental muster roll, so long may those who have got the tax-power keep it, and hang those who resist" (*A Trifling Mistake*, pp. 49–50).

7. Robert Stoddart, of 81 Strand.

8. J. McCreery, Black Horse Court, London.

9. "Champions."

10. On 6 April 1810, Commons had committed Burdett to the Tower for his letter and argument in defense of Gale Jones, seen as a libelous breach of privilege. The conviction provoked public disturbances throughout Westminster. Having successfully evaded the warrant of arrest for three days, Burdett was removed from his house at 78 Piccadilly on 9 April. As the constable appeared atop a ladder at Burdett's drawing-room window, the radical statesman was seen to be in the act of translating the Magna Carta with his young son. See M. W. Patterson, *Sir Francis Burdett and His Times, 1770–1844* (London: Macmillan, 1931), 1:240–94.

11. Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn (1775–1850), Tory M.P. for Old Sarum (1797–99) and Montgomeryshire (1799–1850).

12. Sir Matthew Wood (1768–1843), who began his career as a London druggist, served as alderman, lord mayor of London (1815–16, 1816–17), and M.P. for London (1817–43).

13. Hobhouse was accommodated in the private apartment in the Keeper's House where the marquis of Sligo had been imprisoned on conviction of acquiescing in the enticement, during wartime, of two Royal Navy seamen to serve on his yacht.

14. On 16 August 1819, the Yeomanry and Hussars had violently disbanded the

vast audience assembled to hear "Orator" Hunt at St. Peter's Fields, Manchester. Eleven people were killed and over four hundred hurt in what came to be known as the "Peterloo Massacre."

15. The Five Bills of Indictment presented against the soldiers present at Peterloo for "malicious cutting" were thrown out by a Grand Jury, Lord Stanley being its foreman, at the Lancaster Assizes.

16. On 21 February 1810, the apothecary John Gale Jones, secretary of a Westminster debating society called The British Forum, was brought before the House on charges of violating the Bill of Rights by posting a placard impugning recent parliamentary actions of two members, Yorke and Windham. Gale Jones expressed contrition but nonetheless was sentenced to Newgate. The injustice provoked the retaliation of Sir Francis Burdett.

17. Charles Abbott (1762–1832), chief justice 1818–32, created Baron Tenterden of Hendon in 1827.

18. George Nugent-Grenville (1788–1850), Baron Nugent, a younger son of the marquis of Buckingham, was a man of letters and politics. He served as M.P. for Aylesbury 1812–32 and 1847–50.

19. Byron's letter of 20–21 November 1819 had mentioned to Hobhouse "my probable arrival near England in no very long period."

20. Ruined by debts and gaming losses, Davies had fled to the Continent, where he subsisted on his Cambridge fellowship until his death in 1852.

21. Bertel Thorwaldsen, a Danish sculptor at Rome, had executed a bust of Byron at Hobhouse's request and expense in May 1817. Byron arranged and paid for its shipping.

22. The patron saint of shoemakers.

Whitton Park. March 31, 1820

My dear Byron,

I received your letter from Ravenna<sup>1</sup> a few days ago, and should have answered it immediately had it not reached me in the midst of the Westminster Election, which, as you have perhaps heard by this time, has terminated in my favor by a very large majority—<sup>2</sup> It gave me sensible pleasure, after so long a silence, to hear of your well-being and well-doing but I was much vexed to find that you had been annoyed about “*ma petite personne*”—<sup>3</sup> Some wag has been mistating my matters to you or you would not have put me down in the same list with Cobbett & Co. I thought that you had known that the said upright man and constant patriot, together with Bristol Hunt, was my most furious antagonist and that the loss of the first Westminster Election might in a great measure be attributed to him or rather to his friends headed by Old Prosy i e Major Cartwright—

Indeed it was your friends the Whigs who leagued with Hunt & others against me and not I that congregated with these unclean animals against the Whigs. The preachers of the mobocracy to come were all combined against Burdett and myself on the first Election, and there has been no league or covenant entered into between us since— On [the cont]rary, Cobbett solicited an interview & bedaubed me with praises—but in vain— I refused to see him and moreover refused the more serious application for ten pounds to which he had bounded his modest wishes.<sup>4</sup> No No if you want to find a true blackguard chimneysweep-seeking politician—a truly mean mobhunting master of the dirty art commend yourself to a Whig, but do not expect to find him amongst the Reformers. It is all very well for such pitiful patriots in petticoats as the duchess of Devonshire & Lady Crewe to kiss butchers to get votes for Charley Fox<sup>5</sup>—but those days are gone by and I am convinced that the proudest of all politicians & the most

uncondescending is the man of principle, the real radical Reformer. I will give you a trifling instance to show that our Westminster populace are no levellers— At a public meeting held in Palace Yard a very active person was speaking to me— In the midst of his discourse a third person came up to us & said to my friend, Sir! *the Westminster Electors desire you not to speak to Mr. Hobhouse with your hat on*— The man said I beg Mr. H's pardon but I have a bad cold & hope he will excuse me—

I assure you that your cronies the Whigs are such liars and have so bedevilled themselves & the question that it requires much opportunity as well as honesty to see the truth as it really stands between them & the people— I have no doubt however that a little intercourse with us would make you decide against the [action?—] at present some one ha[s been telling] you a damn'd blind story Beck and it hardly matters for a man at Ravenna to be undeceived as to what is passing at London. This, however, I think I may ask, namely that you would not write me down for such a blind headlong puppy as late misinformation seems to have induced you to do—and that if you be so inclined, you would not send over your portrait<sup>6</sup> to Master Murray to be chuckled over by Gifford & Co<sup>7</sup> & to be handed about from Croker to Canning wrapped around a bundle of admiralty pens—<sup>8</sup> You have no conception how your recipe against Hunt, to wit “a sword-stick through the guts,”<sup>9</sup> (which by the way the good folks did not know was borrowed from the Duke of Argyle's antidote to lampooners) delighted the doves of Number fifty. The low born lickspittles who lord it over us were quite delighted to find the same hatred & contempt of the people which they affect to feel professed by a true gentleman and I assure you that their mean malignity was administered to very completely.

I know you will be very glad to hear that I have beaten the cuckoldy family black and blue.<sup>10</sup> Such an exhibition as Geordy made was never seen—as for the mad skeleton—she rode her a\_\_e bone off, kissed, canvassed, & cuckolded, but all in vain and the bit of a fig leaf which half hid her nakedness was torn off & flung in her face. It was a common cry at the hustings “*Where's Caroline?*” In short that virtuous being of Devonshire House & the whole kit of the family-compact were completely shown up and it will surprise me much if we hear ought more of them in Westminster. I am expecting your poem<sup>11</sup> every day. Murray was to send it to me the moment the election was

over, but it is not yet come. It will always give me the greatest delight to be your agent in any way. I long to see you again, and wish we could appoint a place of meeting this summer. Your monied affairs are going on prosperously. I enquired of Kinnaird yesterday & he said that Lady Byron & Mr. Bland are quite satisfied, and that the difficulties with Spooner are all that remain & will not remain long. Sir F. Burdett's Leicestershire sheep breeders have found him guilty of a libel, but it is thought the King's Bench will quash the verdict.<sup>12</sup> Now that you are not afraid of a Newgate correspondant I hope you will write oftener. It is a sin & a shame that you should live as without one in the world. "Are all the &c &c" you recollect Helena's speech to Hermia<sup>13</sup>—pray write—ever [yours truly]

*John Hobhouse*

1. B to H, March 3, 1820.

2. Hobhouse overstates the victory. Burdett headed the Westminster poll with 5,327 votes; Hobhouse was also elected with 4,882; Lamb received 4,436, a respectable showing considering that many of his Whig supporters were campaigning elsewhere in the country.

3. B to H, 3 March 1820: "yet with the exception of Burdett and Doug. K. and one or two others—I dislike the companions of your labours as much as the place to which they have brought you . . . why lend yourself to Hunt and Cobbett—and the bones of Tom Paine?"

4. Cobbett wanted the money for his Fund for Reform.

5. Hobhouse refers to the famous Westminster election of 1784, when foremost among other ladies Georgiana, duchess of Devonshire and the queen of Whig society, and Frances Anne, daughter of Fulke Greville and wife of Lord Crewe, also a noted beauty and hostess, did their utmost to aid the cause of Charles James Fox, the brilliant leader of the Whigs, who had incurred public displeasure on the failure of his Indian Bill in 1783.

6. See B to Murray, 21 February 1820, where Byron deplores the company Hobhouse was keeping among the Radical reformers.

7. Murray's Tory associates of the *Quarterly Review*.

8. John Wilson Croker was then (1810–30) serving as secretary of the Admiralty.

9. B to Murray, 21 February 1820: "If Hunt had addressed the language to me—which he did to Mr. H[hobhouse] last election—I would not have descended to call out such a miscreant who won't fight—but have passed my sword-stick through his body—like a dog's and then thrown myself on my Peers—who would I hope—have weighed the provocation."

10. Lady Caroline Lamb, who actively campaigned for the reelection of her brother-in-law, entered even the most disreputable shops, taverns, and courts to insist upon votes for the Whig candidate.

11. Byron had sent Murray two more cantos of *Don Juan* and a "translation close and rugged" of the first canto of Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*. He was shortly to send *The Prophecy of Dante*.

12. On 22 August 1819, Burdett, who had just arrived at Kirby Park, his hunting box in Leicestershire, heard the news of Peterloo and immediately wrote an impassioned letter to the Westminster electors. The letter, published in the newspapers, resulted in his conviction for seditious libel at the Leicester Assizes on 23 March 1820. The case was transferred to the King's Bench on 24 April. Judgment, pronounced on 8 February 1821, was a fine of £2,000 and three months' imprisonment in the Marshalsea.

14. "Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd, / The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent / When we have chid the hasty-footed time / For parting us—O, is all forgot? / All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?" (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 3. 2).

2 Hanover Square. April 21, [1820]

My dear Byron—

Oh you shabby fellow—so you strike a man when he is down do you?<sup>1</sup> I do not think, however, that you intended your filthy ballad to be read to the reading room at number fifty nor to find its way into the Morning Post before I saw it myself—<sup>2</sup> The Post only gave the first stanza correctly, but it prefaced the whole with these words “said to be written by a noble poet of the first eminence on *his quondam friend & annotator*”— This comes of writing confidentially to what my friend Foscolo calls “*les demi-gentilhommes*.” “Now I had made up my mind to have gone back to Edinburgh with you and never to have spoken to you more”— “But would not that have been very harsh Sir”? You recollect the dialogue in the Tour to the Hebrides.<sup>3</sup> I had, I say, made up my mind to quarrel with you for that which I assure you has annoyed me much more than my imprisonment and than all the attacks which have been made upon me, I now verily believe, by every writer of any distinction in England. I have had Courier, Chronicle, Cobbett, Jeffery, Brougham, Croker, Gifford, Ld. Holland, Wooler,<sup>4</sup> Leigh Hunt<sup>5</sup> (a little)[,] Cartwright, and more Reviews & Magazines, Monthly New & Old, Quarterly, & weekly than you ever heard of playing off their large & small shot at me for near two years, and your ballad completes a list as extensive and various as ever was arrayed against a public man— I repeat that, without your ballad, I was unwrung—and having seldom taken up a paper or periodical work for some time without seeing something against myself I had become quite callous to these paper bullets of the brain.<sup>6</sup> You have now, I believe, lampooned your friends all round, & I was a ninny not to know that I should be entered upon your poetical lists at the first convenient opportunity— A little reflection has made me put a letter into the fire in which I had made a serious remonstrance with you, and now I can only say that you are welcome to write as many ballads on



me as suits your inclination. In these things "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."<sup>7</sup> I advise you, however, to time your satires a little better. The verses did not find me in prison where I ought to have been in order to give them due effect either with me or the public, but were by a curious coincidence actually dated on the very day on which I was returned for Westminster, the twenty-fifth of March.<sup>8</sup> I think it right to let you know I have told Master Murray a piece of my mind as to his circulating the song without your orders, though I must say that as it came open to him it was clear you meant that your wit should not be wasted upon me alone—One thing I pray of you—never direct to me at Murray's but at "Whitton Park Hounslow." I do not consider it right to be obliged to "dear Murray" for either trouble or expense in transmitting your letters to me—When ever you wish me to do any thing for you, your orders to Mr. Murray should be peremptory, and you should send me a duplicate which will enable me to cut the matter very short as is fitting with these fellows—

I have just received your letter dated March twenty nine—all your wishes shall be attended to most punctually. The poetry & the prose shall be carefully prepared for the press—and the mortgages shall be duly settled—<sup>9</sup> Of Scrope Davies I have heard nothing since his departure nor have I been to the St. James Coffee House to find another friend.<sup>10</sup> It is a very sad reflexion that his last moments were not regulated by that honor & fair dealing for which he was so remarkable in his former career, but, poor fellow, distress will make a man do any thing— I am delighted with your intelligence about Pope.<sup>11</sup> I do recollect the Mira elms & the Lido sands, and wish I was there with you now, that is if you had not written your ballad. No man but you has force & influence enough for such an undertaking— Do not let your purpose cool. You are a fine fellow (damn that ballad though) and have already done wonders, but if you recover Pope will deserve, if possible, more nobly of your country than ever. I wish you would write oftener (in prose) to me—say once a week if you will, and do let me hint that this would be better than writing letters to be hawked about all the public offices amongst fellows who would perspire with delight if they could have an apocalypse of you in Hell or on a Holborn stall— I will write as often as you like, and am (ballads apart) very truly your's

*John Hobhouse*

1. In his letter of 23 March 1820, Byron had told Murray, "Pray give *Hobhouse* the enclosed song—and tell him I know he will never forgive me—but I could not help it—I am so provoked with him and his ragamuffins for putting him in *quod*, he will understand that word—being now resident in the flash capital."

#### NEW SONG TO THE TUNE OF

*Where hae ye been a' day,  
My boy Tammy O?  
Courting o' a young thing,  
Just come frae her Mammie O.*

1.

How came you in Hob's pound to cool,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
Because I bade the people pull  
The House into the Lobby O.

2.

What did the House upon this call,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
They voted me to Newgate all.  
Which is an awkward Jobby O.

3.

Who are now the people's men,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
There's I and Burdett—Gentlemen,  
And blackguard Hunt and Cobby O.

4.

You hate the House—why canvass, then  
My boy Hobbie O?  
Because I would reform the den  
As member for the Mobby O.

5.

Wherefore do you hate the Whigs,  
My boy Hobbie O?  
Because they want to run their rigs  
As under Walpole Bobby O.

6.

But when we at Cambridge were,  
My boy Hobbie O,  
If my memory don't err,  
You founded a Whig Clubbie O.

7.

When to the mob you make a speech,  
My boy Hobbie O,  
How do you keep without their reach  
The watch within your fobby O?

But never mind such petty things,  
 My boy Hobbie O;  
 God save the people—damn all Kings,  
 So let us crown the Mobby O!

2. Hobhouse records the circumstances, and his reactions to them, in his journal (RLL, 2:123-24):

April 16.—A letter from Murray, enclosing a copy of Byron's ballad. Very bad and wanton indeed, but signed "Infidus Scurra," the name we used to give to Scrope Davies.

I am exceedingly unwilling to record this proof of the nature of my friend. He thought me in prison; he knew me attacked by all parties and pens; he resolved to give his kick too, and in so doing he alluded to my once having belonged to a Whig Club at Cambridge. Now I believe this to be perversity as much as anything, and to have arisen from mistaking the nature of my imprisonment and the line of popular politics which I have thought it my duty to adopt. Yet for a man to give way to such a mere itch of writing against one who has stood by him in all his battles, and never refused a single friendly office, is a melancholy proof of want of feeling. It has at any rate affected the mirage through which I have long looked at this singular man, and I know not that it is in the power of any suite of circumstances hereafter to make me think of him again exactly as I thought of him before. "Sic extorta voluptas." . . . To be written about thus by a man in whom I had "garnered up my heart!" I know of nothing worse in life.

Resolved not to mention the circumstances to any other of my family, or to any friend but Burdett.

April 20.—I have had a letter from Byron, in which he talks of the song. I think half ashamed, and very friendly and kind, poor fellow, in every respect. Write to Byron, telling him he is a "shabby fellow," and leaving him to chew that phrase without any other comment.

3. Hobhouse refers to the most serious and celebrated quarrel between Johnson and Boswell, a row that took place on the Mam Rattachan road before they crossed for Skye, when Johnson berated Boswell for riding ahead. See Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* (Wed., 1 September 1773).

4. Thomas Jonathan Wooler (1786-1853), printer and publisher of the London weekly *Black Dwarf* (1817-24) and the *Sunday British Gazette*.

5. At this time Leigh Hunt was editing two journals, the *Examiner* (1808-21) and the *Indicator* (1819-21).

6. "Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?" (*Much Ado about Nothing*, 2. 3).

7. "Only the first step costs," a proverbial expression from "portam itineri dici longissimam esse" (Varro *Res Rusticae* 1. 2).

8. The letter to Murray was dated 23 March.

9. The manuscripts in Hobhouse's care were the new cantos of *Don Juan*, *Morgante Maggiore*, *The Prophecy of Dante*, and "Some Observations upon an Article

in *Blackwood's Magazine*." In the matter of mortgages, Byron had asked Hobhouse to help him decide between the advice of Douglas Kinnaird, who had recommended transferring capital in the funds to a 6% Irish mortgage on property belonging to Lord Blessington, and that of Hanson, who said such a step would be ruinous. Byron ultimately answered in favor of Kinnaird's view, but the business was intricate and protracted.

10. The expression appears in B to H, 3 March 1820 and 29 March 1820.

11. See B to H, 29 March 1820: "You will see that I have taken up the Pope question (in prose) with a high hand, and you (when you can spare yourself from Party to Mankind) must help me." In "Some Observations upon an Article in *Blackwood's Magazine*," Byron offers a defense against personal attacks he had received for writing *Don Juan* and asserts the superiority of Dryden and Pope to all the poets of the day, especially the "Lakers." The essay was first published in 1833.

July 14, 1820

My dear Byron,

I have received your letter of the seventh of June— It has been long coming—and, I suspect, wasting some where. I shall this day communicate your final purpose respecting your poems and *proses*<sup>1</sup> to Mr. Murray and shall faithfully lock up all the valuables until called forth by more genial suns "*cum Zephyris et hirundine prima*"—<sup>2</sup> For it does not at all follow it may not be wise to do that next year which this year's turmoil renders inexpedient. I suppose Hanson has communicated to you the bad news respecting Rochdale—<sup>3</sup> If you would come over and join the Lancashire Radicals—those worthies would soon give you *seisin* as "those who practice the law" call it, of your mines again, and choak up the shafts with all your confounded contraversialists— It seems to me unaccountable how things should have taken this turn. Some comfort it may be to you to know that Chief Baron Richards<sup>4</sup> is the damndest cur of all that now bark upon the bench; and if things should ever be so so in this *bel paese* will most inevitably make a bad end— Oh that I might ever try conclusions with him and some five of his learned brothers "*impiccarmi quei masnadieri*"—<sup>5</sup> I wish you were here— By the way I suppose you know that you will be specially summoned & forced to attend the Queen's trial on the 7th of August.<sup>6</sup> The Peers who absent themselves, are, they say, to be fined or sent to the Tower. You should really if you can come over to do an act of justice for this "*Mob-led Queen*."<sup>7</sup> It would be a great thing if a person like you who has lived so long in Italy and might speak to manners &c would lend your powerful assistance against this most odious persecution— There is no saying but such an additional weight might break down these villains who bend now most woefully— They have been forced to give up the Coronation<sup>8</sup>— indeed they could not have crowned him without cannon— You have

no conception of the popularity of the Queen's cause—even the Clergy are for her, in the country— The little creatures called the great are, to be sure, behaving with their usual meanness, but all below the exquisites are for her Majesty— Poor creature she has been shamelessly used. She lives at a little lodging, 22 Portman Street, and drives out with two hack horses before and a bouquet of blackguards behind her carriage. Hoby the boot maker<sup>9</sup> said the other day that "it made him weep to look at her—she put him in mind so much of Jane Shore"—<sup>10</sup> This is a fact— Burdett & I went up with the Westminster Address to her the other day—she received us alone in her little room, and I must say with a dignity as tranquil as if she had been at Carlton House in her own court— We don't care a fig about her guilt as they call it. Brougham says he has Bergami's b——x in a bottle— Others swear he is a woman—but as I said before, all the world protest against this horrid act of attainder, and nothing will be believed which is said by Italians— Oh! the wonders just at this moment comes your letter of June 22— Oh you versatile, you weathercock— Well, well, we will see what can be done—do not be angry with Murray until you hear finally from me—<sup>11</sup> I will write in a post or two again— Never believe that I shall not be at all times most happy to do anything or every thing you wish— Perish politics else— The den adjourns in a day or two—no prorogation—this on account of the proceedings against the Queen in Lords. I have made a good speech on Alien bill<sup>12</sup>—so say my allies—and the Morning Post owns it was received in dignified silence— You know the value of silence in our house— On the whole I do not think I have disappointed people—this is truth— Dug (who is as envious as the man in Zadig)<sup>13</sup> I fancy will own this—but it is all a farce[—]nothing will be done in parliament. The good will come from without— What you say about her most gracious majesty at Pesaro signifies nothing but pray tell no body else<sup>14</sup>—or by the Lord you will be subpoena'd against her—ever your's,

John C. Hobhouse

1. B to H, 8 June 1820: "you may lock up the whole—Dante and all—in your desk—it is to me the same."

2. "With spring breezes and the first swallow" (Horace *Epistulae* 1. 7. 13).

3. Byron's lengthy litigation had not succeeded in regaining him his rights in the Rochdale coal mines. He subsequently urged Kinnaird to arrange for the sale of the estate, at however small a price.

4. Judge Sir Richard Richards (1752-1823) was named baron of the Exchequer (1814) and lord chief baron of the Exchequer (1817).

5. "Hang those bandits."

6. On 5 June, Queen Caroline had arrived in England to claim her royal rank. George IV, unable to persuade her to accept a settlement in exchange for not pressing her claims as consort, brought a Bill of Pains and Penalties in the form of a divorce trial against her in the House of Lords. Whigs, Radicals, and populace rallied behind Caroline; and after a long and unseemly hearing, the government dropped the case in November. The queen was, however, barred from the coronation the following July.

7. Hobhouse's punning allusion comes from *Hamlet*, 2. 2, where Hamlet, Polonius, and the First Player speak of "the mobled" (muffled) "queen."

8. It was delayed until 19 July 1821.

9. George Hoby, of St. James's Street, royal bootmaker to George III.

10. Jane Shore (d. 1527?), the mistress of Edward IV, was brought to trial, first for sorcery, then for harlotry, by Richard III.

11. In his letter of 22 June, Byron directs Hobhouse to take his manuscripts out of the delaying Murray's hands and to offer them to Longman.

12. On 12 July, Hobhouse had addressed the Commons in opposition to Government's proposed renewal of restrictions on aliens entering the country, measures that had been framed during the French Revolution. See Hansard, 2d ser., 2 (22 June-7 September 1820): 405-16.

13. Arimazes, in chapter 4 of Voltaire's *Zadig*.

14. B to H, 22 June 1820: "What the opinion in England may be, I know not—but *here* (and we are in her late neighbourhood) there are no doubts about her and her blackguard Bergami.—I have just asked Madame la Comtesse G[uiccioli] who was at Pesaro two years ago—& she answers that the thing was as public as such a thing can be."

Whitton. August 31, 1820

My dear Byron—

I am very sorry you have determined not to come over— First because if the mountain does not come to Mahomet, Mahomet cannot go to the mountain—i e. if you do not come to England England cannot carry me to see you and I cannot leave England just now. There is no getting to Islington, said Goldsmith, without going there.<sup>1</sup> This truth will separate me from Ravenna. My second cause of regret is that you are not present to do your duty against this damn'd bill— Some of the Lords, particularly Erskine,<sup>2</sup> are making a very honest fight of it, and notwithstanding their minority does not exceed 65 still being backed by the great mass of the whole nation their opposition is all but enough to throw out the measure. So do I wish you were here. Your character & your residence abroad with other items would have a great influence and as it is only the last drop that makes the cup overflow there is no saying what effect your single arm would have— I can assure you that the mere story of your having arrived in London the other day caused no little sensation— The Queen somehow or the other heard you were coming over— The poor creature was very much affected at this mark of recollection of her former attentions— She said several very handsome & true things of you—“She thought you would not forget her—she was sure that you were not like the greater part of the English nobles who had forsaken her &c &c [”]—so, indeed, I do lament your absence much although I fully feel the difficulty and the annoyance of making such a journey. After all you have plenty of time to come over if you like— The case for the prosecution will not be finished this fortnight— The Queen is then to name how many weeks or months she chooses to be given for the preparation of her defense—for sending for witnesses & other matters— This will put off the second reading of the bill in the Lords



for two or three months at least and give you time leisurely to travel to this country— If you can, then, do come. Do not think of Brougham—<sup>3</sup> He is not to be killed now— He is doing wonders for the Queen and I am sure that he has not added to his original offense by any other indiscretions. Entre nous this project of yours will not do— Allow all you wish—allow matters have not been exaggerated to you—allow that your anger was at first not ill founded. Still the character of the man and the length of the interval must disarm you— I am now convinced he meant you no harm—he is always saying silly things, and you just hit him off in calling him “blundering.” But malice is not his characteristic and although he owes you a turn for the above epithet yet I do not think that he designed you any harm—he was thinking of his fee—he had taken a side and thought he was in court when he was only in company— At any rate if you are to knock out his brains you can wait till they have done the Queen some service— I fear all I have said will hardly harness your horses—but I again exhort you to come—think of it— The Queen is getting daily more popular. The nasty stories told against her do not influence the good folks at all— All lies—Italian lies—well but Barbara Kranz<sup>4</sup> is a German says the Courier—never mind, then they are German lies— The crowds assembled to see her return from the Lords daily increase both in numbers & respectability— The two houses may carry the bill but the country will not ratify it. I do not mean to say that an immediate resistance is to [be] expected—but I am sure that it will swell the general discontents so as to make them burst down every barrier. The commons are adjourned till the eighteenth of September, but only for that day as they will readjourn to wait for the bill from the Lords. I have some thoughts of repeating the motion of Lord Francis Osbourne<sup>5</sup> which I seconded before and of moving an address to the King to prorogue the parliament. But come over there’s a good fellow— I have looked out your hints from Horace<sup>6</sup>—very good, I think, but you will not like to attack friends who are hitched into the rhymes there<sup>7</sup>—ever yrs

J.C.H.—

1. During the 1760s, Goldsmith intermittently resided in Islington, at that time still a village north of London.

2. Erskine, the lord chancellor, was distinguished for his chivalrous defense of the queen throughout the proceedings.

3. On 8 August, Byron had written that if he should return to England his first duty would be to call out Brougham, who was the queen's counsel. Byron had several reasons to feel obliged to quarrel: on 25 April 1816, Brougham had attacked the exiled poet for his "deformity" at Brooks's; on 26 April he had told Perry of the *Chronicle* that Byron had cheated the duchess of Devonshire out of £500 rent for her house in Piccadilly Terrace (RLL, 1:336-37). Finally, Byron suspected as did Hobhouse that Brougham, whom they had met at Coppet on 7 October 1816, had discouraged Madame de Staël's attempts to effect a reconciliation with Annabella.

4. Barbara Kress, a chambermaid at the Post Inn, Carlsruhe, was called as a witness against Queen Caroline and testified that a double bed had been ordered for Bergami's room and that she had seen the princess and Bergami embracing on it.

5. Lord Francis Osborne (1777-1850), later first Baron Godolphin, was a younger son of the fifth duke of Leeds. He served as Whig M.P. for Helston (1799-1802), Lewes (1802-6), and Cambridgeshire (1810-31). Hobhouse had seconded Osborne's motion to prorogue Parliament on 21 August 1821. See Hansard, 2d ser., 2 (27 June-7 September 1820): 826-27.

6. Byron had asked Hobhouse to search out the old manuscript in his letter of 8 June.

7. Among these friends were Jeffrey, Rogers, Moore, and Bland Burgess.

Hastings. Novemb. 6, 1820

My dear Byron,

I had yesterday a letter from you dated Octob. 17 announcing two other letters which are not arrived, but wait at Murray's for me— I have sent for them in great eagerness. Tell your friend not to fear exposure.<sup>1</sup> However rimose in small matters I would not in things touching fortune or honor let out a secret though in the bull of Phalaris—<sup>2</sup> The Attorney General was fool enough to deny the story about the chain when lo! the *Times* published the very certificate given by Fanno<sup>3</sup>—who sent it to him I know not. The Lords are trying to carry the bill, which, however, I think must fail one way or the other—if it succeeds then will come the Reform I am persuaded—for the people are actually mad—the black blackguard Lauderdale and the Irish blackguard Donaghmore are the great partizans against Queeney—I never see her without her sending some civil message to you. It is, indeed, a pity you come not here to do an act of justice to this unfortunate woman— However, as you are not here, do not act amongst the Sausage eaters of the Exarchate,<sup>4</sup> any one of whom would betray you for half a paul— If you will not act for us write for us— You have done so already & very well— I have read your tragedy<sup>5</sup> twice & with great attention I think—Foscolo is right—it is very good Venetian—so good indeed that I think the very admirable & just picture of the sort of solitary grandeur of a Doge will not be quite intelligible except to a travelled or a learned man— My opinion is most decisive, that, with Kean for Marino Faliero, and with some little alterations, the play would succeed completely on the stage— You have fallen into an inadvertance at the close— Those in the last scene see over again what happened in the last scene but one—<sup>6</sup> Do you recollect it? There are two sensualities in it that you should omit, I think, namely the comparison of womens robes to fleecy clouds “twixt

us & Heaven," and the inference you draw from pretty "extremities"—<sup>7</sup> These whether considered either as prettinesses or as impurities are unworthy of such a poet & such a play— I presume also to object to the long account which Lioni gives to *himself* of a Venetian masked ball—<sup>8</sup> It may be poetic but I doubt whether it is dramatic or comes within the latitude of soliloquizing— I tried your play by what I imagine a good test. I read it aloud to half a dozen girls from 15 to 25. They were highly delighted & interested by the management of your plot simple as it is. Indeed the pedants cannot quarrel with you about the unities—you have been quite strict to that of time and as to place you have been much more particular than any of our dramatists except Addison—<sup>9</sup> I have looked out the Hints—by heavens we must have some "cutting and slashing" in order to qualify them for the present state of your friendships literary & others—but as I said before the hints are good—good to give though not likely to be taken— Prose & all shall be overhauled<sup>10</sup> & when this cursed affair about the Carolina is over you shall come out either with the Xmas pies or the butterflies— I have written strongly today to the Douglas touching Hanson.<sup>11</sup> If that will not do I will write to Hanson himself— You are not "helpless"—I will do any thing you like, so will Douglas— damn his radical politics— You have hit him—were he in parliament, he would have another vent.<sup>12</sup>

Also are you right, look you, about my speech & motion for prorogation— Every body said it was very good & very right. As to the being called to order—you know it is nothing<sup>13</sup>—& in this case, the Speaker<sup>14</sup> was palpably wrong—for I pursued the same line afterwards, though I pretended to have dropt it—but you shall not have politics from me as well as Douglas. I have just been at a jollification at Webster's, Battle Abbey—Lobsters [thrice underlined]— Champagne—drank like fishes, ate like wolves.<sup>15</sup> D. of Sussex<sup>16</sup> chief performer— I shall write again very soon—

J.C.H.

1. See B to H, 25 September 1820. Byron had obtained from Richard Belgrave Hoppner "some hints which may be useful to Queeney—and her orators—but mind and don't betray the Writer H or he will lose his place." Hobhouse sent the information on to the *Times* (RLL, 2:136).

2. In this brazen contrivance, Phalaris, the notoriously cruel tyrant of Agrigentum, was said to roast alive his victims, the first being the bull's inventor, Perillus.

3. Guiseppe Bianchi, a doorkeeper of the Gran Bretagna at Venice, testified that he had seen the princess take a gold chain from her neck and put it round Bergami's, that Bergami had returned it and had led her into the coffee room, and that the two had gone out together in gondolas daily. A deposition from Andrea Fanno, the Venetian jeweler who sold the chain to Princess Caroline, appeared in the *Times* of 21 September 1820.

4. Byron, like the Gambas, was of the Carbonari faction. As his letter to Hobhouse of 17 October indicates, the authorities at Ravenna viewed him with suspicion.

5. *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*.

6. What the reader witnesses in act 5, scene 3—the last words and deeds of Marino Faliero—the Venetians in the following scene describe.

7. See *Marino Faliero*, 4. 1. 57–61: ". . . the thin robes, / Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven; / The many-twinkling feet so small and sylphlike, / Suggesting the more secret symmetry / Of the fair forms which terminate so well." Lioni is speaking.

8. *Marino Faliero*, 4. 1. 1–112.

9. *Cato* (1713), by Joseph Addison, a weak drama but a careful preservation of the classical unities, was enjoyed by the public, attacked by John Dennis, defended by Pope, and praised by Voltaire as the "first reasonable English tragedy."

10. Byron wished Hobhouse to extract the comments on Pope from his two prose pieces "Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review" and "Observations upon an Article in *Blackwood's Magazine*" and to publish these extracts with *Hints from Horace*.

11. In B to H, 17 October 1820, Byron objects to Hanson's delay over the Irish mortgages on the grounds that such dawdling could lose thousands of pounds in the funds.

12. Byron had mentioned in his letter of 17 October that Kinnaird filled his letters with radical politics, "all which I can have in the Newspapers.— I wish he was in Parliament again—which I suppose he wishes too."

13. On 18 September, Hobhouse moved for an address asking the king to prorogue Parliament and thereby get rid of the proceedings against the queen. He was called to order for alluding to the transactions of the House of Lords. See Hansard, 2d ser., 3 (8 September–23 November 1820): 54–58.

14. The Right Honorable Charles Manners Sutton (1780–1845), cousin of the duke of Rutland and son of the archbishop of Canterbury, served as a Tory M.P. from 1806 until 1835, when he was created Viscount Canterbury. Sutton was first elected speaker in June 1817.

15. Hobhouse was among the houseguests at Battle Abbey, the Sussex seat of Sir Godfrey Vassal Webster, from 31 October until 3 November; see *RLL*, 2:137–38.

16. Augustus Frederick, duke of Sussex (1773–1843), was the sixth son and ninth child of George III and Queen Charlotte. He was the political liberal of the royal family.

Feb. 15, 1821

Dear Byron—

I have heard nothing from you these four months— Have you written?<sup>1</sup> If you have let me know through Murray—for in that case the cursed clerks of the Exarchate post office have certainly played us false and I shall never hear from you again— If you have not written—then write—and let me know how you are going on & whether there is any truth in the rumour of your coming over in the spring— The news came through D. Kinnaird, who had it through Moore, Mr. Tom, who hears often from you, so said said Moore. By the way, Moore has lent your life & adventures<sup>2</sup> to Lady Davy<sup>3</sup> who enlivens, so I hear, her bluestocking circles with your commentaries. I think it right you should know this seeing that perhaps such communication was not the bond by which you originally imparted the treasure to Thomas Moore— The booksellers & newspapers have also a knack at getting at your best things and there is some risk of this portion of your biography appearing in print unless you send an injunction to your friend's friend— What have you determined as to your poeshies? I hear of a fifth canto of the Don— The tragedy will certainly be acted if it be printed—even 50 copies would ensure its production on the stage where, as I told you before, I think it would take mightily. I hear from Lady Parker<sup>4</sup> that Lady B. is in town. Your daughter is proclaimed on all hands a very lively good tempered little girl— Mrs. Leigh is looking very well & is very well—seven children have not spoilt her appearance at all— You will see by the papers how matters stand with us. The opposition completely out numbered in parliament & no chance whatever of a change—at least so I think—Crony Wilmot<sup>5</sup> does not prosper in parliament— Horace Twiss<sup>6</sup> a complete failure—in spite of a raw egg & slap of brandy which he was detected in taking before the debate—which made him not eloquent

but impudent—Mackintosh told me that a few days before the debate, Dr. Holland passing through Lisle Street saw a crowd of little boys collected under a window—he stopt, and heard—“*Sir the bill of pains & penalties.*” On the door plate was Mr. Horace Twiss—*ben trovato*.<sup>7</sup> The *Moniteur* calls him *Monsieur Twiff*—I suppose you are in the midst of arms—You could not give us a line could you to let us know how matters are likely to turn out?<sup>8</sup> Perhaps all is settled by this time—I heard the story of the governor of Ravenna<sup>9</sup>—what a tale for Fletcher! *La my Lord!*—Kinnaird at Paris—comes home in a day or two—Your's very truly—

J.C.H.

1. The most recent of Byron's extant letters to Hobhouse bears the date 9 November 1820.

2. The memoirs Byron had given to Thomas Moore at Venice.

3. Jane Apreece (1780–1855), having conquered Edinburgh as a young, rich, attractive widow, married the renowned man of science Sir Humphry Davy in 1812 and set up in London as a Whig hostess. She counted Sydney Smith and Thomas Moore among her closest friends.

4. I have been unable to determine to which particular lady so styled Hobhouse refers.

5. Sir Robert Wilmot-Horton (1784–1841), political pamphleteer, Whig M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne (1818–30), and governor of Ceylon (1831–37). Kinsman of Byron and husband of the woman who inspired “*She walks in beauty*,” Wilmot represented Augusta Leigh in the negotiations at Murray's that led to the burning of Byron's memoirs.

6. Horace Twiss (1787–1849), son of Twiss the concordance-maker and Frances (Fanny) Kemble, of the famous acting family, was a wit, barrister, and Tory M.P. He wrote poems, a tragedy successfully acted by Kean (*The Carib Chief*, 1817), and a life of Lord Eldon (1844).

7. “Well met.”

8. Byron and the Gambas were actively involved in the Carbonari efforts, which failed in February 1821.

9. On 9 December, Luigi Dal Pinto, commander of the troops at Ravenna, had been shot in the streets and but for Byron's intervention would have died there. A humanitarian first and a partisan second, Byron had the brave but unpopular commandant carried to his house and put into Fletcher's bed, where the officer died of his wounds. See B to Thomas Moore, 9 December 1820.

50 Hill Street. May 7, [1821]

My dear Byron—

A singular thing happened last Friday. Whilst Sir F. Burdett was preparing in his *other* room just before dinner came a post chaise to the door. The servant announced to him that Lord Byron was below—Burdett begg'd he would step up and promised to join him in a minute adding at the same time that he hoped Lord B would stay to dine Lady Burdett being expected—The messenger came back saying his Lordship had driven away before his answer arrived—I did not happen to be present but was stopt in the Park to know where you were. No one has yet been discovered who can be supposed to have assumed your stile and title—This is singular enough is it not? Burdett's imprisonment terminates this day—<sup>1</sup> I saw him in and I shall see him out—What asses our government are to think they punish a man by such a project—He has had all the world sympathising with him and half London—from the King's brother (D. of Sussex) downwards, dining with him—I suppose you have heard all about the play.<sup>2</sup> Kinnaird told me he had been an honest Chronicler of the events connected with his Dogeship to you so I shall say little—except that I was the only man who foretold that it would do well on the stage—so that ever after I shall expect you to hold me in as much esteem as Moliere did his old woman. But you sad fellow you are always getting me into scrapes—I came home from the House of Commons one morning at two o'clock and found on my table a pamphlet "two letters &c to the R't. Hon. Lord Byron from the Reverend W.L. Bowles &c ["] and turning hastily to the last page saw something about "the gallant and puissant knight for Westminster."<sup>3</sup> The slip slop did not know that cities send citizens not knights. But let that pass. Enough to tell you now is that the attack on the knight is the most blackguard you ever saw, it consists principally of a parody of your lines on Bowles<sup>4</sup> and



ends thus—"Against king, Commons, Lords, and Canning bray / And do for hate what Santerre did for pay."<sup>5</sup> The "parson much bemused in beer"<sup>6</sup> then goes on to state that he thinks that "the knight & he are now even," and that he is now prepared to meet him in forgetfulness & good humour at the next Wiltshire dinner—What a strange conception this priest in drink must have of people to think that he can compare them to cut-throats and jack apes, and then shake hands & slobber them—Every body who has spoken to me on the subject says the attack is the most brutal & ungentlemanlike he ever saw—L'ami Murray tells me as God is his judge he never saw it until it was published—but that's a bounce no doubt—It is lucky for me that the fellow is a clergyman or I should be obliged to wink & hold up my cold iron<sup>7</sup> to him. I trust, however, that you will do justice and sarve him out in stile—The allusion to Canning is made in consequence of a speech of mine on Reform of parliament which has made some noise & which I flatter myself you would if you read it approve. The Right Honorable George had chosen to suspect me of writing a certain letter<sup>8</sup> to him some three years ago and consequently threw out two uncivil sayings to or towards me in parliament, contriving so to do it as to prevent me from fitting the cap.<sup>9</sup> I knew he had come over to England on purpose to speechify on Lambton's motion,<sup>10</sup> indeed he had written to Lambton from Paris to that effect—so I got up a portrait of a political adventurer beginning from the *Microcosm*<sup>11</sup> up to the last speech made by him against palace-yard demagogues and closed my speech on Reform with it on the 17th of April—<sup>12</sup> I bray'd to some tune I assure you. The prototype spoke not that evening & it was from his friends that the cry of adjournment came to give him time to sleep over his answer. The next day he shuffled out of the debate under the pretext of Lambton not being present—and he is now gone back to Paris. The effect in and out of parliament has been such as you would wish when in good humour and not bent on mischief making—I think he will not attack palace-yard demagogues again tho' doubtless he will try his hand at something for which I shall take care to be ready—Had I not had provocation the attempt would have been impudent—but as it was I have been told on all hands, Whigs & Tories, that I was quite right. I was sensible that it would be either a complete hit or a complete miss. It was not the latter—and yet after this—after daring & I may say, dumbfounding the foremost man of our

den, comes your yelping clerical cur & snaps at my heels—and that other ass Botherby<sup>13</sup> says to me at Murray's—"Well I hope you are pleased at Bowles' good nature—he has made all smooth between you now." Pooh, said I, the fellow's drunk— So, Byron you see what your "mention honorable au bulletin"<sup>14</sup> has done for me. It is not enough that I must be bewrayed with filth in every form that anonymous slander can assume from the Quarterly down to the Courier, but you must set a vile pumple nosed parson at me with his beaver up—<sup>15</sup> There is no dealing with this fellow—he goes about saying you have treated him with the utmost respect, and he absolutely apologises for venturing to be jocose with you. Tis a cowardly dog for he thinks he shall be joined by all parties in attacking me, but shrinks from ever defending himself against you— However—I expect retribution. Write a line when convenient—your's ever &c

J.C.H.—

1. Burdett had just completed the three months in the Marshalsea, to which he had been condemned for seditious libel; see H to B, 31 March 1820, note 12.

2. Drury Lane Theatre had staged *Marino Faliero* without the author's consent, and under protest from Murray, on 25 April. The production proved neither a great popular success nor a failure.

3. Murray published Bowles's *Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in Answer to His Lordship's Letter on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope* in 1821. The attack on Hobhouse appears on pp. 103-4.

4. *English Bards*, II. 367-78 (fifth edition).

5. "If snow-white innocence, that from the first / Has foil'd the best defenders, needs the worst, / HOBHOUSE, essay— / Let all the pertness of palav'ring prose / Froth on thy lips, and perch upon thy nose; / Affect a virtue that thou can'st not feel / Clothe faction in the garb of patriot zeal, / Against King, Commons, Lords,— and CANNING,— bray, / And do from HATE what FABRE did for pay!"

6. Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 15

7. "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron" (*Henry V.*, 2. 1).

8. Hobhouse's letter, which censured Canning's speech on Ogden and observed, "On no occasion have you ever evinced that sincerity, either of principle or capacity, which the lowest amongst us are accustomed to require from pretenders to excellence," appeared in the *Times*, 16 April 1818.

9. Canning had provoked Hobhouse in the course of a 16 March speech on the Catholic question. Because Hobhouse agreed with Canning's position on the issue, he could not reply at the time to an unflattering portrait that, with its allusions to his less-than-impressive height and to the site of some of his elocutionary triumphs, was

an unmistakable likeness: "I have never known a demagogue who, when elected to a seat in this House, did not in the course of six months shrink to his proper dimensions. In the event of a parliamentary reform, it would be my wish to see a little nest of boroughs reserved for their separate use, and I should not be alarmed at their introduction, even although they had been qualified in Palace Yard." See Hansard, 2d ser., 4 (23 Jan.-2 April 1821): 1313.

10. Lambton had proposed extending the elective franchise to householders in the cities and towns and to copyholders and certain orders of leaseholders in the counties, disfranchising the rotten boroughs, and reviving triennial parliaments.

11. An Etonian magazine founded by Canning and his schoolfellows Frere, Ellis, and the Smiths. The venture showed so much promise that a publisher purchased the copyright for £50.

12. Hobhouse's "portrait of a political adventurer" complements Canning's sketch of a demagogue. If a demagogue is six months in finding his level and shrinking to his proper dimensions in Parliament, says Hobhouse, another sort of man suffers such diminution neither in six months nor in thirty years—the man with talents but no character whose want of sincerity and virtue suits him to be the hero of a corrupt audience such as the unreformed Parliament. Hobhouse's early references to school-boy precocity and to the "Palace Yard demagogue" speech made the aim of his satire painfully evident from the first. Hobhouse discusses his speech and its reception in *RLL*, 2:145–51. For its full text, see *Reform of Parliament: Substance of the Speech of John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., F.R.S. in the House of Commons, on the 17th April 1821 . . .* (London: 1821) or Hansard, 2d ser., 5 (3 April–11 July 1821): 395–426.

13. William Sotheby (1757–1833), a writer of poems and plays, remains known for his translations of Virgil's *Georgics* and Wieland's *Oberon*. Byron refers to Sotheby, who had incurred his disfavor, as "bustling Botherby" in *Beppo*, 72. 7.

14. Writing to Murray on the Pope controversy with Bowles, Byron states that what he least regrets of *English Bards* is the part on Bowles and his assessment of Pope: "Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I would express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. B's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that he would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*; and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the Second" (*LJ*, ed. Prothero, 5:539).

15. So Horatio describes the Ghost in *Hamlet*, 1. 2.

London. June 19, 1821

My dear Byron,

Serviteur très humble pour les choses très flatteuses que vous me dites sur le discours, et le Philippique assez mérité contre Canning<sup>1</sup>—I am glad you like it. I thought you would. I shall take the liberty of sending you a corrected copy of the whole speech which some Westminster Elector subscribed to print. You will, by this time, have seen how the fellow has tried to ride home upon our friend Burdett by challenging him for an affair two months cold.<sup>2</sup> However he has completely failed—every body understands what he would be at and so much so that Lord Ossulstoun<sup>3</sup> said to me a day or two ago, “C challenges B because he is angry with you[—]all you have to pray for is that he may not be angry with any one else for if he should be he will challenge you[.]” There are not two opinions about Canning’s conduct in this affair concerning which I send you an article in a fashionable evening paper *The Traveller*. There is at the same time some trifling difference of sentiment respecting the manner in which the other party declined the combat—All the world says B could not possibly fight upon such a pretext—but some say that he should have insisted upon Canning’s not threatening him with throat-cutting in his first letter. Entre nous this was B’s own feeling—he had accepted the meeting and our friend the Douglas stepped in & stopt it. I own there was some little oversight in the business. D.K. owns it too, but as D.K. has behaved with the utmost spirit as far as his own personal share in the transaction was concerned, every body attributes the oversight (which after all was immaterial) to the true cause, anxiety for his principal, who left the whole affair in his hands—It has not excited much discussion—The world is very dead with us—nothing done or talkt of being done—The coronation itself, which now seems likely to take place although there are still bets against, hardly excites

any curiosity. The Queen lives quietly & reputably—and I think is gaining a peg or two. Her concert the other night was attended by Lady Tavistock,<sup>4</sup> Lady Milton<sup>5</sup> & Lady Jersey amongst others, which is a very gallant thing on the part of those dames considering the efforts made to keep them away— A scoundrel, whom some think to be your old school fellow “Billy the bear o,”<sup>6</sup> has set up a newspaper to defame all those who countenance Queeney. The name of the paper was John Bull & Theodore Hook wrote ballads for it<sup>7</sup>—some one (thought to be Croker) furnished the private court scandal and the paper went on swimmingly until one day it accused Grey Bennett of being a shy-cock in consequence of some apology made by him in parliament—<sup>8</sup> G.B. took it up & Alexander Baring<sup>9</sup> after some ridiculous scenes called examination at the bar moved to send the printer & editor to Newgate—<sup>10</sup> The fellows deserved flogging but I could not consent to summary punishment by our damn’d den so, notwithstanding the prayers of several Whig cronies, I divided the House and had twenty two with me against 109— The bulls accordingly are now in Newgate, and I must own one good thing has been done by the jail for the paper has fallen wofully since the committal of the braves in question. The talk of a partial change of administration has died away. Canning, they say, asked too much— The King has been coquetting a good deal with the Whigs lately—dined at Devonshire House—given a ball to Whig children—Lady Cunningham<sup>11</sup> encourages all this—you know she is Dennison’s sister, the Whig MP for Surrey— The King has had a wen cut off his head, they were eight minutes about it & he bore it with many grimaces, dit on— Parliament hastens to a close— The country gentlemen (of Boodledom as Lord Kinnaird calls them) have just gained a victory over ministers about a horse tax<sup>12</sup> & it is thought ministers will allow them to retain this advantage as a sop to the landed interest which has become very clamorous— But all this to you—who hate politics—!! You have heard by this time of the event touching your tragedy. By the way do not cut at poor Queeney in your Don Juan about Semiramis & her courser courier—<sup>13</sup> She would feel it very much I assure you—she never sees me without asking after you & desiring to be remembered— John Murray shows about the epigram about the braziers,<sup>14</sup> which I own I was sorry you had sent to him—he being totally unworthy of trust—he would sell you & all the world for a half farthing— I have

promised to give a Mr. Craduck<sup>15</sup> a letter to you—he is hermosissimo muchachio<sup>16</sup> of 19—intelligent, agreeable, gentlemanly, and a great admirer of you & yours—a son of Lord Somebody going into Greece—Pray be civil to him— Your very true [?]

J.C.H.—

I have not sent the article from the *Traveller*—it does not signify—

1. "I am your very humble servant for your most flattering remarks on the discourse, and the well deserved philippic against Canning." Byron had called the portrait of Canning "as pretty a piece of invective—as one would wish to read on a Summer's day" (B to H, 20 May 1821).

2. On 4 April the imprisoned Burdett had written a letter to a company of parliamentary reformers in which he said that one could hardly be surprised at Canning for defending a political system by which he and his family so greatly profited. Canning challenged Burdett on 7 June but was satisfied with the written explanation of the remark sent in Burdett's reply on 8 June. See Patterson, 2:525–28.

3. Charles Augustus Bennet (1776–1859), Lord Ossulton, later (1822) fifth earl of Tankerville.

4. Anne Maria, wife of Francis, marquis of Tavistock and son and heir to John, sixth duke of Bedford.

5. Mary, wife of Charles William, Viscount Milton and son and heir to William, fourth earl of Fitzwilliam.

6. Presumably William Yates Peel (1789–1858), younger brother of Robert Peel and a particular friend of Byron at Harrow. Peel served as M.P. 1817–37 and 1847–52, undersecretary of state for the Home Department in 1828, and lord of the Treasury 1830 and 1834–35.

7. Founded by Tory interests at the close of 1820 to attack Queen Caroline and her partisans, the *John Bull* was scandalous, scurrilous, and lethally apt in its ridicule, for which Hobhouse was a frequent target. Much of the success of the satirical publication was due to the talents of its *primum mobile* Theodore Hook (1788–1841), versifier, journalist, and novelist, soon to be known for his "silver fork" fiction collected under the title *Sayings and Doings* (1826–29).

8. A paragraph in the *John Bull* made uncomplimentary observations on an explanation that Henry Grey Bennett had reportedly given to the lord president of the Court of Session in Scotland. Grey Bennett drew the House's attention to this breach of privilege on 8 May.

9. Alexander Baring (1774–1848), first Baron Ashburton, was a financier and an M.P. for various constituencies from 1806 until 1835.

10. On 8 May the House of Commons had voted the *John Bull* paragraph a "gross and scandalous libel." After hearings on 9, 10, and 11 May, Mr. Weaver, the paper's

printer, and Mr. Cooper, its avowed editor, were sentenced to Newgate for two months.

11. Elizabeth Denison (d. 1861) had married Henry Lord Conyngham (1766–1832) in 1794. Because of his wife's intimate friendship with George IV, Lord Conyngham rose to be a marquis, a member of the Privy Council, and lord steward of the Household. Potent influences at court, the Conynghams resided with the king. Lady Conyngham's brother William Joseph Denison (1770–1849) was a millionaire and Whig M.P. for Camelford (1796–1802), Kingston-Upon-Hull (1806–7), Surrey (1818–32), and West Surrey (1832–49).

12. On 18 June the chancellor of the Exchequer had relinquished the Agricultural Horse Tax, which generated over half a million pounds annually, on the grounds that the consensus of national opinion was against it.

13. Byron's amused assessment of the "calumniated Queen Semiramis" whom he presents in a situation not unlike Caroline's, appears in *Don Juan*, 5. 61, first published in the edition of 1833: "That injured Queen, by Chroniclers so coarse / Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy) / Of an improper friendship for her horse / (Love, like religion, sometimes runs to heresy): / This monstrous tale had probably its source / (For such exaggerations here and there I see) / In writing 'Courser' by mistake for 'Courier': / I wish the case would come before a jury here."

14. See B to Murray, 6 January 1821. Various London guilds sent deputations to congratulate the queen after her acquittal in November 1820. One such ceremony occasioned Byron's epigram "On the 'Braziers' Address to be presented in *Armour* by the Company &c. &c." as stated in the Newspapers": "It seems that the Braziers propose soon to pass / An Address and to bear it themselves all in brass; / A Superfluous Pageant, for by the Lord Harry! / They'll find where they're going, much more than they carry."

15. Presumably William Edmund Cradock-Hartopp (1797–1864), later third baronet, son of Sir Edmund Cradock-Hartopp, of Freathby, Leicester.

16. Hobhouse's rusty Spanish for "a very handsome lad."

London. August 12, 1821

My dear Byron—

I am glad to find by your last letter that the snake is skotched but not killed<sup>1</sup>—as Johnson said—“Sir I can wait”—<sup>2</sup> In the mean time you scribble as much as Mr. Gibbon & I have the happiness of regularly perusing your lucubrations— The three Cantos of the Don are just out—<sup>3</sup> However much I may admire that production and however much others may admire it (and some there are who think it your best work) I am still glad that you have been persuaded to bring it to a close. Take Doctor’s advice—let your readers get up from you with an appetite— This is right with the best works and of course more right where there is any doubt as to the nature of the performance— La Signora to be sure knows her sex & resembles her sex. The comedy of love is not to their or her taste—how should it be— We have, besides, as good authority as her’s for knowing that love is a very serious business— You may make fun of it, but there is little fun in it— Your Don is too much of a joker to be a real favorite although the ladies like to be thought able to appreciate his merits as they do those of substantial vice for fear of being taken for cold & passionless—

Your Sardanapalus<sup>4</sup> is to my poor way of thinking very interesting. I am not quite sure that I like it as well as the Doge & certainly it will not do so well for acting—but I repeat it is, to my taste, very interesting & will be even more so to those who never heard of the catastrophe by which your hero closed himself & dynasty— The two Foscari<sup>5</sup> have not yet reached me— I am thinking of employing this recess in writing a little essay on Italian tragedy & appending to it a translation of Francesca da Rimini which if you recollect we began together at Milan—<sup>6</sup> I wish you would help me—you could run off two or three sheets of hints loose or connected in no time. Your opinion



for instance of Alfieri's<sup>7</sup> plays individually—at least of the best of them— Or perhaps the present state of the stage with which your long residence & habits &c must make you perfectly well acquainted— I shall, if I can, do the thing in the style of the essay on Italian literature which, if I recollect right, you thought well done[.] You will be glad to hear that I learn from competent judges (Elmsley<sup>8</sup> for example) that the antiquarian part of my Illustrations of your Childe is the only tolerable thing that has been produced of late years respecting Italy. The Reviews took no notice of them— I am convinced they were unable to find fault & unwilling to bestow praise— A radical can expect nothing from Edinburgh or London except (when best treated) entire silence— Pray give me a little help towards my before mentioned scheme. I am bent upon it for notwithstanding late occupations of another & more noisy kind I return greedily, like a dog to his vomit,<sup>9</sup> to my old unsuccessful pursuits[.] Since I wrote last, Napoleon dead and the poor Queen dead.<sup>10</sup> The first event created no sensation at all here, the latter I think is deeply felt, but very little is said or done—regret & shame on the one hand & indignation & conscious impotence on the other hand cause this apparent composure. She is not buried yet & it is now said that she will positively be buried in Brunswick[.] Doubtless she died for a broken heart in the common sense of the term— Her behavior during her short illness was beyond all praise— It was very kind & considerate of you to leave out about Semiramis & her Courier—farewell dear B & write to your

J.C.H.

1. "We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it" (*Macbeth*, 3. 2). In his letter of 6 July, Byron had informed Hobhouse that he had agreed, at Teresa's urging, to put aside *Don Juan* for the time being: "I have also agreed to a request of Madame Guiccioli's not to continue that poem further.— She had read the French translation and thinks it a detestable production.—"

2. This remark, Mr. Langton reported, was Samuel Johnson's reply to a gentleman who eagerly recommended his brother to Johnson with the words "When we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother grow very entertaining."

3. Cantos 3, 4, and 5 of *Don Juan*, published by Murray on 8 August, had a great and immediate success.

4. *Sardanapalus*, which Byron had sent to Murray on 31 May, was published along with *The Two Foscari* and *Cain* on 19 December.
5. Dispatched to Murray on 22 July.
6. On 12 October 1816, Byron and Hobhouse had translated part of *Francesca da Rimini* (RLL, 2:52).
7. Conte Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803) was a man of letters whose classical tragedies, among them *Cleopatra*, *Saul*, and *Maria Stuart*, and poems helped rekindle the national spirit of Italy.
8. Peter Elmsley (1773–1825), an Oxford classicist known for his scholarship on Sophocles and Euripides and a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*.
9. “As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly” (Proverbs, 26:11).
10. Napoleon had died in exile at St. Helena on 5 May; Queen Caroline, at Hammersmith on 7 August.

London. Sept. 24, 1821

My dear Byron—

It is an age since I heard from you—but of you I hear pretty regularly except when I am at a distance from the Honorable D.K. or John Murray Esquire one of whom, I think, has news of you at the least once a week on concerns poetical or personal. I wrote to you not a long time ago time enough for an answer but have had none. Pray write when you have nothing better to do. You complain of faults in the last cantos of the Don.<sup>1</sup> I looked over the proofs but not with the manuscript before me— Some difficult passages I did see but imputed that circumstance to a certain habitude of my own rather than to a printer's blunder, but I did not see any thing very outrageous. As to leaving out passages I made one or two pencil marks concluding the proofs would go to you previously to publication, but I presume that my desperate hooks have not slashed out any of your good things. If this enormity has been committed some other hand has, I should think, been at work; for I too well know your paternal propensities to interfere in the last instance with your offspring— You had better give precise orders and then no doubt you will be obeyed, for I assure you that you are held in a very respectable degree of dread by your literary correspondants— I have not seen your Foscari—Murray has not sent them to me—when he does I will write and let you know which pleases me, according to my poor way of thinking, most, the Foscari or Sardanapalus— Have you thought of the request I made you as to the state of dramatic writing &c in Italy? 'Twould be a dispensation worthy of you, if you have no better work in hand— No Bowles to play at— By the way his argument<sup>2</sup> is a better thing than I thought him capable of— The style flippant & foolish, but some of the turns happy. He has not touched upon the sorest part—namely his villainy towards Pope—there he was right— As for his attack on the

Westminster *knight*<sup>3</sup> as the slip slop dunce calls him, the West: knight has given him a parody in return, since he is so fond of parodies—here it is—

Should parson Bowles yourself or friend compare  
To some French cut-throat, if you will, Santerre,<sup>4</sup>  
Or heap malignant on your living head  
The smut & dirt he poured on Pope when dead,  
Say what reply? or how with him to deal  
Sot without sense and fool that cannot feel?  
You would not parley with a printer's hack  
You cannot cane him, for his coat is black  
Reproof & chastisement were idly spent  
On one who calls a kick a compliment—  
At large then leave him to lampoon & lie  
Safe in his Parson's gown and infamy—

We have no news & if we had Castlereagh & the King would be likely to bring it to you for they either are to, or have, set out on their travels<sup>5</sup> & there is no saying where they may go— If they get as far as Ravenna pray give a good account of them— There is a talk of a change of administration, that is from bad to worse—Liverpool to resign and Wellington to be at the head of our affairs.<sup>6</sup> The dismissal of Sir Robert Baker and of Sir Robert Wilson for saving the lives of the people on the 14th of August<sup>7</sup> looks as if some serious business was in hand. We have a set of pretty fellows over us have we not? if we do not know them by this time it is not their fault—and yet after the specimen we have seen of the flowers of Blarney and the perpetual coquettings even now going on to introduce some Whigs into place it must be thought that we are still in the dark as to the true nature & character of the present system— Perhaps the present bad harvest may convince some landlords—but as the price of stocks still keeps up, the fund-lords will be for bolstering up the business as long as possible— How lucky for your friend Moore that he was not in Ireland during the King's visit, he would have been called upon to play the volunteer laureate—how are you in health? let me know—ever your's truly,

J.C.H.

1. See B to Murray, 31 August 1821, where the poet complains fiercely of printer's blunders and omissions in the text of *Don Juan's* third through fifth cantos.

2. Bowles's *Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron*. . . .

3. See H to B, 7 May 1821, and notes.

4. Antoine Joseph Santerre (1752-1809) was a French radical politician of the Revolutionary period. Bowles replaced this name with "FABRE" in the revised publication of *Two Letters*.

5. On 24 September, George IV and his suite set out for the Hanoverian dominions in Germany. The king returned to England on 8 November.

6. Robert Banks Jenkinson (1770-1828), second earl of Liverpool, became head of the Tory government in 1812. He remained prime minister until 1827.

7. During the funeral procession of Queen Caroline on 14 August, the Household Cavalry had confronted a demonstrative mob at Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park. Sir Robert Baker was relieved of his magistracy for irresponsibility in allowing the disturbance to take place; Sir Robert Wilson, who had intervened to prevent bloodshed, was summarily dismissed from the army on the grounds that he had incited the riot.

London. Jan. 3, 1822

Dear Byron—

Had you been sent to prison for publishing Cain and had I written a ballad on that imprisonment and had sent that ballad open in a letter to be laid on the table of Mr. Murray's reading room I think you might, in that case, with some propriety have <called me tipsey, unmannerly, unfriendly, and indeed something worse than either of these epithets usually convey—> applied to me the injurious expressions with which I find myself assailed in your letter to Kinnaid—<sup>1</sup> In that case you might have complained of my conduct to a mutual friend, and you might have threatened me with a retaliative lampoon or, to use your own phrase, with "paying me off & with interest—"<sup>2</sup>

As it is I can accuse myself of nothing but imprudence in risking your displeasure in a question where my own interest was totally unconcerned—and of flying in the face of the proverb so repeatedly proved good, that there are two especial fools in the world, one who gives advice and the other who does not take it... You tell Mr. Kinnaid that this advice was given in the "grossest terms" and characterize my letter, both to him & to me in language which I am unwilling to repeat[.] I do recollect that the portion of the letter which referred to Mr. Murray's attempt to <rob me of> appropriate my bust was conceived in language which I never would have used except all in confidence and half in joke— But this part of the letter had no reference whatever to you or to any transaction in which you had been concerned—and considering all our dealings & long intimacy [&] the freedom with which we have always been accustomed to talk of our friends and associates I must say I did not expect to have a charge made against me for <writing in any terms rude or otherwise of any person not your friend.> treating your publisher rudely and coarsely or in any way which my immediate inclination happened to prompt. The

remainder of my letter referring to Cain and to the Memoirs was not written in gross terms— It was written in strong terms mixed up with such expressions as showed my fear and unwillingness either to offend or annoy you— Read that part of my letter again and I think you will regret having designated my private correspondance in such discreditable terms to any third person so as to oblige me to put myself upon the defensive not to you but to him— You seem entirely to forget that the thing said was not of you but to you, not publicly, but so privately that no third person had the slightest cognizance of the terms of the letter. Also you seem to forget that the advice ventured to be given was concerning an event which might not occur, and not concerning any past transaction which it might be useless to deprecate and unkind to condemn. I told you how sorry I should be if that advice <annoyed you> gave you any pain— I beg you to believe that I am very sorry that <the advice has annoyed you> such has been the effect of my letter. If, however, you have been annoyed I can assure you that I have been also annoyed <by the means chosen by you to convey your displeasure to me> and that whatever may be in your mind the magnitude of my involuntary offense you may enter upon your tablets "*I'ha pagata.*"<sup>3</sup>

If, after what I have said, you should still think that my <dislike of your poem and of your buying a biographer, as it appears to me, under the pretext of doing a generous action, communicated to you confidentially, is, in truth, so unwarrantable a liberty> confidentially communicating to you my hopes that you would not publish Cain and that you would not ratify a transaction by which you might appear to have bought a biographer under the pretext of doing a generous action was taking so unwarrantable a liberty with you that you must, in return, endeavour to <injure me with my friends & with the public> do me some private or public injury, all I can add is I shall be extremely vexed at the time but shall certainly feel, on my own accounts, no permanent regrets— You will have the laugh with you but I trust that it is out of any man's power except my own to do me a lasting mischief— Now I must bear that as I have bourne other assaults from <ancient intimates> unexpected quarters and yet am alive & whole <to tell of them> at this day. As Edgar says "and ch'ud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight."<sup>4</sup>

After all that has passed an indifferent spectator would look upon

our ancient alliance as being rather in a rickety condition. Perhaps[,] however, intimacies are in more danger from slow decay than from <that sort of sudden snare which has been sprung under our feet—> sudden blast[.] I trust that our's may survive this explosion—but at any rate, the the memory of former days and the

I do not mean to drivel and drawl on this occasion but shall say once for all that I shall be sorry if you choose to carry this foolish affair either to a private or open rupture. As for "the scene" which it seems your forbearance prevented you from making be assured that you would have had such a scene entirely to yourself, for the memory of former days and the resolution never to call in the public to take a part in <my> a private squabble <would make me refrain from entering the stage in> will prevent me from acting a part in any scene whe[re] I <stand> might have to appear in the character of your antagonist. If therefore you resolve upon such a scene you will have the stage all to yourself. I do not know that I have any thing more to say on this unpleasant subject and I hope I have not said too much—

I have to apologize for not sending Werner on the receipt of your letter<sup>5</sup> but the truth is I have not been at home for nearly four months and could not, therefore, look over your papers. In a few days I shall go to Whitton & do what you desire— Pray command me at any time that you think I can render you the slightest service in this or any other way—and believe me very truly your's

J. C. Hobhouse

1. On 6 November 1821, Hobhouse had written a letter in which he (1) complained to Byron that Murray, to whose care Byron had addressed the Thorwaldsen bust, had taken the sculpture to be for himself, (2) spoke critically of *Cain*, and (3) deplored Byron's having given his memoirs to Moore, an act that in Hobhouse's eyes could be construed as purchasing a favorably disposed biographer. Byron received, and calmly replied to, this no longer existent letter on 23 November. He wrote a shorter, sharper reply ending with the phrase "'being too often chairman spoils a man's manners'" a day later. The letter from Byron to Kinnaid mentioned here by Hobhouse is also missing. An allusion to it in a subsequent letter to Kinnaid (28 November 1821) makes 23 or 24 November seem to be the likely date of composition. Perhaps the "injurious expressions" Hobhouse objects to were close to Byron's comments in a 24 November letter to Murray that mentions "a not very temperate letter from Mr. Hobhouse—in a style which savours somewhat of the London tavern."



The strictures on Cain Byron characterizes as "a most violent invective . . . in such terms as make the grossest review in the lowest publication that I ever read upon any scribbler—moderate in comparison."

2. See B to H, 16 December 1821: "I forgive you as a Christian should do—that is I will never forgive you as long as I live—and shall certainly pay you in kind with interest the very first opportunity."

3. "He has paid for it."

4. *King Lear*, 4. 6.

5. Byron had first requested that Hobhouse send this manuscript begun in 1815 along with the story on which it was based, "Kruitznier, or the German's Tale," by Harriet Lee, in a letter of 27? September (postmarked 16 October) 1821. See *LJ*, 8:224 n. 1. Byron requested Werner again in his 16 December letter to Hobhouse.

London. March 2, 1823

My dear Byron—

I have been daily in the expectation of hearing from you but as I have not heard I conclude you intend to make an envelope of the Marchioness Sagramora's pass for a letter so I write twice to your once—<sup>1</sup> I called on Mrs. Leigh the other day and gave her the necessary intelligence respecting your teeth—<sup>2</sup> To what designing person the fatal rumour can be traced I know not—but I told Murray that fact & have no doubt that he will take care to do your mouth ample justice in spite of defamation— I regret to learn that you are become so much thinner— A man may be too thin for his well being as also well looking. You were not a bit too fat in the body at Pisa and if you would but have worn your hair of a Christian length or rather shortness you would not have been too fat in the face— This, however, is but a minor consideration after teeth and health— I have no fear for the former and as Wayte said to poor Charles Matthews, "I should not like to be a *petit poulet* in your way." As for the latter I fear your habits are not very favorable to it—nor ever will be as long as you have daily demands of a certain nature upon your life & spirits— Pray do not give too large a slice of your constitution to any pursuit however agreeable for the moment— I was glad to hear you thought of Nice because a removal would be a means of entering upon a new course of life.<sup>3</sup> I am also glad to hear of your thoughts of going to Naples as change is always good for body & soul. Mrs. Leigh is exceedingly obliged for your kind offers to her respecting her journey<sup>4</sup> and talked to me a great deal of her great anxiety to be able to accept them— But you know she has appointments in St. James which it is of very great consequence to her to retain which she will not be able to do if she comes abroad— This consideration would I should think change your view of the subject— You say something to her of a meeting in England—you

might perhaps come for a month or two without being much annoyed—all your old friends would sing jubilate and go out before you—

You see what a mess Hanson has made of the Portsmouth business.<sup>5</sup> The jury returned unanimously on Friday last a verdict of *lunacy since 1809*. Of course Lady P and Lady Elizabeth Wallop<sup>6</sup> will be at the towns end—unless the former, which is threatened, should get a royal lodging for perjury & cruelty—Such horrors I thought not in human nature notwithstanding I believed in Mother Brownrigg.<sup>7</sup> The consummate profligacy brutality & scoundrelism of all the Hansons male & female surpass my notions of what occasion and temptation will make of human beings. You recollect what a pretty smockfaced girl Laura Hanson<sup>8</sup> was in our time who looked as if butter would not melt in her mouth— Well, it turns out that she used to beat & whip and spit upon this poor crazy creature and joined in all the cruelties against him— Old Hanson actually introduced Alder<sup>9</sup> the barrister to Lord P as a physician that he might go to bed to his daughter and get her with child he being a notorious feseur d'enfans—<sup>10</sup> Poor devil it seems he was totally impotent and always had been so—being asked what was the difference between adultery & fornication he said one was performed with the thumb the other with the middle finger— I trust that something can be done *immediately* without a moment's delay to get you out of the hands of the old villain who would be stoned in the streets if recognized— I shall speak to Kinnaird about it the moment he comes back from Leicestershire—

I wish you had been in London during the trial in order to explain something about the marriage concerning which your name was frequently introduced. I did my best to tell every where what I knew of the facts— It seems that the lunatic was completely entrapped into the said marriage—being told that if he did not marry on the Monday he could not marry at all— as also that the parson who married them did not know that he was to do until he was told there was a couple in a pew waiting to be married— I have asserted loudly and long that you were totally unaware of these things and never knew but that the subject had undergone proper deliberation— I have also taken care to state that Hanson was in some sort your guardian as well as lawyer and that you thought you could not refuse him that which you conceived to be nothing but giving your formal aid to a ceremony which would

be performed whether you were there or not—. . . I was right was I not? No news for you—the opposition & new ministry go on smoothly for the present and as far as Spanish politics<sup>11</sup> go every one seems agreed—except that there is a difference of opinion as to whether we can go to war. Canning has certainly for the present taken quite a different line from Castlereagh & is more supported by some of us than by some of his own party. Peel is generally thought to be giving way—the cabinet is certainly divided on more than one question & were there any to come in some ministers would go out—pray write—ever yours

J.C.H.

Blaquier<sup>12</sup> is going thro' Genoa on a sort of mission to Greece—he will call on you[.]

1. On 9 January 1823, Byron had enclosed to Hobhouse a letter in which the Marchesa Sagramora, a friend of the Gambas, had explained why she had not been able to meet Hobhouse during his stay in Italy. The Hobhouse letter preceding the one dated 2 March does not survive.

2. Augusta had heard that Byron had become fat and toothless; see B to Augusta Leigh, 27 February 1823.

3. Byron had offered to move to Nice in his letter of 20 October 1822 to Augusta.

4. In his 20 October letter, Byron had proposed that Augusta, Colonel Leigh, and their children move from England to the less expensive Nice and had offered them financial assistance to do so: "If you would like to come to Nice (a hundred miles from hence) I will furnish you for the journey of the whole family—free of any expence—and have a home provided for you there &c.—"

5. Byron, describing his youthful impressions of the Portsmouth match in his 19 March 1823 letter to Hobhouse, concludes, "It struck me as so little an entrapment for Lord P, that I used to wonder whether the Girl would have him—and not whether he would take the Girl!" (see H to B [Jan.–March 1815?], n. 3).

6. Hanson's eldest daughter Mary Ann, who had married the earl of Portsmouth on 7 March 1814, and her daughter, ostensibly by Portsmouth but actually by W. R. Alder.

7. Elizabeth Brownrigg (d. 1767), hanged as a murderess, was notorious for the floggings and other cruelties she inflicted upon her apprentices.

8. Mary Ann's younger sister Laura was, according to Byron, the Hanson sister preferred by Portsmouth prior to the marriage.

9. William Rowland Alder, who fathered Lady Portsmouth's children, married her after the Portsmouth marriage was dissolved.

10. "Baby-maker."

11. Ferdinand VII of Spain, who had proved on his restoration in 1814 more inclined to rule as a tyrant than to respect the Constitution of 1812, was confined by the army and the Cortes between 1820 and 1823. Ferdinand appealed to the Holy Alliance, and at the Congress of Verona in 1822, France proposed to restore the Bourbon monarch to his throne. France's attack on the liberal government of Spain commenced on 7 April 1823, when the duc d'Angoulême crossed the Spanish border with an invading army that soon drove the Cortes, still holding Ferdinand as prisoner, to take refuge in Cadiz. Although Britain by no means condoned the French aggression, ministerial policy and popular opinion favored a conditional nonintervention.

12. Edward Blaquiere, a former naval officer and one of the founders of the London Greek Committee, whose members included Hobhouse, Bowring, Ellice, Lambton, Lord John Russell, Joseph Hume, and Bentham, was on his way to Greece in the company of Andreas Luriotis, a representative of the Greek government. At Hobhouse's suggestion they called on Byron on 5 April.

6 Albany. April 29, [1823]

My dear Byron,

I shall write more at length in a day or two. For the present I inclose a letter from the Secretary of the Greek Committee, Mr. Bowring<sup>1</sup> an excellent and most efficient person— Your proposition<sup>2</sup> was received with unanimous gratitude and delight, and some reflection is to be made before we give you an answer in form to your proposals. In the mean time it is hoped that you will communicate whatever you think worth telling to the Committee— I trust we shall be able to do something for the Greeks—although the Spanish business is rather against us. We shall have a public meeting soon and there determine about a subscription and the sending a brigade to Greece or at least a set of officers on which to form a regular body of troops— Farewell, for the moment, believe me always one of your scoundrel friends.

*John C. Hobhouse*

1. John Bowring (1792–1872), later knighted, was a Radical reformer, long-standing editor of the *Westminster Review*, and Jeremy Bentham's literary executor. Bowring served as an M.P. 1835–37 and 1841–47 and as governor of Hong Kong 1854–59.

2. In his letters to Hobhouse of 7, 14, and 17 April 1823, Byron offers to go to Greece, send supplies, or help the cause in any way the London Greek Committee would deem proper.

London. May 6, [1823]

My dear Byron—

I have, since I wrote to you, received your letter of the 17th and find thereby that you think seriously of going up in person to the land of the Gentiles. It will be a very grand & glorious exploit, and, under care and discretion, will, I doubt not, be of the highest utility to the cause— Of course you, who know the country and the condition of the people, will not be expecting too much from the progress already made—you will not like that coxcomb Gell<sup>1</sup> be angry with the poor devils for not having the manners of the Fauxbourg St. Germain nor the taste of the diletanti society. From all the communications we have had from Greece it appears that you will find a great deal of resolution or rather desperation in certain bands of irregular warriors rather nearer to our ancient friends the κλεφτες<sup>2</sup> than to the disciplined soldiers of Xtendom—but that you will see nothing as yet to reconcile you to the change which has taken place since you & I trotted quickly over Attica under care of a single surgee[?]. You, however, will find the elements of a regular government not yet settled into form & constant action but still having some useful operation— At all events your appearing amongst these poor fellows will have a great & beneficial effect. The Committee were, as I told you, very much pleased at your offer and I shall loose no time in communicating to them your present determination which I am sure they will receive grato animo.<sup>3</sup> I have told D. Kinnaird how he may open a credit for you in Greece by speaking to some Greek merchants in London who are in correspondence with the provinces that have thrown off the yoke— Pray loose no time in letting us know exactly how & when & whither you go— We are trying to get up a public meeting and intend having, if we can, Wilberforce in the chair. If the Christians take the matter up it will be completed in very good time &

style. Lord Milton,<sup>4</sup> whose name goes some way, is very active amongst us, & generally speaking the Committee proceeds well— I have spoken to Kinnaird about your pecuniar— he says they go on well—you will have the credit you desire directly. I shall tell the Committee about the pouter and pills.<sup>5</sup> You have already done more than all England put together which has hitherto been uncommonly backward— It is very unlucky that we have Spain now on our hands—for as our government has resolved to do nothing the people must come forward if any body does & then the same persons, as is always the case, must help both Greece & Spain— You have read our last weeks debates which went off in flash in the pan after three nights talk. I believe I was almost the only man who talked out openly for war.<sup>6</sup> Canning said so in his reply which if you read what he said you will see was very civil—all his former fury has been of late turned upon Brougham— I fancy, he vagabond as he is, really wishes well to Spain but is counteracted by the Peelites who would like to see France triumphant or at any rate liberty put down—<sup>7</sup> Your old Harrovian crony<sup>8</sup> is a bitter bad one I can tell you & latterly has got no credit in the house— He does not train on— Willy Bankes made a wretched figure t'other night on the Catholic claims. I was not there but heard he was not heard but only seen and looked very much like a boy chipping a top— John Ward is now Lord Dudley<sup>9</sup> with 80,000£ a year and a great character for oeconomy— I have seen G. S. Rasponi<sup>10</sup> once or twice & taken him under the gallery of the house of Commons as that is the only lion I have to show a stranger— They have been very civil to him at Holland House. Sam Rogers always enquires most tenderly after you—as did Thomas Moore Esq. the only time I have seen him— Ugo Foscolo is about to lecture on Italian literature at Willis's Rooms that being judged the most advisable way of collecting 1000£. He lives in a cottage which he calls Digamma Cottage with two very pretty servant girls whom he calls his daughters & watches like a dragon which he is very like—pray write—your's ever,

J. C. Hobhouse

1. Sir William Gell had published in 1823 his *Narrative of a Journey in the Morea*.
2. The Kleptai, or Kapitani, were guerilla chiefs of the mountains.
3. "Gratefully."



4. Charles William Fitzwilliam (1786–1857), Viscount Milton and heir to the earl of Fitzwilliam, was a Whig M.P. for various constituencies between 1806 and 1833. Known for his high sense of honor and his remarkable disinterestedness, Milton was an advocate of parliamentary reform, though his family would thereby lose its pocket boroughs, and of repealing the Corn Laws, though as a landowner he stood to profit by their staying in effect.

5. See B to H, 17 April 1823, where Byron mentions having ordered for the Greek provisional government “about a hundred pounds Sterling worth of powder—and some hospital supplies.”

6. Hobhouse argued that Canning, with his reputation for defying the Holy Alliance, should have pressed France to desist from interfering in Spain and asserted that his Westminster constituents favored war with France and were willing to bear their part of the costs of such a campaign. See Hansard, 2d ser., 8 (4 February–30 April 1823): 1335–50.

7. Canning avowed Hobhouse to be virtually the only member to have “fairly and boldly” faced the situation that would result in Spain if England did not intervene (Hansard, 2d ser., 8 [4 February–30 April 1823]: 1508). In a later speech (Hansard, 2d ser., 10 [3 February–29 March 1824]: 1265–78), Canning implicitly acknowledged his personal inclination toward the Spanish cause. As a public man and a pragmatist, however, he felt obliged to follow the consensus against war and recognized that any results achieved by English intervention would be bought at too high a price.

8. Peel.

9. John William Ward (1781–1833) succeeded his father as fourth Viscount Dudley and Ward on 25 April 1823. He was created earl of Dudley in 1827. Dudley served as Canning's foreign secretary 1827–28.

10. Count Giulio Rasponi, a friend of the Gamba family, whose acquaintance Byron recommended to Hobhouse (B to H, 12 March 1823) and the Hollands (B to Lord Holland, 12 March 1823).

June 11, 1823

My dear Byron—

I wrote a line or two yesterday at the bottom of Mr. Bowring's letter which I trust will come safe to hand—yesterday evening I received another note with two inclosures from you through Douglas Kinnaird—Your letter<sup>1</sup> which has been partly published has been very much admired and the Committee will be glad to receive another such from you. But you must not be waggish as you have been in your two last folios: which I had some doubt whether I should send to the committee fearing that these grave gentlemen would think you not in earnest—Your fun would be caveat to our elderly folk<sup>2</sup> so Mr. Bowring has picked out two or three passages containing your points of information and suppressed the remainder—The remainder indeed was more of a private than public letter and I had, as I told you above, some doubts of sending it to Mr. Bowring—that gentleman is a great enthusiast and, as you may suspect from his letter, a warm admirer of your's, so I recommend you only to show the grave side of your face to him. If you are for a lark communicate then with me who am used to your ways of pleasantness—but I repeat do not be jocose with your admirers of the committee. You need not inclose letters except from Blaquiere or from some person containing positive information—Karvellas<sup>3</sup> trash and Diddler-like correspondence need not be sent. I have shown him up to his countrymen here. The letter from the banker<sup>4</sup> also is not worth communicating to the Committee who want no proofs of your zeal, of which I assure you they have conceived the highest opinion. They are going to make to you a solemn request & appeal, I fancy, to go up to Greece at once for the sake of showing, in the most positive manner, the interest the English take in their cause—and for the sake also of getting certain information on which they can depend—I have put the order for the tooth powder canteen

&c into Mr. Murray's hands who will provide them forthwith & send them as soon as possible— If you go to Greece I do not see the necessity of your staying long— Just go to headquarters and look about you and come away again— A few days or weeks in the Morea would be quite sufficient. Schinas<sup>5</sup> & the Greeks here say they think your going to Greece would be of the utmost possible service to the cause— We have not money enough to do any thing considerable for them, nor can we hope to do good except by the encouragement to be derived from our sympathy of which no proof would be so decisive as your visit—both personally and as coming from the Greek Committee to which I trust they will attach an importance very disproportionate with its real influence—

We are going on with our subscriptions—but not so speedily as could be wished. I believe the multitude believe the Greeks to be the Blacklegs<sup>6</sup> for not one farthing have we had from that class— It is unfortunate also that we have now another subscription running side by side with that for Greece, namely the Spanish. Our public meeting for the Spaniards takes place the day after to-morrow. After overcoming many obstacles we have succeeded in getting up this meeting but whether or not we shall get a large sum of money remains in the womb of time— Lambton, however, has put down his name for 1000£, Burdett for 500£. The Corporation of the City of London have given 1000£ to the Spaniards, & will give 500£ to the Greeks. Between ourselves there is not so much sympathy for foreign patriots as could be wished—all the efforts, money, time, & talking, all come from the same set of people, namely *Simpson & Co*<sup>7</sup> i.e. our dear selves, about four or five good men & true. It is not without the greatest difficulty we get any others to move— The news from Spain<sup>8</sup> is rather good than otherwise. The French news all lies. The King will see Cadiz very shortly—for it is most probable the French will reach Seville without opposition. But there is an excellent spirit in some provinces, especially the Galicias whence the news from Wilson<sup>9</sup> is very encouraging. I do not despair on the whole, although the enormous sums of money diffused in all quarters by France will work the usual wonders performed by silver spears— Pray let me hear from you—how are you?  
ever yours very truly

J.C.H.

1. B to John Bowring, 12 May 1823.
2. "... for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviary to the general" (*Hamlet*, 2. 2).
3. Nicholas Karvellas and his brother Francis, whom Byron had met at Geneva, had direct information from the Greek revolutionaries, which Byron had requested.
4. Charles F. Barry, Genoa agent for the house of Webb and Co., was Byron's friend and banker. Barry obtained the *Hercules* for Byron's use, outfitted the Greek expedition, and took responsibility for the possessions Byron left behind at Genoa.
5. Introduced to Byron and Hobhouse by the Karvellas brothers at Milan on 23 October 1816, Schinas said he had come all the way from Paris to see Byron. A few years later, Hobhouse thought him the anonymous author of Hope's *Anastasius*.
6. Swindlers of the turf.
7. "Simpson & Co." appears to be a catch phrase along the same lines as "Simpson, not Sampson," which is employed in situations involving tasks too heavy for those who have to do them.
8. In June the Cortes forcibly took King Ferdinand VII to Cadiz.
9. Like Lord Nugent, Sir Robert Wilson had gone to Spain to help the liberal cause. He was with the army first in Galicia, then at Cadiz.

London. July 8, 1823

My dear Byron,

I am much suprised at your having received no letters.<sup>1</sup> Many have been written. I trust, however, you will duly get the resolutions of the Committee passed at the last meeting, when, after very proper acknowledgments, you were formally appointed representative of the friends of Greek liberty in England. I shall be extremely anxious to hear of you & I trust that you will not suffer your zeal to lead you into the least risk. The object is not that you should fight, but that you should be at the seat of government to encourage the enthusiasm of the people and also to give weight authority & utility to the efforts of the Greek Committee— Never fear about Blaquiere, he is not our agent.<sup>2</sup> We pay some of his expenses & he writes us letters but he is not in your line & cannot be in your way. I am sorry you do not like the publication of your letter.<sup>3</sup> It was not all published, only selections were made. I can assure you it produced the best effects here & made money come into our subscription. I shall communicate what you tell about the steam boat,<sup>4</sup> although I am afraid our funds will not allow us to engage in such an adventure. I repeat take care of yourself in every way— I hope the canteen will come after you. I chose a most excellent one for you. The other articles Murray sent out before. I am almost afraid that this letter will not reach you at Genoa but I suppose you have given orders to have your missives sent after you. If there is any thing I can do for you here pray use me in any way—

I am extremely glad that you have taken this step on many accounts which it will be too long to mention here & which if read by the Austrian police would not be over-edifying. The Island<sup>5</sup> is much admired & if you choose ever to come back into our cloudy country I have no doubt you may carry all before you. I suppose you see our newspapers so that I need not tell you we are making an effort for the

Spaniards. Our subscriptions amount to 16,000£ one individual having given 5000£ without letting us know his name. This could not happen out of England— The last news from the peninsula is rather good—<sup>6</sup> The cortes know they are fighting with ropes about their necks and will therefore stick to what they have begun. Parliament will be up in a few days. I wish to god I could join you in your expedition. We might then see what difference thirteen or fourteen years had made in our feelings as to Greece. Farewell dear Byron, believe me always your very affect.

J. C. Hobhouse

1. See B to H, 21 June 1823: "From you I have hitherto heard nothing further— a sign that you had not much to communicate."

2. Byron had not for some time heard from Blaquiere, who at first had been a most attentive correspondent, and he often mentioned this neglect in his letters. B to Douglas Kinnaid of 28 May 1823 clearly expresses his feelings on the matter: "my going up will depend much on what I hear from the Committee— and from Blaquiere.—I have no wish to be officious or to invest myself with authority—but merely to *do as I am bid*."

3. See B to H, 19 June 1823.

4. In his 21 June letter to Hobhouse, Byron enclosed a copy of a letter from Edward Church, the U.S. consul at Geneva, on the subject of purchasing a steamboat for the Greek forces.

5. John Hunt published Byron's poetic narrative of the *Bounty* mutineers in June 1823.

6. Perhaps Hobhouse refers to the king of France's conciliatory restoration to Spain of the 48 Spanish standards captured by Napoleon in the Peninsular War and the similarly acquired keys to Valencia.

Kirby Park, Melton. December 6, 1823

My dear Byron—

I cannot tell you how much pleasure the receipt of your letters of the 14th & 17th of September<sup>1</sup> gave me. In the first place your long silence had made me almost afraid that I was not likely to hear from you again—& secondly I thought it probable that you might find the transmission of letters difficult & therefore decline the effort altogether. On both these accounts your missives were the more unexpected and accordingly the more agreeable. I am delighted also to hear so good an account of your health which I pray you to attend to as the one thing needful—particularly the organs of digestion. I say this feelingly having been ill for nearly six months with a complaint in the head which the learned say belongs fairly to the stomach—if one was sick at the stomach I suppose they would say that was a disease of the head. I could be very diffuse not to say smart on this point—you recollect Swift,

“But should some neighbor feel a pain  
Just in the parts where I complain”<sup>2</sup>

But I will content myself with iterating my advice to you to take care of the entera and mesentera and pericardia and in short all those regions dolorous—I wish I had joined you in “the immortal islands & the well known sea”<sup>3</sup> instead of jaunting after health in Scotland and the North England the hospitality of whose natives is, as you say of that of your Cefalonian friends, no good prescription for a weak digestion—

I think you have done a very wise not to say a very spirited and honorable deed by going to Greece. It gives me the greatest satisfaction to find that your visit is properly appreciated by the people whom

you go to encourage—and you may depend upon it that it is looked upon quite in the proper light here. It is long since I have been enabled to attend the Greek committee, for the Spanish business, and my own parliamentary affairs occupied me entirely during the latter part of the session—but I have repeated communications with the most active of the committee and have been made aware of their proceedings respecting you—which I trust you approve. They have put, I learn, the whole of their means, small enough alas, at your disposal and they anticipate the greatest advantage from being represented by a person like yourself. I have had much pleasure in learning from good authority that since the Committee has been known to take an interest in Greek affairs, Englishmen have been looked upon with a much more favorable eye in Greece. Other informants tell me that the Turks also, since Lord Strangford's<sup>4</sup> interposition in their favor with Russia, are equally pleased with the English, so that between both our pair hill folk<sup>5</sup> will come off well as travellers in your parts—Immediately on receiving your letters, I wrote to Mr. Bowring—he returned for answer that Parry<sup>6</sup> with his artifices, laboratory, battery, &c sailed on the 9th of November, in the Ann Capt. Longridge for Malta Corfu & a port in the Morea. She was to wait at Corfu for orders from you or from Colonel Stanhope<sup>7</sup> who I suppose is by this time with you. The goods in the Ann amounted to 584 packages including mathematical and surgical instruments, medicines, printing and lithographic presses, types &c—Lauriottos<sup>8</sup> is soon expected in England to negotiate a loan. With these points I presume you are already acquainted but I think it as well to insert them in my dispatch—Of course the Committee will leave to yourself the entire election of the line you think right to pursue—If by going to Tripolizea you can do good without any personal risk to yourself, then you will do very right to go—But pray do not forget that no one wishes you to run the least risk. On the contrary all your friends are very anxious that you should not expose yourself to any danger. This can do no earthly good, and may have a very different effect—you see what Wilson<sup>9</sup> has got by putting himself in peril's way. Nothing but sneers and a little instance of that feeling which no one likes to encounter I mean pity. Besides you know well that things are not carried on in a regular manner by the Turkies—your prisoner of war is a rare animal amongst them—you I am sure, then, will take care not



to get within reach of their tromboni.<sup>10</sup> But this sort of caution is not of such importance as that which I would urge respecting health—do not go into the country in the sickly season. All the medicines in that famous chest of yours once at Malta, nor all those of the good ship Ann are of service against the pestilence of some districts, particularly in the Morea—so pray do not think of altering your quarters unless on mature preparation in every respect— You have done quite right in waiting for orders and invitations from the Government—and by the way let me add, to what I have said above, that you are not called upon to make great pecuniary sacrifices—do no such thing. You have done a great deal in going at all—the moral influence is more than any money which any individual can advance. The expense might hurt you and would hardly be felt by them. In short whatever you do recollect that our first anxiety, or at least mine, is certainly for yourself— You will be of great service by being on the spot. This alone will be of importance and as much as any one can expect or would wish— I have great thought of coming on myself at the end of the next session of parliament, when, if you are there, we can renew some of our old pastimes and habits. I wrote to Murray immediately respecting the articles ordered but not arrived.<sup>11</sup> He returned for answer that the man did send them properly packed, of the which he is ready to take oath, also that the Canteen was most carefully made up, to which he will swear. Murray adds that he asks me to give your Lordship assurances of his unabated attachment. I hope the story of the letters<sup>12</sup> is not true— To D. Kinnaid I also wrote telling him exactly what you wished to have done and what not done. I am sure you may depend upon his activity fidelity and every good quality which can adorn a power of attorney— He, who is at or approaching, his little climacteric, has been very unwell but is now quite whole & in spirits— To Hunt<sup>13</sup> I also wrote. He returns for answer that he will send out no more proofs & has sent out none since he learnt you left Italy. Of the Juans the 16th Canto is the only one not corrected by you—this he thinks of stating in order to account for any errors of the press in the 16th— The 12th, 13th, 14th Cantos were published a few days ago. The 15th and 16th will follow, he says, after a necessary pause— When he learnt your wish respecting the number of Cantos to be published together<sup>14</sup> it was too late to change the arrangement, so that unless you supply another canto the two in hand must appear and

a less price be charged for them— Hunt adds that although the injunction is removed & the pirating continues yet little injury is done to the work as the genuine cheap edition keeps down the sale of the spurious one—<sup>15</sup> Hunt supposes you know all his previous proceedings from D. Kinnaid— We shall look out most anxiously for further accounts from you— The enemy has taken care to publish that you entertain an unfavorable opinion of the issue of the contest in Greece— The Committee shall know the exact truth of what you think,<sup>16</sup> and I have written a letter to them on that head but they of course will take care to contradict any disingenuous rumour which may injure the cause & can be of no service to any one— You have by this time been informed of the fall of the Spaniards.<sup>17</sup> A most fatal blow to the cause of liberty all over the world, of which no one or very few seems to see the full consequences. Our blockade at home[,] I mean the blockheads on our side, hug themselves that we did not go to war—as if there would have been any necessity for doing more than speak one decisive word—and if we should not have to go to war after all for some trifle not one [worth?] thinking of— But you have politics enough where you are and are at the last post where any contest for freedom can be made, so I shall not dispirit you with the account of the failure of the struggle elsewhere— Burdett, at whose hunting seat I am, sends his kindest regards & best wishes— Pray write, & believe me ever your's most truly,

J. C. Hobhouse

1. Among Byron's letters to Hobhouse is one dated 11 September with a postscript of 14 September. A 17 September letter does not survive.

2. "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift," ll. 135–36.

3. Unidentified.

4. Percy Clinton Sydney Smythe (1780–1855), sixth Viscount Strangford and first Baron Penhurst, ambassador to the Porte at Constantinople since 1820, had joined Austria in requesting the Turks to improve relations with their Christian subjects and with Russia. At the 1822 Congress of Verona, Strangford presented the Ottoman concessions that led to the resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia.

5. The phrase actually denotes the Cameronian Whig Covenanters, portrayed by Scott in *Old Mortality* (1816).

6. William Parry arrived at Missolonghi with his technicians and equipment for an artillery brigade in February 1824. Although others of the contingent deplored Parry's commonness, Byron valued his common sense and appointed the firemaster major of the brigade.

7. Leicester Fitzgerald Charles Stanhope (1784–1862), later (1851) the fifth earl of Harrington, was a fervent Benthamite. Dispatched to Greece in September 1823 as an agent of the Greek Committee, Stanhope never established particularly cordial relations with Byron, who shared neither his ideological bias nor his preference for the Western Greeks headed by Odysseus over Mavrocordatos's party.

8. Andreas Luriotis, a delegate of the Greek provisional government, had gone to England to solicit financial backing for the war against Turkey.

9. Sir Robert Wilson, who had gone to Spain to help the army of the Cortes.

10. Blunderbusses.

11. Apparently Byron had mentioned these supplies in the missing letter of 17 September. See also H to B, 11 June 1823.

12. In his letter of 11 September, Byron says of Murray, "I understand he behaves infamously—circulating my letters &c.."

13. John Hunt (1775–1848), co-proprietor of the *Examiner*, was to publish the *Liberal*, which his brother Leigh had traveled to Italy to produce with Shelley and Byron. Hunt published Byron's later works, including the last eleven cantos of *Don Juan*.

14. Byron initially instructed Hunt to publish the new cantos in groups of three but, unable to do more than begin the seventeenth before leaving Italy, advised him in a letter of 14 July 1823, "You can publish the whole of the new eleven in *three* volumes—i.e.—three cantos in one vol.—and four in the 2d.—and four in the third." Cantos 6–8 appeared in July 1823, 9–11 in August, 12–14 in December, and 15–16 in March 1824.

15. *Don Juan* was printed in three forms at three prices: demy octavo at 9s 6, foolscap octavo at 7s, and a pirate-thwarting 18'mo at 1s (LJ, ed. Prothero, 6:134, n.2).

16. See B to H, 11 September 1823.

17. The Cortes freed Ferdinand on 1 October, and French troops occupied Cadiz two days later.

Lincoln. Feb. 12, 1824

My dear Byron—

I have just received the dispatches sent through Mr. Peacock.<sup>1</sup> He had contrived to be a long time on the road and he had also opened the papers saying he had your leave. The gentleman is not in good odour here—being attached to a certain Count *de Wintz*<sup>2</sup> who seems inclined to trade on his own account and has squabbled with the Greek Committee respecting his projected loan— This Count has come very inopportunately at the moment when the deputies arrived—as his concerns & theirs appear to clash and may perhaps injure the credit of both so as to preclude the getting of any loan at all. Baring<sup>3</sup> at first seemed inclined to listen to the Deputies proposals but he now, I hear, holds off, and the matter is at a stand— We are, however, going to discuss the subject on Saturday next and perhaps may put things into a better train. The death of King Tom<sup>4</sup> has been hailed here as a great benefit to the cause—and I have reason to believe that Canning wishes well to the Greeks and would do any thing that he can without compromising his neutrality with the Turks and the Levant company— We have contrived to let him know that the French are intriguing for the sake of getting an island or two put into the hands of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem who under their patronage are to be made the head of a sort of league in the Eastern part of the Mediterranean, and are, if occasion serves, to direct the Greek confederacy to the purposes of the Holy Alliance.<sup>5</sup> The whole plot has been found out & Canning on hearing it expressed, so I am told, a resolution to prevent any such enterprise and rather to take the Greeks by the hand himself than prevent their becoming the tools of France— If you learn any thing on this point pray let us know. I have read all your papers—they are extremely interesting—notwithstanding their dates which, thanks to Mr. Peacock are no later

than September—so that we have news nearer to us by two or three months— Nothing can be more serviceable to the cause than all you have done— Every body is more than pleased and content. As for myself I only trust that the great sacrifices which you have made may contribute (which I have no doubt they will) to the final success of the great cause— This will be indeed doing something worth living for—and will make your name and character stand far above those of any contemporary. At the same time, do not, I pray, expose yourself to dangers either by flood or field— “Non missus ad hoc.”<sup>6</sup> If you go to the seat of government, go to advise and controul—but do not go to mix in the struggle, either domestic or external, of the combatants— You may be sure even from the representation of Mavrocordato's<sup>7</sup> Agents that you will have a commanding influence and may speak with a certainty of being attended to— After what you have done for Missolonghi you must be looked upon as a deliverer. If you think the name of the Greek Committee of any service of course you will use it whenever you may think fit. The paper of advice respecting the differences amongst the Greeks<sup>8</sup> has been sent out. If you like it deliver it—if you think it can be amended, alter it, and give in another in name of the Committee— You will find Stanhope a good creature willing to do what you please—and I am sure, from what we have seen of your operations, that what you please will be the best thing to be done. I am in no fear now of your taking a sudden leave of the cause and country. Matters seem to wear a more promising aspect than they did in September. You are quite right in *lending* your 5000£.<sup>9</sup> If the loan succeeds you will of course retake your money immediately— The accommodation was every thing—you are called upon for no more—indeed not for so much as you have done. I can assure you that all the world here thinks what I say— Above all take care of your health and do not go to the feverish marshes of the Morea where you were once so ill. The bearer of this letter Capt. H. Mollyneux,<sup>10</sup> Lord Seftons son, will bring out a parcel containing all the articles which you directed me to procure— He goes to Corfu and I trust will soon forward his charge to Cefalonia. If you want any thing else let me know— D. Kinnaird has your temporals in his hand and Crabtree<sup>11</sup> tells me that every thing is going on much to your advantage— No more money will be paid to Hanson than he can fairly demand, and I hope that is none at all— The great thing is to

get out of his books and to have done with him—I think it is well you did not loose your whole estate by him—

Parliament has begun very slackly—and the session promises to be exceeding dull and peaceful—very much to my satisfaction, who have been & still am in a very queer way with affections of the head which the Doctors call stomach & which may be any thing—all I know is that I have been going with this child for nine months and am not near being delivered yet—I hope you are well, and, I repeat, will keep so— The older I grow and the sicker I grow, the more I am sure that health is the only certain blessing—with it one can bear any thing without it one can enjoy nothing—what say you?

Mrs. Leigh has had a good deal of sickness in her family—she has now, poor thing, eight children, with very slender or rather no means of educating those who are growing up. I do not know what would have happened had she been turned out of the palace. Whenever I see her she is most anxious in her enquiries after you— Many enquiries and good wishes for you I also meet with from many others—

John Hunt's judgement for your Judgement<sup>12</sup> was yesterday put off till next term—Abbott's charge to the Jury at the trial was very iniquitous as usual.<sup>13</sup> It is some comfort that, rogue as he is, Gifford late attorney General now Chief Justice of the Pleas,<sup>14</sup> has been made a Peer before him— Farewell, write whenever you can—give me any commissions and they shall be punctually executed—ever very truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

1. Robert Peacock had offered the Greeks a large but vaguely defined loan to help with the conquest of Cyprus, an offer generally felt to be a mask for that of the Knights of Malta; see William St. Clair, *That Greece Might Still Be Free* (London: Oxford University Press, 1972), p. 130. On completing his mission in the Morea, Peacock returned to London, conveying a packet of documents for Hobhouse entrusted to him by Byron on 27 September 1823.

2. General Count de Wintz, a Montenegrin who had been a French officer and was then employed by the East India Company, was promoting the loan for the conquest of Cyprus that competed with the London Greek Committee's subscription.

3. Presumably the financier Alexander Baring, who at the death of his father Sir Francis in 1810 had become head of Baring Brothers, the bank that contracted the Greek loan.

4. Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Maitland (1759?–1824), who since 1815 had been lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands, had died on 17 January at Malta.

5. The Order of the Knights Hospitaller of St. John of Jerusalem (better known as the Knights of Malta) had in 1823 agreed to supply Greece with a loan and troops for the campaign against the Turks. In return the Knights were to gain permanent sovereignty of Rhodes. Until that island was recaptured from the Ottoman Empire, they were to have the isle of Syra for their headquarters. It was widely felt that this treaty would ultimately establish France, in the role of "protector" to the Knights, as the supreme power in the eastern Mediterranean (St. Clair, 129–31).

6. "(You were) not sent for this." Cf. *Missus ad hoc*, Horace *Sermones* 2. 1. 36.

7. Alexandros Mavrokordatos (1791–1865), Greek patriot and statesman, was president of the National Assembly in 1822, commander-in-chief at Missolonghi, and later prime minister.

8. Diversely motivated at the outset, the Greek revolutionaries had formed into two principal groups: the captains of the Morea and the local primates, who held that Greece should consist of the existing semiautonomous states but with the Turks ousted; and the Greeks like Mavrokordatos with Western European educations, who wanted to form a modern centralized government for their country. The London Greek Committee sent an address urging the necessity of union and cooperation among the Greek factions if the cause were to prevail—and the loan to be granted. See *Westminster Review* 6 (July 1826): 117–18.

9. In an agreement drawn up on 13 November 1823, Byron had agreed to advance £4,000 for paying the Greek fleet. He was to be reimbursed out of the funds raised in London.

10. Henry Richard Molyneux (1800–1841), who rose to be a lieutenant colonel in the army.

11. The lawyer appointed by Douglas Kinnaird as the agent replacing Hanson in Byron's Rochdale affairs.

12. On 15 January 1824, at the court of King's Bench, John Hunt had been found guilty of libel for publishing in the *Liberal* Byron's *The Vision of Judgment*, with its ridicule of George III and the royal family.

13. In his charge to the jury on 15 January 1824, Chief Justice Abbott refuted the defense assertion and ruled that a publication ridiculing the last king for the purpose of disturbing the peace of, and provoking contempt for, his successor was illegal. He instructed the jury to decide first if *The Vision of Judgment* defamed King George III and if so whether such a defamation would disturb the peace of George IV and the royal family. After deliberating 35 minutes, the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

14. Robert Gifford (1779–1826), appointed lord chief justice of Pleas on 9 January 1824, was on the last day of the same month created Baron Gifford of St. Leonard's, Devonshire. Abbott became a peer in 1827.

London. Feb. 23, 1824

My dear Byron—

I have received your letter on the eve of your embarking for the Continent<sup>1</sup> & pray heaven to prosper your honest undertaking. I wrote the other day by Captain Mollyneux and hope you have had my letter— It contained intelligence of the arrival of your dispatches— Since then I have delivered them over to the Greek Committee— The Committee on hearing them read, came to this resolution—“Resolved unanimously, That Mr. Hobhouse do convey to Lord Byron the sense which the Greek Committee entertain of the great services rendered by his Lordship to the cause of Greek Independence, and do express their gratitude for this fresh proof of his exertions in behalf of that glorious cause—[”]

I was desired to add whatever I might think right on the same head—but I have only to say that all whom I speak to out of the Committee are equally delighted with what you have done and [are] doing and are most anxious for your safety & success. So I say do not expose yourself to unnecessary perils— Your friends the Suliotes are brave fellows doubtless but their mode of warfare “*reculer pour mieux sauter*”<sup>2</sup> must very often leave an obstinate Englishman in the lurch. The Franks who have hitherto been in action with the Greeks complain of being often left in a sort of awkward squad quite alone in the heat of battle— Of course you know this and will act accordingly. Let us hear of you by every opportunity. Leicester Stanhope I learn is your avant courier—he his [sic] a good fellow but no great Greek as you will soon discover. By this time you have heard of the success of the Greek loan. The deputies might have had two millions instead of 800,000£ if they had pleased— Joseph Hume<sup>3</sup> has subscribed for 10,000£ so you may be sure the thing is a safe thing and good at change— We all expect to hear of great doings and I can tell you for



certain that Canning has a very kindly feeling towards the cause— His great friend Gladstone<sup>4</sup> attended a public meeting the other day at Liverpool and spoke warmly in behalf of the Greeks— Who knows but next autumn may see a regular English minister at the court of the President of the Hellenic Republic? I shall positively if I can contrive it come out myself the moment Parliament is prorogued and if we should shake hands under the walls of Adrianopole, there would, as the jester Scrope used to say, be a trait and an event for the biography—

Nothing is going on here—never so dull a session known— The ministers certainly are popular, and the agricultural asses have amazed all their opposition in the rising bushells of their last corn doles—so much for politics—as to poetry I believe the state of that commodity to be rather more in the supply than the demand line— I dare say Douglas has told you of the fate of John Hunt's trial— Yesterday I was informed by a good judge that honest John would not, however, be brought up for judgement as both the Constitutional society who persecuted him and the Judges who mistried him seem inclined to carry their joke no farther.<sup>5</sup> We have a new Review set up called the Westminster Review<sup>6</sup> for Radical politics which bids fair to succeed as 1500 have been sold of the first number and a second edition is in the press. Bowring is the editor—one or two of the articles are very good indeed—as good as any thing going— I suppose you occasionally see the Edinburgh & Quarterly and Scott's novels (also quarterly)[.] The last of the latter, St. Ronan's Well<sup>7</sup> a complete failure— We have another trial at an oriental Romance by Morier—called Hadji Baba<sup>8</sup>— Sir Gere Ousely<sup>9</sup> says it is perfectly Persian—but I cannot relish it and certainly it is vastly inferior to Anastasius.<sup>10</sup> Ugo Foscolo thinks of coming out to Greece immediately in order to collect materials for an account of the war, and if possible to be of service, I suppose in the Tyrtean<sup>11</sup> line—for I never heard that he was very "cunning at fence"<sup>12</sup> though an Ex Colonel of Napoleon's school— If he does come out he will repair to your head quarters. You will find him, if you become acquainted, a very extraordinary person—not over agreeable, but full of colloquy of the highest kind— I never heard him make a common place remark in my life— He has made many enemies and few friends here—being a true poet in that particular and rather impracticable—

Of Tom Moore I have seen nothing lately— I inclosed your letter to him yesterday— Douglas Kinnaird is shining away at the India House and wants me to purchase 2000£ stock to hear him speak— But I am as fond of speaking as a grocer is of figs having enough thereof at my own shop. All your affairs go on prosperously as Kinnaird tells me but I am sorry to say that I have not very favorable news of your daughter Ada— She has been sickly for some time tho' I hope the sea where she now is (at Hastings I believe) will do her good. I will let you know in my next letter how she goes on— The very mild season must be in her favour— I do not exactly know by what hand to send this letter—but I shall consult Mr. Bowring to morrow— Farewell dear Byron & believe me ever your's most truly

John C. Hobhouse

1. B to H, 27 October 1823.

2. "To retreat the better to spring forward."

3. Joseph Hume (1777–1855) served as M.P. for various constituencies in 1812, 1818–41, and 1842–55. For thirty years a leader of the Radicals, he was noted for having spoken oftener and longer (if not better) than any other private member.

4. John Gladstone (1764–1851), a Liverpool merchant created a baronet in 1846, had in 1812 invited Canning to contest Liverpool and served as guarantor for the election expenses. He was M.P. for Lancaster (1818–20), Woodstock (1820–26), and Berwick-on-Tweed (1826–27), and the father of William Ewart Gladstone.

5. On 12 June, Hunt was brought up for judgment at King's Bench. Advised that other passages in the poem might prove offensive and that he published it at his peril, he was required to pay a fine of £100 and to find sureties.

6. Bentham, assisted by James Mill, founded the *Westminster Review* in 1824.

7. A contemporary satire on fashionable life at a Scottish spa, published in 1823.

8. In 1824 James Justinian Morier (1780?–1849), diplomat and Eastern traveler, published the first and finest of his series of Oriental tales, *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*. A sort of Persian *Gil Blas*, *Hajji Baba* was widely acclaimed for its insight, authenticity, and humor.

9. Sir Gore Ouseley (1770–1844), a diplomat and oriental scholar, had served as ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Persia 1810–14.

10. *Anastasius, or the Memoirs of a Greek*, published anonymously by John Murray in 1819, was written by Thomas Hope (1770?–1831), a wealthy collector and

connoisseur of furnishings. The novel was at first attributed to Byron, who told Lady Blessington that he would have given his two most approved poems to have written it. After reading a copy sent by Murray, Hobhouse observed, "Anastasius, then, is a Greek in London. If so, I know him. It must be Schinas." See Samuel Smiles, *Memoir of John Murray* (London: John Murray, 1891), 2: 74–76.

11. That is, as a war poet, like the Spartan Tyrtaeus.

12. "Plague on't: and I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him" (*Twelfth Night*, 3. 4).

Lincoln. March 15, 1824

My dear Byron—

Although I have written to you twice very lately yet as Kinnaird tells me a messenger is going off to you to-morrow I must send a few lines if only by way of reply to your last note delivered by the Greek Deputies.<sup>1</sup> Little did those worthies know the contents of the scytala<sup>2</sup> which they carried & which they presented in all due form together with a letter from his Highness Mavrocordato conveying thanks for all services performed & unperformed in behalf of the cause. I am delighted on all accounts that your gross of green spectacles has turned out such a good bargain and that you will recover your horse Blackberry into the bargain. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than seeing you set out upon your journey to the Fair at Missolonghi[.] I hope you did not forget to cock your hat with pins—<sup>3</sup> We have not heard from you privately as yet since your arrival on the terra firma or rather the marshes of Western Greece—but we see by the French journals that you have been received in an appropriate manner and made a member of the Senate and president of Strangers. What the latter office may be I know not—but hope it may not prove as difficult to discharge and as thankless when well filled as the conduct of partizans and foreigners generally proves to be—I can assure you that here the Greeks look upon your Avater as a perfect Godsend—one of them said to me in so many words—“it is *Providence who sent that man to our help.*” Of course Bowring has told you of the general good inclination of Canning to the cause—I believe he will do or let be done which is the same thing all that he can without coming to a complete rupture with the Turks or Russians. It will be of the utmost service if you can discover any intrigues of the French or any of the allies with the Greeks to let us have the details so as to enable us to communicate them to Mr. Canning—He certainly is very much alive

on that score—on the whole he is a popular minister—popular because he succeeds to Castlereagh—popular because he did not go to war for Spain—popular because he will go to war for South America<sup>4</sup>—popular because he is but faintly opposed by the “gentlemen opposite” and popular because he is strongly opposed by the gentlemen who sit next to him, I mean Peel & company. The session is going on peaceably, but I think I see elements of discord—such as the proposed renewal of the detestable Alien bill for instance.<sup>5</sup> In France government carries every thing before it—only 23 liberals returned in all the elections— In Spain the presence of the French army alone prevents cutting of throats. In Italy there have been dreadful proscriptions. Greece in fact is the only point to which, in the old world at least, we look with any satisfaction— We are going to give a great public dinner to the Greek Deputies on the first of May—and we anticipate good news previously to that day for announcement on that occasion. Thomas Campbell has bespoken of me the giving of your health & as I dare say he will do it well perhaps it is advisable to put the duty in his hands— Tom Moore I believe will not be in town— The loan continues at a small premium & it would have been much higher had it not been for the roguery of those trying to get up a Cypriote loan—Peacock[,] de Winz, Hendricks<sup>6</sup> & Co— We have, however, stopt them this time and hope we shall altogether prevent future operations. We have also detected one Doctor Schinas in detaining a trifling subscription meant for his countrymen & employing it for keeping up the war in his own housekeeping department. He was a member of our Committee—we were obliged to expell him yesterday. I am sorry to say that your patriot, generally speaking, is rather lax in his moralities as to money matters. We have had a fellow here in long petticoats playing off an archimondrite or sum [sic] such character & pretending his whole family have been massacred first & then sent him to negotiate a loan of a million of scudi, to bury them I suppose, but my gentleman was soon detected and has I believe decamped. You will no doubt have a great deal of difficulty in seeing that the loan is applied to proper purposes—but if the Greeks carry their point with the sword I think the gold concern will arrange it perhaps more easily than we now expect. Even if rogues get the money & rogues fight well the lenders will get paid and that is all that lenders have a right to look for— I like the deputies—Lauriottis seems a clever

man & Orlando an honest man—<sup>7</sup> I have no chitchat for you of any kind—nor do I believe there is any thing stirring in the world in which you used to live. All friends make many enquiries after you & hope you will take care of yourself in Greece & return here after the good fight has been foughten. I have not heard of your daughter lately, but hope hearing nothing is a good sign. Your monied matters, Kinnaird will tell you, are going on swimmingly. You will have, indeed, you have, a very handsome fortune—and if you have health, I do not see what earthly advantage you can wish for that you have not got. Your present endeavour is certainly the most glorious ever undertaken by man—Campbell said to me yesterday that he envied what you were now doing (and you may believe him, for he is a very envious man) even more than all your laurels blooming as they are—Go on & prosper—let me have a letter from you when you can find time to write & believe me ever very truly your's

John C. Hobhouse

1. B to H, 10 November 1823.

2. A Greek invention, the scytala is a secret dispatch intelligible only to a reader who has the same equipment (in this case, fluent English; in the classical Spartan sense, a staff of the proper diameter to roll the message around) that the writer does.

3. "Gross of green spectacles . . . cock your hat with pins." All these allusions are from chapter 12 of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, where Dr. Primrose's second son Moses is cozened at the fair. Byron referred to the same episode in his letter to Hobhouse of 10 November 1823.

4. On 4 February, Canning had stated in the House of Commons that the British government would not allow France to interfere, directly or indirectly, with the states of South America.

5. At its third reading on 12 April, the Alien Bill passed by a majority of 93 to 40.

6. Unidentified.

7. The Greek delegates Jean Orlando and Andreas Luriottis had successfully negotiated the loan of £358,000 through Loughman and O'Brien. A public ceremony at the Lord Mayor's Mansion House on 21 February honored the event.

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NOTE: People are listed under the name or titles by which Hobhouse knew them at the time of the correspondence. Thus, for example, Hobhouse himself appears as "Hobhouse, John Cam" rather than as "Broughton de Gyfford, John Cam Hobhouse, Baron." Page references in italics indicate biographical annotations. Books and other publications are listed under their authors' names.

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In essence, Hobhouse's letters resemble Byron's, much as many of his tastes and attitudes did. Like Byron, who has been acknowledged as one of the masters of English letter-writing, Hobhouse wrote vastly entertaining and eminently sensible letters packed with concrete information and wry commentary, society gossip, literary intelligence, political analysis, and philosophizing on the absurdities of the biped called man. Though amusing, the Hobhouse letters are far from being mere *bagatelles*. On more than one occasion Hobhouse delineates history in the making for the absent Byron: his firsthand observations bring alive Napoleonic Paris during the Hundred Days and electioneering Westminster in the era of Reform agitation. Hobhouse's commentary on *Don Juan* is the first literary criticism that masterpiece received and proved a remarkably accurate prophecy of the public sensation the poem provoked. His letters relaying intelligence from the London Greek Committee to Byron, who, as the Committee's representative in Greece, sacrificed his energies, fortune, and ultimately his life to the revolutionary cause, are deeply moving.

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